McClure's Magazine.

Vol. XI. JULY, 1898. No. 3.

THE WAR ROOM AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Captain B. Montgomery, Chief Telegrapher and Executive Clerk.

Telegraph Operators.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY IN WAR TIMES.

NOTES AND INCIDENTS FROM LIFE: MEMORANDA FOR A HISTORICAL PORTRAIT OF OUR FOURTH WAR PRESIDENT.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

Of the twenty-four different men who have been Presidents of the United States but four can be characterized as War Presidents. Washington, "first in war," was a peace President. His first term began in 1789, six years after the signing of the treaty which closed the Revolution. The first war waged by the United States was that of 1812, during the administration of James Madison. Then in 1846, when James K. Polk was President, came the 17-months' war with Mexico. Abraham Lincoln was the third War President. Eight peaceful

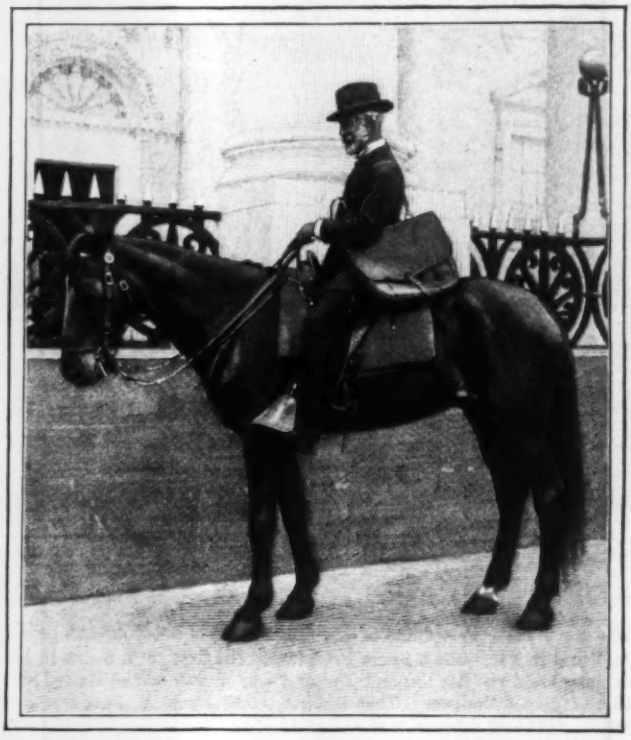
Copyright, 1898, by the S. S. McClure Co. All rights reserved.

administrations followed, until in April of the present year the Spanish-American war broke out. Mr. McKinley is, then, our fourth War President. The present article attempts nothing more than to record certain impressions of the President as he appeared to those near him during the first trying days of the war crisis. It is in no sense an estimate; it is rather memoranda to aid in a future estimate.

The actual daily life of the Administration, as it is engaged in the business of making war, has inspired the illustrations of the article. Mr. Stevens's sketches were made in and about the White House, at Army Headquarters, and in the offices of the Navy Department. He has caught groups which the unusual conditions have made common at the seat of government, and has portrayed the leading actors in the great drama with a vigor and truthfulness that have rarely been equaled in off-hand portraiture. Miss Johnston's photographs have been made especially for the article under exceptional conditions, and have the same actuality. The frontispiece portra't of President McKinley himself, in addition to its general faithfulness as a likeness, has the added interest of special timeliness, since it was taken only a week or two ago expressly for use here.

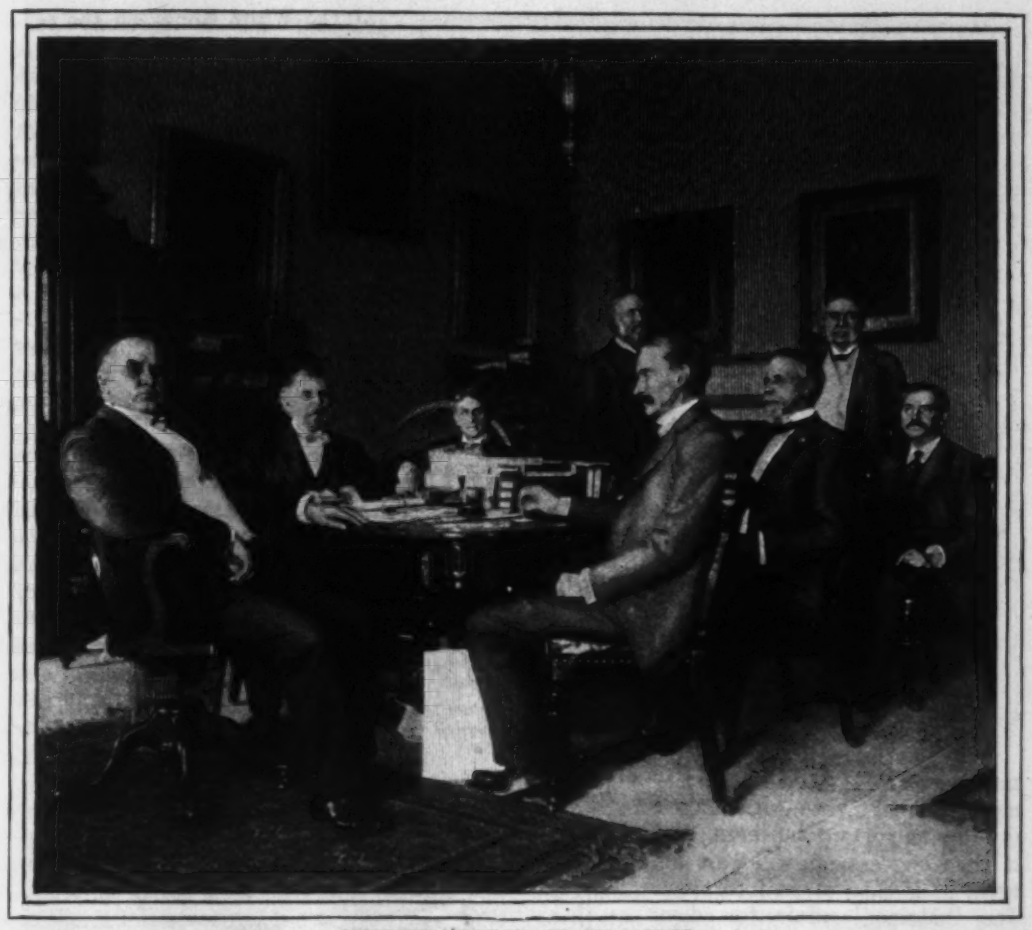
WHEN a man is elected President of the United States, it is with the expectation that he will devote himself to realizing the two or three central ideas of his party, with which he is supposed to be especially qualified to grapple. When he takes his oath of office, however, he inherits from his predecessor a budget of unfinished business, which, not infrequently, turns out to be more insistent than the platform on which he came into office. President McKinley is an example in point. Elected on financial issues, there was every reason to suppose that his administration would occupy itself principally with the money question and that he would be known in history as the Sound Money President or the Protective Tariff President. No one thought of him as a War President. Yet to-day, fourteen months after his inauguration, it is his skill in conducting a trying foreign complication and, when forced into a war, in meeting the emergencies of that situation, that has distinguished his term. It is undoubtedly as a War President that he will be known to history.

The war is not of Mr. McKinley's making. The materials for it were all in his inherited budget of unfinished business—a collection of documents known to the public only vaguely. It is possible that the country at large would never have realized the serious difficulties in the Cuban question to which Mr. McKinley fell heir if, nearly a year after his inauguration and at a time when he himself believed he was on the road to a righteous settlement of the complications, a match had not been put to the mass of dangerous papers which ever since he entered office he had been handling with the greatest caution.



THE WHITE HOUSE MESSENGER.

It was between three and four o'clock on the morning of February 16th, that the President was awakened from sleep to be informed of the destruction of the battleship "Maine." An hour before, the Secretary of the Navy had been aroused by a cablegram from the commander of the "Maine," which for three weeks had been anchored, a friendly visitor, in the harbor of Havana. The commander announced that, at 9.40 o'clock on the evening of February 15th, his ship had been entirely destroyed by an explosion, and that it was supposed that many men were wounded and many killed. The Secretary of the Navy hurried the startling news to the White House. President McKinley at once dressed and went to his office, where he was soon joined by Secretary Long,



PRESIDENT McKINLEY AND HIS CABINET.

The President. Sec. Gage. Sec. Griggs. Sec. Wilson. Sec. Alger. Sec. Bliss. Sec. Day. Sec. Smith.

From a photograph taken at the White House, June 7, 1898, expressly for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, by Frances Benjamin Johnston. At the time the photograph was taken, Secretary Long was confined to his house by sickness, and for that reason his portrait does not appear in this group.

and the two discussed the affair until breakfast time.

The President received the announcement of the "Maine" explosion with outward calm, but he knew the latent feeling towards Spain and the Cuban question too well not to realize that, when the news reached the country, as it must in a few hours, it would arouse a commotion which only the greatest firmness on the part of the Administration could control. Soon after breakfast, he summoned his Cabinet to consider the situation, and here he decided what his policy towards the event should be. Until a thorough investigation revealed the cause of the disaster and a competent Board of Inquiry fixed the responsibility, he should consider the destruction of the "Maine" as due to an accident. The public should know the real truth of the matter as rapidly as he did himself, and until the whole truth was clear he asked a suspension of judgment.

It was not an easy policy to enforce. Before ten o'clock of the day of the publication of the "Maine" affair, the horror and indignation of the country had reached the White House.

There was little difficulty in the people making their feelings known to the President. They had four direct methods of reaching him: through Congress, through the personal interview, through the mails, and through the press. The life of the President is in fact regulated so that he may listen to public opinion as expressed in these ways. Thus it is one of the regulations of the White House that a Congressman shall always have free access to the President's outer reception-room, and that here he shall promptly have the ear of Secre-

In the anteroom at the White House, showing a press table and the door into Secretary Porter's office, with the doorkeeper, Simmons, in the background.

of the White House on the second floor, that he wishes to speak with Secretary Porter or with the President, he is allowed to go to the anteroom, through which the Cabinet room, the President's reception-room, and the offices of the various secretaries and clerks are reached. Here visitors are waited upon by the experienced Simmons, a doorkeeper of unfailing courtesy and discretion. Simmons has stood so long on duty that he seems to know by intuition who ought to be aided in meeting Secretary Porter at once and who may safely be kept waiting. Into this anteroom the "Maine" affair brought, from the morning of February 16th, a great unofficial throng. They came at first seeking news, a few of them being women whose sons or husbands or brothers were on the ship. Others brought for the President's consideration curi-

tary Porter. If the President is not in Cabinet meeting or engaged in other important business, and if the Congressman will wait his turn, he is sure of an interview. The "Maine" affair for days brought to the White House groups of Senators and Representatives of all grades of opinion. One group urged the President to hurry, another to delay. One came to complain, another to encourage. There was thus an incessant daily pressure on President McKinley from the body to which he is bound to harken since it represents directly the people by whom he was himself elected.

It was not only Congressmen who sought the President on the "Maine" affair. The simple democratic procedures at the White House in time of both peace and war are such that any man of fairly honest appearance can enter, between the hours of ten and two, for sight-seeing. On explaining to the messenger at the foot of the east stairway, which leads to the business end

Learning the business of the White House visitors.

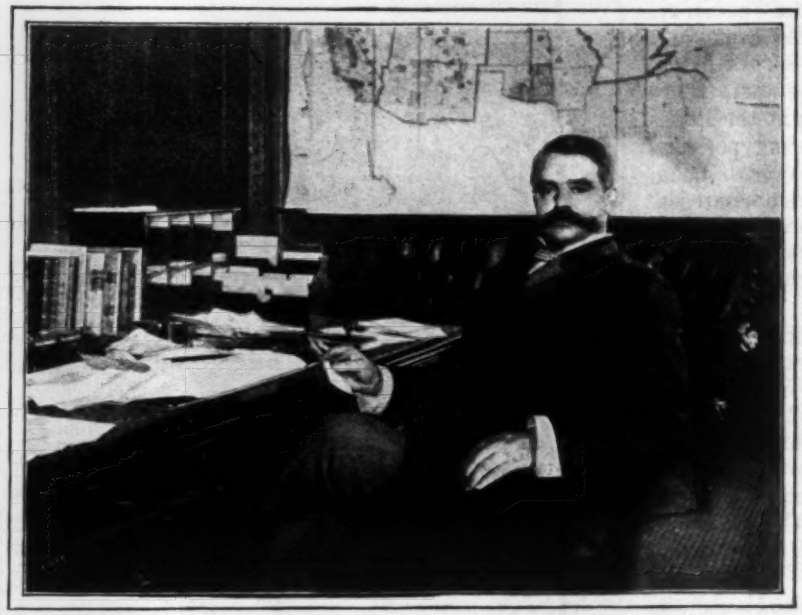
ous theories of the accident. There were those who came with protests against any sort of delay, who urged immediate war. There were many who sought the President's aid in furthering personal schemes—in case there should be war. There were contractors, would-be soldiers, inventors. Happily there were many who simply came to commend the President's wisdom. Not all, of course, of these unofficial visitors reached the President, but such is the courtesy of the White House, under this Administration, that the great majority did get his personal attention.

The President receiving visitors.

The one man who stood between the President and this unofficial throng was Secretary Porter. Formerly the man nearest the President in the White House was known as the Private Secretary. Mr. McKinley dignified the position by dropping the word "Private" and giving his right-hand man the title of "Secretary." A bill to this effect passed Congress session before last, and the salary of the position was raised fifteen hundred dollars. The position is at all times one of the most responsible and difficult in the Administration, and in war times it becomes doubly difficult, requiring the highest order of executive ability and great physical strength, or rather great nervous force, as the Secretary's work goes on without cessation night as well as day. Secretary Porter superintends the official end of the White House. It is to him that mail, telegrams, and people come, and it is his delicate task to decide what and who shall reach the President. He must be able to grasp at once the significance of the thousands of requests which come, to distinguish value, to sift out the erratic, the curious, the trivial. He must decide who ought to be admitted directly; how others best make their requests. He must use tact and good humor in disposing of cases to which he judges it improper or unnecessary to call the President's attention. Only the very intimate personal relation between the President and Secretary Porter has made it possible for the latter to discharge his duties. He understands the President's views and desires. He has perfect sympathy with them. He is thus able to do the President's will as completely as one man can another's. The admirable way in which matters have gone at the White House the last four months is proof that Secretary Porter is the man for the place.

The mail and the telegraph at once responded to the "Maine" disaster. Since the 16th of February, the President's mail has numbered from 800 to 1,500 letters a day. It is the wish of the President that all letters sent to him be read and answered. Though this has not been the practice under all Administrations, since Secretary Porter entered the White House a letter has received the same attention as a visitor. The great increase of mail which has come since the "Maine" affair has made it necessary to bring in extra clerks. The President himself sees only a fraction of the letters, his Secretary using his discretion about what should go to him.

The opinions of the press come to the President in various ways. He is himself a reader of newspapers, and scarcely a day has gone by, even in the hottest of the war excitement, that he has not found time to run through a large number, including five or



ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR MEIKLEJOHN AT HIS DESK IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

six New York dailies, the Washington evening and morning papers, one or two from Chicago, and perhaps a half dozen others from large cities. One paper which he reads regularly is that from his Ohio home—the Canton "Repository."

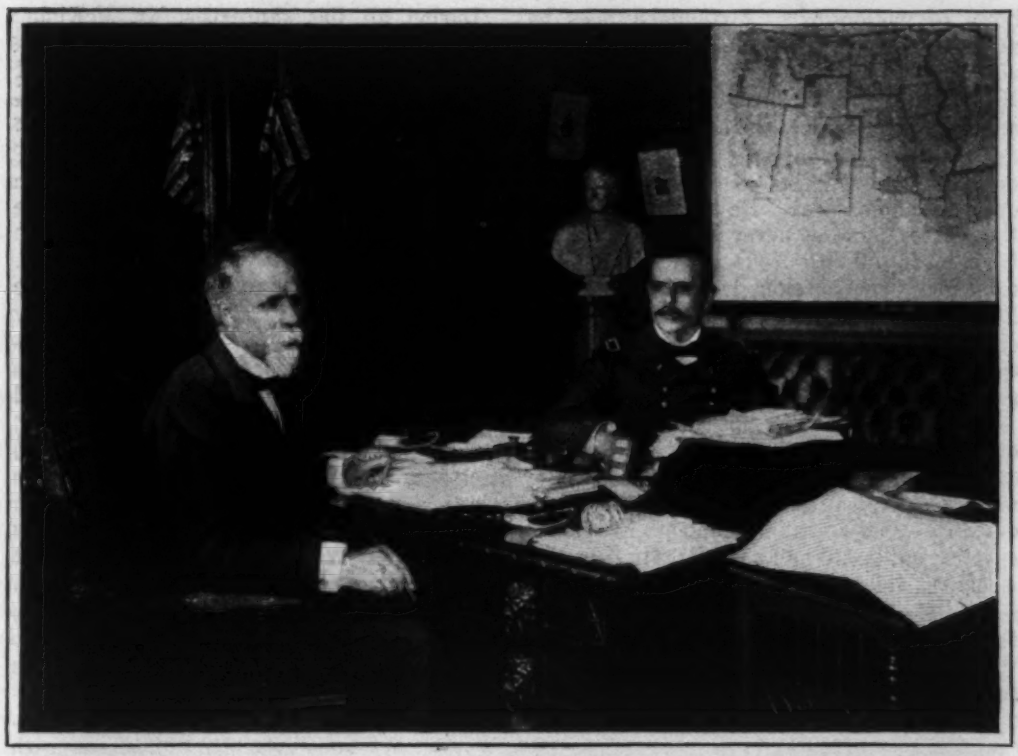
A digest of the newspapers comes to him of course in conversation with his Secretary and friends, and in Cabinet meetings, where articles of special value and suggestiveness are frequently read and discussed; but his most intimate connection with the press comes from the peculiar relation which news-gatherers have to the White House. The President, as a matter of fact, has the newspaper man always with him. He is as much a part of the White House personnel as Simmons or Pendel or the big police inspector at the door. Accommodations are furnished him there, and his privileges are well-defined and generally recognized. Thus in the outer reception-room of the business part of the White House, a corner containing a well furnished table and plenty of chairs is set aside for reporters. Here representatives of half a dozen or more papers are always to be found, and during Cabinet meetings and at moments of grave importance the number increases many fold. Here they write, note the visitors who are admitted to the President, catch the secretaries as they come and go, and here every evening about ten o'clock they gather around Secretary Porter for a kind of family talk, he discussing with them whatever of the events of the day he thinks it wise to discuss.

It is in "Newspaper Row," as the east side of the great north portico is called, that the White House press correspondents flourish most vigorously. Here they gather by the score on exciting days, and, in the shadow of the great white pillars, watch for opportunities to waylay important officials as they come and go. Nobody can get in or out of the Executive Mansion without their seeing him, and it is here that most of the interviews, particularly with the Cabinet officers, are held. Close to "Newspaper Row" is a long line of wheels belonging to messengers and telegraph boys, alert, swift little chaps, a half dozen of whom are always in waiting at the foot of the big columns, discussing the war, or on warm days catching the forty winks of sleep they are always sadly in need of.

It is part of the unwritten law of the White House that the newspaper men shall never approach the President as he passes to and fro near their alcove or crosses the portico to his carriage, unless he himself stops and talks to them. This he occasionally does, for he knows all of the reporters by name and treats them with uniform kindness. If a man disappears, Mr. McKinley is sure to inquire soon what has become of him, and if one falls ill, he asks regularly after him.

It was through all these various channels that the people let the President know how they felt about the "Maine." His steadiness under the incessant buffeting was admirable. He never for an instant wavered from his first determination to have no opinion until the report of the Board of Inquiry came in. To every visitor his counsel was the same: "Wait until we know the facts."

Perhaps nothing contributed more at this



GENERAL ALGER, SECRETARY OF WAR, AND GENERAL CORBIN, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, IN THE SECRETARY'S ROOM AT THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

time to keep those who sought the President calm than the fact that so far as possible he pursued his ordinary habits. Nothing could be simpler and more methodical than President McKinley's daily life in the White House has been since he came to Washington. By ten o'clock in the morning, he is ready to receive visitors, and he works steadily until four or five in the afternoon, when he goes to drive or to walk. Frequently Mrs. McKinley accompanies him in his drives, and nothing which the public sees of the President does more to awaken respect for him than the chivalrous tenderness with which he cares for his fragile, sweet-faced, invalid wife. Even if he is not going with Mrs. McKinley, the President often accompanies her himself to her carriage. In pleasant weather he goes out almost daily in his Victoria, in rainy weather in a kind of "bachelor's coupé." Secretary Porter often rides with the President, though if a Cabinet officer happens to be at the house at the time, the President frequently suggests that they finish their talk while he takes his drive. These drives are a great delight to him, and he explores every road around Washington, himself choosing the route which the coachman shall take. The Soldiers' Home grounds, the National Park, the road to Cabin John and to Arlington are among his favorite routes. He is fond of the peculiar street life of Washington, and nobody knows better the houses of Washington and the history and peculiarities of their occupants.

Of course the President receives considerable attention when taking his exercise. Washington children are particularly fond of him, for he always notices them and nods and smiles. Curiously enough, they do not often call him "Mr. President." Mr. McKinley has been so long in Washington that he is better known as "Major" than as Mr. President, and it is not an infrequent thing for a bevy of children to run up to his carriage as he passes and call out "Halloa, Major!"—a greeting that always brings out "How do you do, boys?" or "How do you do, girls?" from the President.

Mr. McKinley is a rapid and erect walker, and he is frequently seen about the White House grounds or on Connecticut Avenue and Pennsylvania Avenue, walking with his Secretary, or one of the members of the Cabinet. He apparently enjoys the walks exceedingly, and is very punctilious in responding to the

bows of passers-by. Particularly does he notice workmen, who, knowing this trait, almost invariably lift their hats to him. After Mr. McKinley gets in from his drive, he usually runs through the newspapers, rests a little time, then dresses for dinner. His evenings are as often as possible given to quiet social pleasures. He never goes to the theater, or at least never has since he has been in the White House; but quiet little musicales are occasionally held in the East Room, a few intimate friends coming in to enjoy them with the President and his wife. Quite frequently informal dinners, too, are given in the White House.

Except when taking his afternoon drive or walk, Mr. McKinley is rarely seen outside of the White House. During the war excitement, one may say that he has never been seen outside. He is a striking contrast in this respect to our last War President, Mr. Lincoln, who went daily, sometimes many times a day, across the White House lawn to the old War Department to seek news, and who frequently visited the Capitol and the Departments in search of some person whom he wanted.

During all the war crisis, Mr. McKinley has never been in Congress or gone to one of the Departments. The arrangements at the White House are such that this is possible, which was not true in Lincoln's time. There is a telegraph-room, to which all messages can be sent—something Mr. Lincoln did not have. Then there is the telephone connecting the office of the White House with every important man in Washington. Through the business rooms of the White House, however, Mr. McKinley moves very freely. He has been occupying the Cabinet-room of late as his office, the old President's office being now a reception-room; beyond this reception-room is the Secretary's office; parallel with these rooms, and opening into each one of them, is the large anteroom where visitors wait until they can be received in the reception-room. As one sits in this anteroom, he frequently sees the President coming from the telegraph-room or the Secretary's office and passing rapidly to the Cabinet-room. He may stop as he passes to speak to some one whom he knows, though he is more likely to go directly through.

General Miles, in his office at the War Department, receiving a visit from Secretary Alger.

The President receives persons who have business with him every day, except Cabinet days and Sundays, between twelve and one o'clock, in his private reception-room, on the second floor of the White House. Here he usually finds waiting for him when he enters a dozen or more little groups of people and many individuals who have come alone. He moves from one to another as it pleases him, shaking hands with each. His hand-grasp is quite up to date; he holds his hand high, and touches the ends of the fingers rather than clasps the palm. He is a most interesting figure as he stands, with his left hand in his trousers pocket, pushing back the skirt of his long coat, and slowly twirling his eyeglasses in his right hand. After a pleasant word, he always leads immediately to the subject in hand. He seems to get at once at the point of a man's wishes. In fact, he has been informed before he goes in, as a rule, what the man wants to see him about, and he never forgets. He re-

Major Edward Davis. Colonel J. C. Gilmore. Captain Marion P. Maus. Brigadier-General John I. Rodgers.

GENERAL MILES AND MEMBERS OF HIS STAFF.

members names with extraordinary exactness and places people immediately.

As the President passes about the room from one group of visitors to another, he takes in from the corner of his eye everybody waiting for him. His quick side glance is one of the most interesting things about his calm, immovable face; he sees everything in going about the room, though only a keen observer would notice that he saw anything.

Many of these little interviews are very amusing. Of course, a great many people see the President, and have done so even through the trying war time, simply for the sake of shaking hands. No bride comes to Washington without desiring to see Mr. McKinley, and I doubt if there was any time when the pressure was so great on him that a bride and groom, if accompanied by their Congressman, did not get a hand-shake from him, and very often the bride carried away the carnation from his buttonhole.

During most of the time since Mr. McKinley came to the White House it has been impos-

GENERAL STERNBERG, SURGEON-GENERAL, UNITED STATES ARMY, IN HIS OFFICE AT THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

Mr. Finney, Secretary Long's private secretary, receiving visitors in the reception-room at the Navy Department.

sible for him to read, though, in leisure, he is a great lover of books. One of his chief recreations, in fact, is novel-reading, and when on his summer vacation he will devour a novel a day with ease.

President McKinley's coolness and firmness checked the first excitement of the "Maine" disaster, and did much to restore the country to self-control and reasonableness. A little later his adroit suggestion that $50,000,000 be appropriated to increasing the defenses of the country gave a healthy vent to the war spirit of Congress, and diverted public attention from too exclusive concentration on the "Maine," while at the same time it permitted him to begin preparation for the war which he saw clearly enough from the first he might be compelled to wage. He had the public well in hand in fact when it received a new shock, one scarcely less violent in its effects than the news of the destruction of the "Maine."

In the excitement of February no one had thought particularly of the departure for Cuba of Senator Redfield Proctor of Vermont, nor was much attention given to the announcement made a few weeks later that he was to tell the Senate what he had seen on his trip. But when he did speak, on March 17th, it was to give a report of the conditions, so simple, so unprejudiced, and yet so awful that the effect on the country was instantaneous. The "Maine" was for the moment forgotten in the realization that all the horrors of which the country had been hearing through the newspapers for months were not only true, but actually fell short of the truth. Curiously enough, all the information which had come to the country up to that time on the reconcentrados was partially suspected or unheeded. There had been repeated letters published from respectable newspaper correspondents, and at least one serious writer of ability, Mr. Stephen Bonsal, had, in the "The Real Condition of Cuba To-day," made a passionate appeal for aid for the starving of the island. The State Department and the President knew, to be sure, from the reports of their consuls, something of the suffering. Mr. McKinley's request in May, 1897, that Congress appropriate $50,000 for the relief of Americans in Cuba, and his later propositions to send aid for the reconcentrados, were all the result of the consular reports, but these documents were unknown to the country. Congress had asked for them on February 14th, but in the excitement caused by the "Maine" affair coming the very next day, the President had withheld them. It was Senator Proctor's speech which convinced the country at large that the condition of the non-combatants in Cuba was one that we had no right to tolerate any longer. It was that speech which convinced Congress. "I never believed that the condition of the reconcentrados anywhere approached its real awfulness until Senator Proctor made his report," said an eminent member of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations to the writer.

The President was at once made to feel this new element in the situation. The press took up the cry of humanity with a force and passion which was irresistible. The great floods of letters and telegrams were now filled with appeals for immediate relief. Delegations from Congress, from the

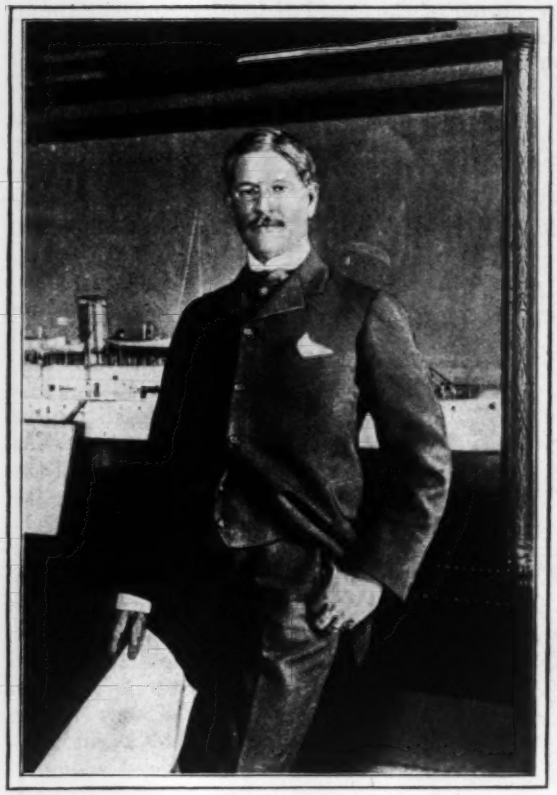
churches, from all conditions of society, besieged the President. The relief of the reconcentrados became as distinct an issue as the case of the "Maine," and it occupied the country no less completely, until the report of the Board of Inquiry reached Washington.

It was commonly enough repeated in the days preceding the arrival of the report that President McKinley knew what its findings were. This is wrong. He did not know until the report was laid before him on Saturday, March 26th. The document reached Washington the night before, Lieutenant-Commander Marix, Judge Advocate of the Court, having himself carried it, securely sealed in a seaman's haversack, all the way from Key West. Early on the morning after his arrival, he laid it before Secretary Long, who at once accompanied him to the President. Here for the first time the seals on the white canvas bag were broken and the document revealed. The President and his Cabinet spent six hours that day considering the "Maine" report, Commander Marix remaining with them to explain the testimony and conclusions. It was Saturday, and the conference was resumed again Sunday morning. By Monday morning, the President had determined to give the report to Congress as it stood, with only a résumé of its contents and without comment or recommendation other than that of "deliberate consideration." The report was submitted on Monday, March 28th, and the next day, when Congress convened, a printed copy lay on each desk in the House and Senate. The bulky volume of 300 pages, illustrated by twenty full-page half-tone engravings of the wreck and by many diagrams made by the order of the Board of Inquiry, and containing even an index, had been prepared in a night. It was the most remarkable piece of bookmaking ever accomplished by the Government Printing Office. The manuscript, containing over 100,000 words, did not reach the printing office until six o'clock in the evening. With it were the materials for the illustrations. At eight o'clock the next morning the printed volumes were delivered to the Foreign Affairs committees of the House and Senate; "and the only reason they weren't delivered sooner," says Captain Brian, the foreman of printing in the establishment, "was there was nobody at the Capitol to receive them."

Secretary Long at his desk in the Navy Department.

The war storm broke with the "Maine" report. Even the members of Congress who desired peace were convinced, as soon as the contents of the report were known, that war was inevitable, a canvass of the Senate and House showing but five in the former body and fifteen in the latter who believed a peaceful solution possible.

The House, which up to this time had yielded to Speaker Reed's policy of peace, broke into a fury, which increased day by day. The President had said in his message accompanying the report, that he had ordered the findings and the views of this Government in the affair to be communicated to Spain, and that he did not permit himself to doubt that the sense of justice of the Spanish nation would dictate a course of action suggested by honor and the friendly relations of the two nations. This calm and entirely statesmanlike view of the matter was stigmatized by the warlike as a "compromise with hell," and repeated delegations



CHARLES H. ALLEN, WHO SUCCEEDED MR. ROOSEVELT AS ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

urging immediate and aggressive action waited upon him. To hold the House back from declaring immediate war on Spain became the task of Speaker Reed. He would only promise to "try." As the days went on he declared the task impossible. "Dissuade them from war," he said to a friend who urged it upon him, "you might as well ask me to stand out in the middle of a Kansas waste and dissuade a cyclone."

The Senate was no less tempestuous, and though the group of Administration Senators did their best, urging incessantly, "Stand by the President," the great majority did not hesitate to declare that, if the President did not act quickly, Congress would outrun him and declare war.

Mr. Holland, the inventor of the Holland submarine boat, waiting for an interview at the Navy Department.

It was with this din of threats and entreaties in his ears that President McKinley was obliged to conduct the final delicate negotiations with Spain by which he hoped to prevent war. Through the minister at Madrid he had, during all the excited period after February 15th, been carrying on a correspondence with the Spanish government. The result of this correspondence was, that on March 27th he submitted a proposition that Spain grant an armistice to the Cuban insurgents to last until October 1st, and that in the interval negotiations for peace be conducted with the good offices of the President of the United States. By this means President McKinley hoped to put an end temporarily to the war in Cuba. To relieve at once the suffering of the reconcentrados, he asked that these people be allowed to return to their farms and that their immediate wants be supplied with provisions from the United States, the Spanish authorities to coöperate with the United States in giving relief. At the same time the "Maine" report was submitted to the Spanish government.

President McKinley realized fully that he must have substantial concessions from Spain to show the country if he was to settle the trouble by diplomacy. With the hopefulness which characterizes all his undertakings, he waited for the reply. It reached the White House on the night of March 31st. It was evasive and unsatisfactory. The immediate cessation of hostilities, the only measure which at that moment would have appeased the country, was deferred, and a scheme for "preparing peace" submitted. The proposition to aid the reconcentrados was accepted. The "Maine" affair was treated in a manner most unsatisfactory to public feeling—it was proposed to submit it to arbitration. The President felt that he was at the end of his ef-

forts—that there was nothing to do but lay the matter before Congress with his recommendations and conclusions, and he at once began the composition of a special message.

The making of a President's message is not the work of a day. The subject it treats is more often than not a growth of years, and it must be reviewed succinctly and lucidly. Nor can a message be the President's work alone; his Cabinet must be consulted, and his phrases and often his views are modified in the discussions which follow. In the Cuban message the general plan was Mr. McKinley's. He decided to tell the country what the condition of things in Cuba was when he first took up the question in March, 1897, and to review his own actions in dealing with the trouble. He would rehearse fully his own notions of what the government of the United States had a right to do in order to put an end to a condition of things which he believed to be intolerable, and he would tell why his conclusions were what they were. He would then make his recommendations.

Captain A. S. Crowninshield, Chief of the Navigation Bureau.

But to review concisely and yet sufficiently the three years of war which had preceded his administration, and to give reasons and precedents for deciding against the recognition of the independence of Cuba and against the recognition of the insurgents as belligerents, and in favor of intervention, as he had concluded to do, required a large amount of research and condensation. State Department officials were put at this work, and the material, as rapidly as it was put into form, was turned over to the President. At the same time he consulted the best authorities in international law, and in Cabinet sessions the message was discussed informally, and the best way in which to treat all the questions on which the people and Congress especially demanded his views was considered.

Throughout the week in which it was understood that the President was preparing his message he was the war center of the country. Every possible influence was brought to bear upon him to secure more aggressive recommendations than he was willing to make. He was literally besieged in the White House by the warlike element. Not only was every influence brought to bear upon him to secure a recommendation of war, but the time which he felt was necessary to a

Captain Mahan, of the Board of Strategy, reading his morning mail at the War Department.

careful consideration of the document was denied. A stop-watch seemed to be held over his head as he wrote.

The message was ready on April 4th, and that afternoon was read at a Cabinet meeting. It was promised to Congress two days later, April 6th. Long before the doors of the Capitol were opened that day, an eager and for the most part belligerent crowd had gathered. When nine o'clock came, they surged in, filling the galleries, and there they waited patiently for the hour of two, when it was rumored the message would be sent in. But instead of the message came the President's request for delay. Convinced by the telegrams from the Consul-General at Havana that warlike action on the part of Congress would result in riots there and the possible murder of American citizens, he had the courage to brave those who were hurrying him, and to withhold the message until such time as the Americans were out of Cuba. For five days the President kept back the document. Finally he erased the date April 6th, wrote April 11th in its place, and turned the message over to Congress. Not, however, until he had added a postscript saying that, twenty-four hours before, Spain had granted the armistice for which he had asked on March 26th, and which, in her reply of March 31st, she had evaded. The President knew well that this last concession would have little effect on Congress. The day of diplomacy was past. He might recommend, as he did, that if this measure (the armistice) attained a successful result, our aspirations as a Christian, peace-loving people would be realized; but he knew that the recommendation, like every other recommendation of his message, was overruled in advance, and that he could do with the information only what he did with the whole Cuban question, leave it with Congress.

In the fortnight bounded by the submitting of the "Maine" report and of his message, President McKinley suffered the keenest pressure of the war crisis. Neither night nor day was he free. Interviews began as soon as he was out of bed, and night after night the light shone from the windows of the Cabinet-room until nearly morning. He had no opportunity for daily exercise, for relaxation of any kind. Under this enormous strain, he never lost his calm or his good humor. He sat hour after hour listening to this or that man, gauging the rise and fall of public opinion, but expressing no opinion himself other than that of caution, and waiting, positively refusing to do anything until he knew exactly what the effect of a previous move had been. While the press and the people were calling for war he had but one reply: "I pray God we may be able to keep peace." When the result of an action was different from what he desired and tended to the war which he was trying to escape, he took it with perfect philosophy, his only remark being, "Well, whatever comes, we have done the best we could." All through the crisis he has been, as one of his companions said, "a don't worry man." The unwavering calm and silence which have characterized Mr. McKinley are due largely to his optimistic temperament. He believes firmly that things will come out right in the end, a belief inspired by his strong religious faith.

Senator C. K. Davis, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations.

The most perceptible effect of this tremendous strain was his

SECRETARY DAY AT HIS DESK IN THE STATE DEPARTMENT.

gradual loss of color. He steadily grew paler and thinner, and his eyes seemed more deep-set than ever. For a few nights, during the worst of the trouble, he lost sleep, but when he resumed his daily exercise, as his physician compelled him to do, he soon was sleeping regularly.

In spite of the terrible pressure upon him, he has devoted a great deal of time to the routine of his position. While waiting for the "Maine" report, while holding back his message, while waiting for news from Dewey, he has gone on making appointments and examining basketfuls of applications. This unruffled application to routine work, in the midst of the excitement of pending and of actual war, recalls one of the most dramatic episodes in Mr. McKinley's life, an action of his at the battle of Antietam. At that time he was a boy under eighteen, a sergeant in the Twenty-third Ohio, and commissary of his company. The Twenty-third went into battle on the morning of September 17th without breakfast, being called suddenly from its slumbers. For hours the fighting was something terrific, and the commissary of the company, seeing this was likely to continue and unwilling that his company should go without their morning coffee, deliberately prepared the mess, hitched up a span of mules, and drove at a gallop into the midst of the line, handing out coffee right and left to the boys as they fought. He was repeatedly ordered away, but he would not go. One of his mules was killed, but he continued to distribute coffee, and it was not until every man of the band had been served that Sergeant McKinley retired. His commanding officer afterward told the story, saying, that no one could tell how much the coffee did for the exhausted men.

It was on April 11th that the President submitted his message to Congress and asked authority to intervene in Cuba. On the 19th, Congress passed the Cuban resolution, declaring:

First—That the people of the island of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

Second—That it is the duty of the United States to demand, and the Government of the United States does hereby demand, that the Government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters.

Third—That the President of the United States be, and he hereby is, directed and empowered to use the

entire land and naval forces of the United States, and to call into actual service of the United States the militia of the several States to such an extent as may be necessary, to carry these resolutions into effect.

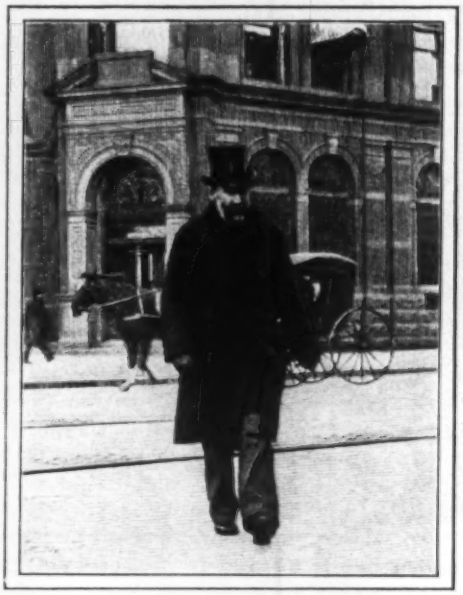
Fourth—That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination when that is accomplished to leave the government and control of the island to its people.

The day following the passage of these resolutions, the President signed them at the White House, and they were cabled to Madrid with the following ultimatum:

To Woodford, Minister, Madrid:

You have been furnished with the text of a joint resolution voted by the Congress of the United States on the 19th inst., approved to-day, in relation to the pacification of the island of Cuba. In obedience to that act the President directs you to immediately communicate to the Government of Spain said resolution, with the formal demand of the Government of the United States that the Government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters. In taking this step, the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination when that is accomplished to leave the government and control of the island to its people, under such free and independent government as they may establish.

If by the hour of noon on Saturday next, the 23d day of April, instant, there be not communicated to this Government by that of Spain a full and satisfactory response to this demand and resolution whereby the ends of peace in Cuba shall be assured, the President will proceed without further notice to use the power and authority enjoined and conferred upon him by the said joint resolution to such extent as may be necessary to carry the same into effect.



HON. NELSON DINGLEY, JR., LEADER OF THE REPUBLICAN SIDE IN CONGRESS.

Less than twenty-four hours later Minister Woodford was handed his passports, and the United States and Spain were at war.

From the beginning of his administration President McKinley had seen the danger in the Cuban question. From the beginning he had resolved, in spite of this danger, to end a condition which he characterized as "not civilized warfare," but "extermination." Humanity, civilization, endangered American interests, all gave him the right and made it his duty, he believed, to say that the war in Cuba must stop. He believed that with time and patience he could end it and avoid a rupture with Spain. When the "Maine" explosion precipitated the trouble and aroused the country's spirit of revenge, he refused to see in the disaster a *casus belli*—and in that belief he persisted to the end, smilingly telling those who threatened him with the country's disapproval if he did yield on this point, that he could not very well "eat his own words." All through March, as matters became more complicated, he persisted in his hope of peace. "I do not expect war," he said; "I believe the whole matter can be settled diplomatically." And again, "I would rather my administration were an ignominious failure than that it be responsible for an unholy war."

But while fighting for peace, the President had prepared for war. It was by his suggestion that $50,000,000 was appropriated for defenses, that our forts were put in order, new ships bought, recruits enlisted, troops sent to Key West and Tampa, a squadron sent to the Gulf, another concentrated in the Pacific, and another prepared for emergencies. Under his directions the army and navy had been put into such a shape, in the interval between February 15th and April 21st, when war was declared, that the very day hostilities began he was able to cable to the commander of our fleet in the Pacific to "defeat or destroy" the Spanish fleet guarding the Philippines, and on the next day, April 22d, to establish an effective blockade of Cuba. April 25th, he was ready to issue a call for 125,000 volunteers and to begin at once the great task of whipping them into a fighting army. In no particular, in fact, during the war crisis, has President McKinley shown more far-sighted wisdom, more flexibility, more patience, than in his preparations for the war which he so resolutely opposed and which he so long struggled to avert.

GOD AND THE PAGAN.

By W. A. Fraser,

Author of "King for a Day," and other stories.

FATHER LACOMBE was as broad on the chest as a buffalo bull is deep. That was because of the great heart that had thumped and thumped at the ribs, and driven them far out to make room for the working. Of the same build was the great dome-shaped head, and because of that was all narrowness not therein. Broad and free was the thought, and strong was the heart; therefore was the love of his people, the copper-colored Crees, great and enduring. Even the whites, they who preached from without the pale, were wont to forget all else but that Father Lacombe was human—intensely human.

So when John Bernard, the Rev. John Bernard, came to Father Lacombe with his heart's sorrow tugging at the tendrils of his brain until it was numb, it was only natural.

"Six months have gone by, Father Lacombe," he said, "and they have done nothing. No one has seen or heard of Ruth Asquith since the Blackfoot swept our post from the face of the plain. It is six months to-day since Assiniboia was burned and Ruth carried off, and we are no nearer her rescue now than we were."

"She is alive," said the priest; "the Blackfoot do not war on women; they capture them, but do not kill them. Besides, also, I have heard a little. The birds which fly northward have sung to me that she is there."

"Now, Father Lacombe," said John, "you alone of all the whites can go far out among the people of this land; Cree or Blackfoot you pass unharmed; and to you I have come to ask, in the name of humanity, if you will lift this load from our hearts, will find for us this sister who labored as one of us for the good of these poor peoples."

Thus the one paid tribute to the other. Creed stepped to one side, and man spoke to man in his trouble.

Deeply the priest pondered for a little, and then he spoke again. "My time is not my own; I work for my Master, and I can but go where many call."

The young minister interrupted him with a pleading gesture. "Many hearts are sad because of Ruth's fate. It is not I alone, but all who are Christians ask this of you."

Father Lacombe held up his hand as though he would stay the impatience of the younger man, and continued, his dreamy blue eyes looking far out across the shoreless sea of buffalo meadow toward the South.

"Where many call me I go; and these poor people, the Blackfoot, have been calling me in every wind that blows up from across their lodges. Sometime I must go: I will go now," he added simply, still looking across the stretch of grass land.

When Father Lacombe faced about, the dreamy look was gone; the blue eyes were grayer—gray with the light of resolve. Two days later he was on his way to Mountain House, near the foothills of the Rockies, with "Stony Jack" his sole companion. Jack, being a Stony Indian, might also go among the Blackfoot, as the two tribes were allied. Jack believed in Father Lacombe in the main, and the Christian religion as a side issue. His code was very simple—Father Lacombe.

At Mountain House, as the priest anticipated, they found a party of Blackfoot warriors trading buffalo pelts at the Hudson's Bay Company's post. A few presents obtained for him permission to return with them to the Blackfoot camping grounds.

But before they started there were many Bacchanalian days. A place where for a single buffalo skin one could obtain bottled happiness enough to blot out the memory of months of cold and hunger was not to be lightly left. The skins were so easily got, too: a tightly drawn cord, a twang, and with a feathered arrow piercing from side to side, the carrier of the skin lying there in the dust—that was all. Only sometimes, when the buffalo were scarce and ammunition plenty, the guns spoke, and the killing

was speedier and more murderous. They had many skins, and that was the rate—a soda-water bottle full of the liquid fire for one skin. It took days to trade on that basis; also when they started out was the commissariat light, because of the liquid payments.

An Indian will share his food with a hungry stranger always; with equal avidity will he share the stranger's food when *he* is hungry. So, at the end of two days, Father Lacombe's provisions were being carried jauntily along in twenty Blackfoot stomachs. After that came the hunger, for the buffalo they had confidently expected to find had wandered afield. For three days they lived on the remembrance of that ecclesiastical meal, tracking their way to the south and east over the snow which was steadily falling.

"It is because of the little pale-face medicine man," said Man-who-dreams; "because of his coming with the forked tongue have the buffalo been driven away by Manitou, who is angry."

Man-who-dreams was a great medicine man among the Blackfoot; so the braves listened and grunted approval. He had told them that the buffalo would be plentiful where they were then, and now no buffalo were to be seen. Surely Manitou was angry with them—angry because they had taken among them the prophet of the pale-faces' God.

On the fourth day one of two things was destined to happen, though the priest did not quite know it: either the buffalo would be encountered, or Father Lacombe's mission would cease on that date. Half of the fourth day the outfit dragged slowly its snail-like course over the white bosom of the sky-kissed plain. Eagerly the hunger-strained eyes scanned the ever-rising horizon for the cluster of little brown specks, for the herd of buffalo their medicine man had promised them.

"Manitou is surely angry," Man-who-dreams said, as they "spelled" with nothing to eat, "because of the forked-tongued pale-face we have taken to tell us of a false God. If we destroy him the buffalo will come."

Then Father Lacombe knew, for this was said openly, so that he might hear.

Perhaps it was the prayer, perhaps it was only chance; but away on the distant snow line there appeared a little jagged edge—an edge that vibrated like dried grass stirred by the wind. "My Master has not forgotten me," murmured the priest; and he pointed toward the spot that was now a little darker.

Then the mad racing, and the spitting of bullets into the black maw of the muzzle-loading guns, as the Indians loaded while they galloped. That was their primitive breech-loader; they carried the "trade balls" in their mouths, and rammed them home on top of the powder without wad or paper. And the blazing of powder so close that it singed the brown, curled hair, and the twanging of bow strings, and the rounded brown hummocks that meant a buffalo left for the squaws to skin; and after that the feasting, and the softening of hearts, and respite for the priest.

And the Master remembered Father Lacombe still a little again; or was it only chance that Three Bulls cut an artery in his leg with his hunting-knife? Chance or the other, the life was going fast out with the red blood spurting and crimsoning the white snow; going out so fast that Three Bulls' friends were already clamoring for him to divide his worldly goods among them before it was too late. Surely his lodge in the Happy Hunting-Ground was standing wide open to receive him!

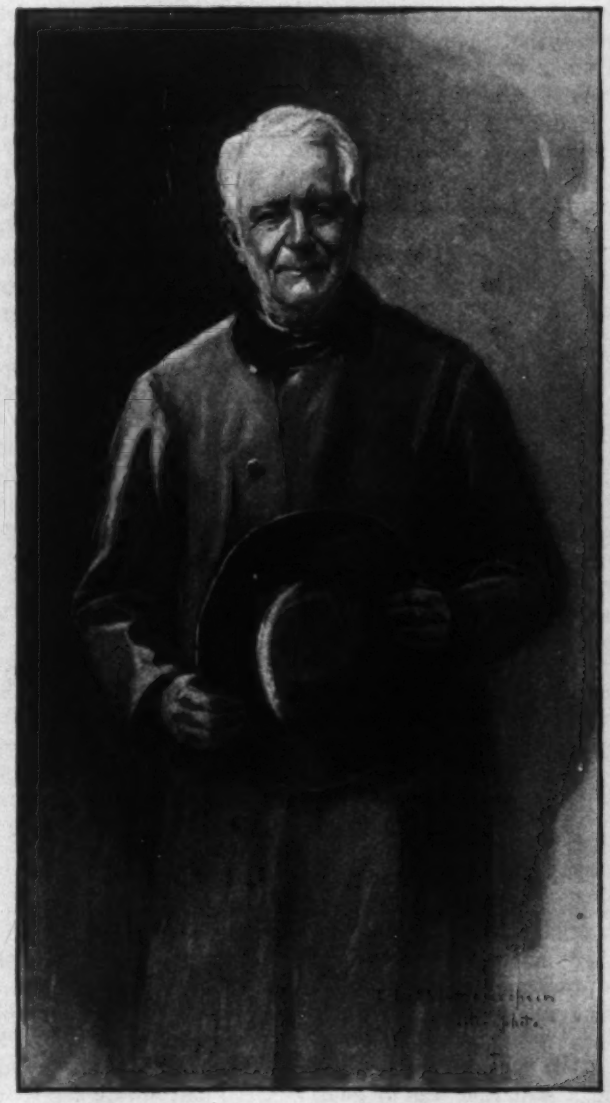
Man-who-dreams could arrange matters with Manitou, but he could not stem that crimson tide. Father Lacombe's surgical knowledge was great—almost as great as his spiritual. "Through their bodies I reach their souls," he had often said of his people; and now he brought Three Bulls back from the foothills of the Happy Hunting-Ground, and made him whole again—closed the little leak in the dike. And because of this chance were the blue eyes more hopeful, and many thorns withdrawn from his crown.

"Ugh! the pale-face medicine man is good," grunted Three Bulls stoically.

When they came to the banks of the Bow River, where the smoke-tanned buffalo-skin tepees of the Blackfoot nestled their pyramid shapes in hundreds on the russet earth—for the snow had not traveled so far south yet—Father Lacombe tarried for many days. He saw that Ruth Asquith was not there. While he labored hopelessly, bravely, for some spiritual awakening among the Indians, he was ever listening, watching for news of the white captive. At every turn he was thwarted by Man-who-dreams. He knew that what Stony Jack said was true: that Man-who-dreams only waited a chance to discredit him and have him driven forth or tied to the stake. But that made no real difference to Father Lacombe; all his life it

had been that way; it made his work more difficult, that was all.

Then, when the moon was full, the crash came. The deviltry that Man-who-dreams had been hatching sprang into life. The moon was still chiding the laggard winter's sun in the dull gray, when Man-who-dreams mounted his powerful blue-roan and started on his crusade. Round and round the camp swung the medicine man in all his barbaric plumage, his deep, bull throat sending forth in bellowing tones the summons to all to come and hear the pale-face prophet speak of Manitou. The blue-roan swayed and rocked in and out among the tepees, his saucer-wide hoofs pounding the hollow-sounding turf until it echoed like the roll of drums.



Father Lacombe.

Roused from their morning slumbers, tall, gaunt Indians streamed from their lodges, their blanket coats lapping at the prairie wind like the tongues of thirsty dogs beating the running water. Squaws and children and dogs all hurried to gather in front of the tepee wherein rested Father Lacombe. Next to the running of buffalo, the baiting of the pale-face priest would be glorious sport.

When they had gathered, the blue-roan was led away; Man-who-dreams strode forth from among the braves, and stood tall, majestic, an imposing, sinister figure. When Father Lacombe came from his lodge Man-who-dreams addressed him with savage courtesy. "Will the pale-face priest speak first of Manitou; or shall Man-who-dreams speak to his brothers, and after the pale-face has heard, will he answer?"

Wondering what trap the other had laid for him, Father Lacombe expressed his willingness to listen to the words of wisdom that might fall from the lips of the Blackfoot.

Drawing himself up to his full height, so that he towered above the tallest of the warriors there, the medicine man began his address.

"Brothers, warriors, Blackfoot, ye who have driven the Crees from the face of the buffalo plains until they cower and hide among the trees beyond the waters of the Red Deer, have ye now come to sit at the feet of this pale-face prophet who speaks with the forked tongue—he who is the friend of your enemies, the Crees, who come in the night and steal your horses? He says Manitou has sent him here—the pale-face God, the Great Spirit."

He turned fiercely toward Father Lacombe, his black eyes flashing with fanatic fury, and asked: "Have you seen the Great Spirit? Did your God speak to you and tell you to come here? Were you with the Great

Spirit, or did the Great Spirit come to earth and speak to you?"

The priest remained silent, and Man-who-dreams turned again to his warriors.

"See, the forked tongue is still. He cannot answer these simple questions. We know that all the pale-faces are liars, that their tongue is forked, that their life is sin, the sin from which our women suffer; that they have brought no good to us; that their guns, which speak loud, are for destruction; and their firewater destroys our bodies, and makes our hearts bad.

"Is it their Manitou that teaches them this—gives them strength to take many lives with their loud-speaking guns, and make the firewater which turns us to beasts? Is it their Great Spirit who teaches them to sin with our women until our hearts call for revenge? And the pale-face prophet who is sent here by their Manitou will teach us these things. Will my brothers learn to worship this spirit, who is the spirit of the pale-face?

"Listen, Blackfoot, braves, and Man-who-dreams will tell you of the chief of the Kootenay, White Eagle. The pale-face medicine man spoke to him with a forked tongue until he forgot the Great Spirit of his forefathers; forgot the Manitou of the Indians, and became even as a pale-face. When he died he journeyed over the trail which leads to the Happy Hunting-Ground. Soon he came to where the trail forked, and he stopped to consider which was the path to the pale-face Hunting-Ground. He saw his white brethren going to the right; he followed that trail. When he came to the gates—for it was closed in with a great stockade, like the Company's fort—the gate opened and he stepped in. The pale-faces were playing on the fiddles, and dancing and singing, all together, men and women, and drinking the firewater, and doing even as you have seen them at the time of their great gathering when the winter is half gone. And beyond was their Great Spirit, their Manitou, sitting on a seat that was of gold, even the yellow iron that they dig up out of the river sands.

"The great chief stood there, and no pale-face said to him, 'Come here, brother, and eat;' and his heart was sad, for he saw none of his own people—all the faces were white. Then he stepped in among them; and one white warrior asked him why he came there—one red man among all those that were white. He answered, 'I am your brother, and the prophet of your Manitou was sent to bring me here.'

"Then they laughed, and made to drive him forth with curses; even as you have been driven from the Company's fort when your skins were all gone. 'Oh, Manitou,' he cried, 'pity me! When I was among mine own people the medicine man you sent made me give up the Great Spirit of my tribe, and I worshiped you.'

"Then the God of the pale-faces spoke in anger. 'Some one has spoken to you with a forked tongue. I sent no one to your people. They have their Happy Hunting-Ground, and their own Great Spirit; the pale-face people are my people.'

"Then they drove him forth in anger, and he stood again where the trail forks. He turned to the left, and journeyed along until the smell of the sweet grass and the sage smote upon his nostrils, and he knew that he was coming to the Happy Hunting-Ground of his own people, the Indians.

"Like the noise of the wings of the great birds that make the thunder was the sound of the hoofs of the buffalo, that were even as the sands in the river, as the spirits in the Happy Hunting-Ground ran them in the chase. When he had come a little way into the plain which is the Happy Hunting-Ground, he saw the buffalo plentiful as the leaves of the trees, and the braves were riding horses faster than the gray-winged birds which fly over our heads when the summer fades. The bows were of wood that gleamed even as the gold of the pale-face, and the arrows were darts of fire. The braves pointed them at the buffalo, and they dropped as they ran. Like the passing of the hand through the air, it was so quickly done, the knife stripped the hide from the meat. The meat needed not cooking, but melted in the mouth like honey.

"But no one spoke to the Kootenay chief, nor said, 'Come and eat, brother;' and he was hungry. Then he spoke to one he knew, who had been of his own tribe.

"The brave said, 'Who are you?'

"'I am White Eagle, chief of the Kootenay,' he answered.

"'Then why do you come here? White Eagle has listened to the pale-face medicine man, and must go to their Happy Hunting-Ground.'

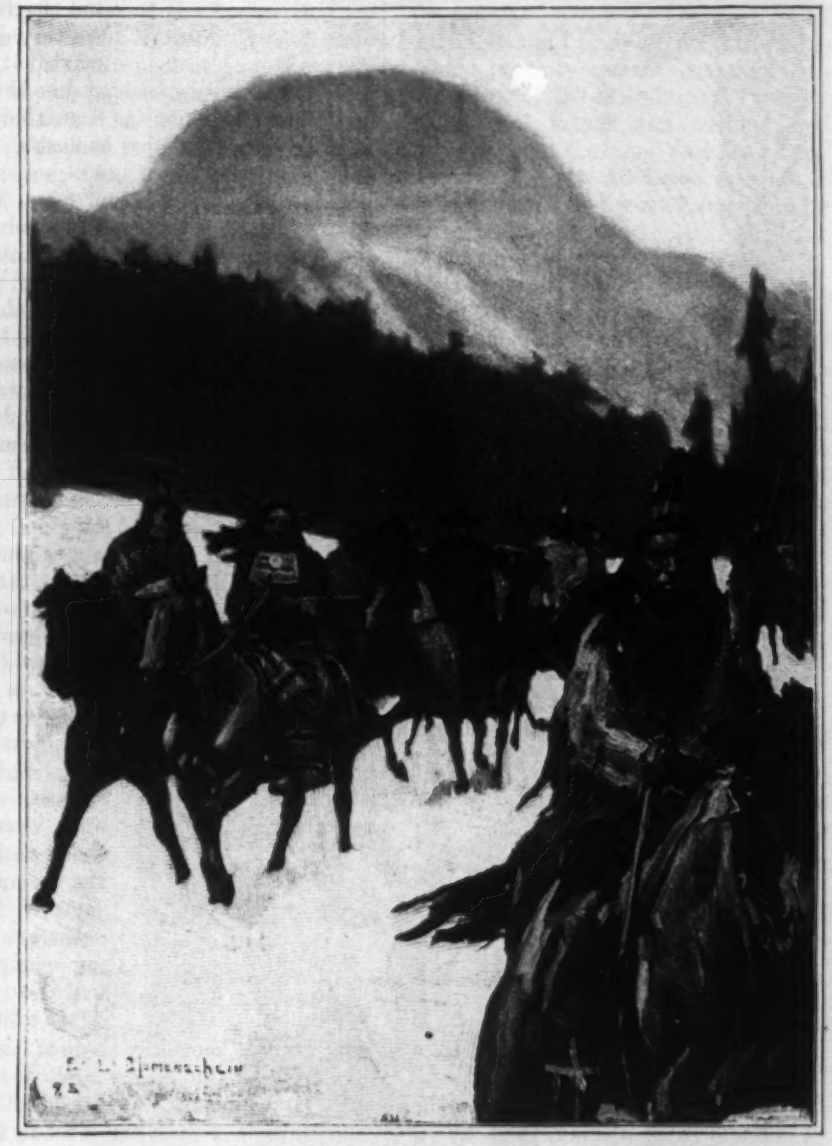
"And he who had been a chief, the chief of a tribe whose children are as plentiful as the birds of the air, stood alone on the outside of the Happy Hunting-Ground like a hungry wolf hovering near a camp that is filled with fresh meat. Then he fell down on his face, and cried to the Great Spirit:

'Father, I am of your people. The false prophet spoke to me with lies, and I did not know.'

"The heart of the Great Spirit, which is good, went out a little toward this desolate man, for he had been a great warrior, and he said: 'I will give you life again. You may go back to your people, the Kootenay; and if you live as your forefathers have lived, when I call you again your lodge will be prepared here.'

"Now, brothers," continued Man-who-dreams, "the chief of the Kootenay lives among his people beyond the snow-covered hills, and he has driven the pale-face prophet forth from the lodges of his tribe. Will you be like this, and listen to the voice of the pale-face who says that God has sent him here, and stand like hungry wolves on the outside of the Happy Hunting-Ground when the Great Spirit calls you away?"

When the impassioned voice of the speaker, sonorous as the cadence of a cataract, died away, there was a moment's silence, so great that the whispering of the wind as it played in and out among the warriors grouped about could be heard. Then a murmuring sound of approving grunts issued from their deep throats, as this Seneca of the Blackfoot stepped to one side to make room for Father Lacombe to answer.



. . . "The outfit dragged slowly its snail-like course over the white bosom of the sky-kissed plain."

The mighty heart of the good priest faltered for once in its many years of striving. Never before had he heard such eloquence—never before met an Indian whose power of graphic description was so great. The Happy Hunting-Ground and the white man's heaven were living pictures. The language and the gestures of this high priest of paganism had brought the whole scene so close to the understanding of the simple-minded savages, that anything Father Lacombe could say now would be unreal and visionary. Inwardly he prayed: "O God, my Master, help me now! This is the hour of my trial. Help me, my Master."

"Round and round the camp swung the medicine man in all his barbaric plumage."

A still small voice seemed to whisper, "Wait; have patience yet a little."

He stepped forward, and facing the throng of dark-browed listeners and meeting the triumphant eye of Man-who-dreams with a calm, steady look, said: "I cannot answer now. Your words of eloquence require much pondering over. In two weeks I will prepare my answer."

A derisive shout of triumph went up from the disciples of Man-who-dreams.

"The forked tongue is stilled now; the lying mouth is closed," was heard on every side; and in the hour of his defeat Father Lacombe went sadly back into the lodge the chief had set apart for his use. That night Stony Jack disappeared, and also the pony the priest had bought for him when they started out on their journey.

Day after day the priest suffered a humiliating persecution: the squaws spat at him, and the boys stoned him; the very dogs of the camp snarled at him and snapped at his heels as he passed—snarled and snapped unmolested, for even a dog was better than this false prophet, this false guide, who had sought to lead them away from the Happy Hunting-Ground. "Even the Stony, who has listened to his voice before, has left him—has slunk away like a coyote from a dry-picked skeleton," sneered Man-who-dreams. He was given the entrails of the buffalo for food—for why did he linger among them?

Day after day the great heart kept the face smooth and untroubled; day after day the deep, sweet voice called to his Master for strength to bear it all. On the night of the eleventh day, Father Lacombe's cayuse, which was picketed close to his lodge there on the outer rim of the encampment, neighed joyfully. The priest threw ashes over the little blazing camp-fire, and stole out into the darkness. After a little he returned. In the morning, before the sun had yet roused the sleepy Indians, he mounted his pony and galloped in and out among the tepees, as Man-who-dreams had on that other day.

Strong and clear was the voice of the priest calling: "Hi, hi! Ho-o-o, brothers! Come forth and hear the answer I have prepared for Man-who-dreams!"

"At last the little priest has loosed his forked tongue," sneered Man-who-dreams.

Lazily the Indians turned out from their tepees, cursing the white priest for disturbing them; and many a grim resolve was made in the discomfort of the cold morning—resolves that boded ill for Father Lacombe if his answer was not a good one. When the Indians had all gathered in front of his lodge, Father Lacombe spoke.

"Brothers, you who are children of my Master, you have heard your medicine man

tell how White Eagle, chief of the Kootenay, died and went to the Happy Hunting-Ground. If that is true, I have no answer to make. If it is not true, then *he* speaks with a forked tongue. He is a liar, and has deceived you."

As these words dropped from his lips there was a rustle at the opening to his lodge, and three Indians stepped forth. The first one was Stony Jack; the other two, as could be seen by their dress and mode of wearing their hair, were from the land of the Kootenay. Father Lacombe, with true theatrical genius, professed to be surprised.

"Who are you? Where do you come from?" he asked.

The one who wore the eagle feathers of a minor chief spoke and said: "We are from the Kootenay. I am son of the great chief, and this is his nephew."

Father Lacombe turned to the astonished Indians. "The Great Spirit has sent these men here. Now we shall have confirmation of what Man-who-dreams has told you."

"How long since your father died and went to the Happy Hunting-Ground?" he asked of the Kootenay chief.

A smile parted the thin lips of the Indian as he answered: "My father did not die; he did not go to the Happy Hunting-Ground; he has been with us always."

"What the chief says is true," answered the other Indian, when Father Lacombe questioned him. "His father, our chief, has been with us always."

Then Father Lacombe preached to those Blackfoot as he had never preached before. Great as had been the eloquence of Man-who-dreams, it was not more powerful than the impassioned utterances of the priest, who had lain twelve days sore at heart.

"If my Master has not sent me among you," he asked, "why have I come? Why have I given up the luxury of a comfortable home, where there is warmth, and plenty to eat and to drink, and friends and brothers and sisters, and father and mother, and people who worship the same God that I do? For what have I given all these up? Is it to share your cold and your hunger, to be abused even as one of your dogs? Is it for this—to lie on the ground? Is this better than the other life—the life among my friends? If my Master, God, who is the Great Spirit, had not sent me, should I be here? It is because He loves you that He has sent me."

For twenty years Father Lacombe had studied the alphabet which is writ in the face of the red man, and when, exhausted with the vehemence of his eloquence, he ceased to speak, he read that which was

"In his frenzy Old Sun . . . grabbed the priest by the scalp."

solace to his tired heart. An Indian would demand truth even of the gods, and their medicine man had lied to them. Not that they flocked to Father Lacombe's standard; but he had run the gauntlet, and now they took him as a friend, as their enemies, the Crees, had done.

The first fruits of his conquest came to him that night, when Crowfoot's brother, whose life he had saved, lifted the flap of his tepee, and stood beside the fire.

"The white medicine man seeks for the pale-face captive. She is with Old Sun's band, and they are camped on the Battle River. If the father wishes, one of my braves will show the trail."

"'My God!' he cried, 'it is she.'"

It was four days to Battle River, and on the fifth night Father Lacombe sat in Old Sun's lodge.

He did not speak of Ruth to the chief; it was best not. If she was there, he would see her next day. Just before he said his prayers, the priest stood outside the tepee and looked up to the sky. The stars had gone out—blotted out by the gray of a winter's night. The snow was falling softly, silently; a great peace had settled down over the earth, as the shroud was spread over its dead body. Yes, peace; but within a stone's throw hid four hundred Cree warriors, with their horses, waiting—waiting for the Blackfoot to sleep.

The priest folded his cassock and made a pillow of it. Just across the fire slept Old Sun and his squaw. It seemed to Father Lacombe that he had been sleeping but a minute, when he was awakened by something. A dog was smelling about the fire. He saw Old Sun raise on his elbow, and heard him hiss: "A Cree dog! A Cree dog! We are betrayed. Hi-hi!" his shrill voice rang out. "Up, braves, the Crees are here!"

There was an answering yell of defiance from three sides of the threatened camp—the Cree war-cry; but not a rifle spoke yet. They were waiting for the Blackfoot to get on their feet, so that their bullets might find a better target. With savage cunning they knew that shooting at men lying down and in the dark is waste of ammunition. In his frenzy Old Sun reached over and grabbed the priest by the scalp, dragging him out after him as he brandished his gun and yelled defiance to the Crees. Then a volley rang out from the guns, and a shower of arrows came hurtling among the tepees.

It was an unequal fight, fifty against four hundred; but they stood them off all night. The Blackfoot were camped on a poplar bluff, which gave them some protection. On their flank was the frozen face of the Battle River, so the enemy had to attack them from the open plain which ran up to the bluff. The Crees, being wood-dwellers, had not much heart for fighting in the open while their enemy was under cover; so this prolonged the uneven combat.

Just before daylight, Stony Jack came rushing up to Father Lacombe, and said: "Come quick, father! I have found her, but I am afraid she is dying."

The priest followed his guide among the trees, and into a darkened tepee. As he entered, he stepped on something round and slippery; it glided from underneath him, bringing him to his knees. His hand touched the something; it was wet. As he hastily pulled his hand away, a mass of soft, silky hair passed through his fingers.

"My God," he cried, "it is she! At last I have found her, and she is dead. Oh, Father, grant that it be not so! I must have a light," he said to Stony Jack.

"If the white father makes a light, the tepee will become a bright mark for all the guns of the Crees. But Jack will arrange something." And gathering up some of the blankets that were still lying in the lodge, he circled them about the head of the wounded girl, while the priest struck a match within.

"It is she," he said; "and God is good, for she still lives."

Intermittently the battle was still raging on the outside; and at daylight, when he had done all he could for the wounded girl,

he went out on a mission of peace. Tying his handkerchief to a small stick, he marched straight past the lines of the Blackfoot, paying no attention to bullets and arrows, till he came to the top of a hillock, from which his voice could reach the Crees. Holding his flag of peace high up, he called with his deep, strong voice: "Ho, brothers! Why do you shed blood? Why do you make your children fatherless, and your mothers to weep for the braves who will not return again to their lodges? Ho, my children! It is I, your friend, Father Lacombe, who asks you to go away in peace."

For an instant the Crees hesitated; but blood had been shed; many of their number lay dead and dying. And were not the Blackfoot caught there in a trap between them and the river, like a herd of buffalo driven into a corral? Silently the priest stood, beseeching his Master again to help him and to avert the slaughter.

Meanwhile, a dark body had been moving up over the white expanse of snow; but the fighting warriors, occupied with the battle, had not noticed it. Suddenly with demoniac yells it swept down on their flank. It was a party of Blackfoot hunters who had been attracted by the firing. From every side the lurid war blazed forth with increased fury. A bullet struck the priest in the shoulder. Stony Jack, seeing his master fall, rushed out and carried him bodily back into the shelter of the trees. Soon he revived, for the wound was not a serious one.

There was fighting all that day, for the two parties of Blackfoot had united, and together they held the Crees in check. That night the Crees silently crossed the frozen river and got away. Much horse-stealing and little fighting was more in their line.

When the Blackfoot got back to Crowfoot's camp, Old Sun told how Father Lacombe had gone out where the bullets were thick and tried to get their enemy to retire. "The pale-face medicine man is a warrior," said old Crowfoot. "What present does the little warrior ask, for Crowfoot's heart is glad?"

"Only a woman?" said the chief, when Father Lacombe asked for Ruth Asquith. "Only a woman, when I would have given a horse? And you'll bring Crowfoot a pair of blankets when you come back, you say? Surely the little priest is not as wise as he is brave." But it was that way nevertheless.

"That night they silently crossed the frozen river."

THE FIRST FIGHT ON CUBAN SOIL.

THE STORY OF THE LANDING OF THE "FIRST FOOT."

By Stephen Bonsal.

With illustrations from photographs taken by the author.

SHE lay out in the basin of Port Tampa, a great side-wheeled liner steamboat with beam engine. She belonged by right in some museum of marine architecture to illustrate the steamer of the fifties. The newspapers from the Atlantic to the Pacific were publishing extras declaring that this strange, archaic craft had been selected by the Board of Strategy to transport the first American troops to Cuba, to carry arms and munitions to the value of five million dollars to the insurgents, and to run the Stars and Stripes up over the red and yellow on the battlements of Morro. So every one in Florida went to see her off.

But no one with a conscience could believe it of her or of the Board of Strategy. The newspapers had been hoaxed, was the general verdict; and soon the "Gussie" would silence all the filibustering slanders that were in circulation about her, they said, by loading up with a Sunday-school picnic and starting up the Tombigbee River to a strawberry festival. There were certainly strange contradictions to be discovered in her appearance and in her passengers and cargo. To support the theory of the Sunday-school picnic could be cited the green shutters, that were coyly closed, and the domestic brooms that stood up on end abaft the paddle boxes; also the many water-coolers. But the upper decks were thronged with heavily-bearded infantry soldiers, who wrapped brilliantly colored Navajo blankets about themselves as they lay on the decks at night; and there was a brass Gatling gun which glinted in the sunlight, and any number of mules that had U. S. branded on their quarters and complained loudly of the short allowance of water upon which they were kept. One bright sunny day in May, after every one, including the Spanish spies, had had ample opportunity to inspect her and her cargo and passengers, she sailed away.

We who threw in our lot and fortunes with

THE CAPTAIN OF THE "GUSSIE."

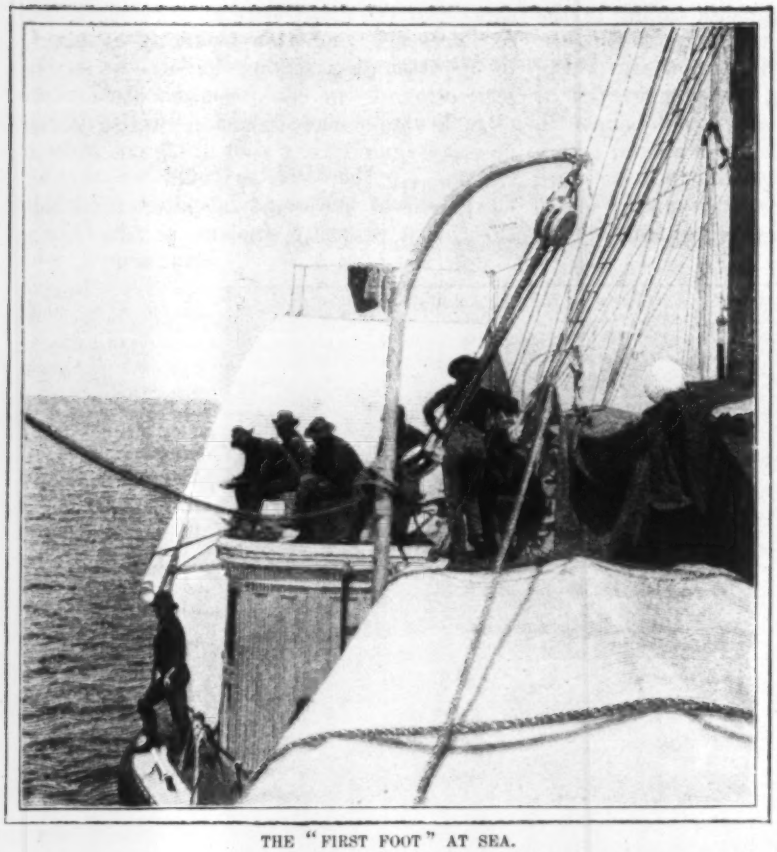
Editor's Note:—The following is a list of the officers and men who went to Cuba on the transport "Gussie": Colonel J. H. Dorst, U. S. V., commanding the expedition; Company E, First Infantry—sixty men, and Captain J. J. O'Connell and Second Lieutenant W. M. Crofton; Company G, First Infantry—sixty men, and Captain M. P. Phister, First Lieutenant F. E. Lacey, and Second Lieutenant D. E. Nolan; Dr. Gandy, hospital steward, and six men from the hospital corps.

the daring band of Argonauts sailing in the "Gussie" had wished to change her name. It seemed quite clear that, however daring our exploits might be, however worthy of Drake and Rodney, no one would believe in them when performed by men aboard a ship with this simpering, silly name, a name more suggestive of a seminary for young ladies than of the stern arbitrament of war. Thus a committee was formed to give the "Gussie," so unprotected in every other respect, at least the dignity of a war name. But before the committee had reached a conclusion of its labors, the "Gussie" had received a baptism of fire.

We left Key West on Friday afternoon with our escort the "Manning," but lost her during the night, probably owing to the fact that none of the blockading vessels are allowed to show lights. We picked her up the next morning, however, almost directly off Havana, and here we were also joined by the "Wasp," a very smart looking auxiliary cruiser under the command of Lieutenant Ward. The "Wasp" accompanied us on our cruise westward, as it was her duty to patrol on the coast opposite Pinar Del Rio. About noon we drew close in shore, a little to the east of Mariel; but, after an inspection of the lay of the land, the Cubans who were to go ashore here decided that they would prefer to land elsewhere. No one could blame them for their decision. It was apparent that the whole country was apprised of our coming and knew the purpose of it. The heliograph stations upon the low mountains near the coast were at work signalling our presence, and were evidently expecting us to attempt a landing in force under the protection of our flanking gunboat. As we stood in very close to Mariel, a Spanish soldier now and again took a shot at us, but without effect. Up the inlet we could see the red tiled roofs of the great hospitals for which this place is sadly famous in the Spanish army. The blockhouse, or small fort, that stands out an excellent mark on the promontory to the west of and commanding the entrance to the harbor was thronged with soldiers, but no shots were exchanged. We steamed on for a few minutes, and soon Mariel and the fort were screened from view by a ridge of hills and a curtain of forest.

COLONEL J. H. DORST, COMMANDER OF THE EXPEDITION.

To the west of this ridge a broad red clay road wound its way over the hills, and as we came around the point we caught sight of a vidette of cavalry, motionless, but evidently watching our movements with the closest attention. As we sailed along slowly more cavalrymen came creeping over the hills and closed up with the guard, which now must have numbered a hundred men. Becoming satisfied, probably, that we were aware of their presence and were continuing our westerly course, they broke from their cover, and, galloping wildly down the steep declivity, came along the beach at a wild pace, wasting ammunition by firing from their saddles as they rode. For more than an hour they followed us, pounding the heart out of their horses in the heavy sand of the beach, firing wildly out to sea, and shaking



THE "FIRST FOOT" AT SEA.

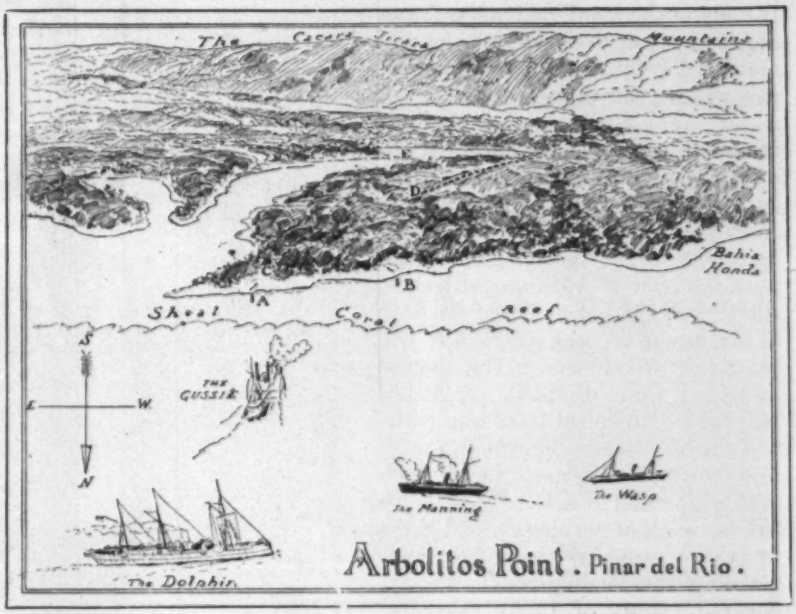
their rifles and machetes derisively in the air.

On the high ground a little to the east of Cabanas, there were several ruined sugar mills, and one of these ruins had been converted into a fort, and was evidently strongly garrisoned. From this place there came a volley of musketry, which passed over our heads. The "Manning" returned the fire with her four-pounders, and we sailed on. Not five minutes had elapsed before the sound of continuous volley firing came across the sea to where we were slowly keeping on our course. The firing lasted for fully half an hour, but we never knew exactly what the hornet's nest was that our desultory shooting had stirred up. Probably the action to which we listened and of which we could see nothing was a chance encounter between our pursuers and the insurgents who were coming to receive our arms and ammunition. As we passed into the inlet of Cabanas drizzling rain began to fall, which soon turned into a regular drenching tropical downpour.

We now drifted close into shore and, off Arbolitos Point, decided to land our scouts. We dropped anchor about four hundred yards from shore, at a place where the coral reef seemed passable for small boats. The rain was falling steadily; it beat down the sea, but was in other respects very disagreeable. Our three Cuban scouts went first, in a light skiff, to show the way over the reef, but their boat was promptly capsized, and they had to make their way to the beach in a very broken skirmish order, now swimming, now wading. Two boats carrying about forty men of E Company, commanded respectively by Captain O'Connell and Lieutenant Crofton, now pushed off from the ship. The first landing of American troops upon Cuban soil was about to take place. At this moment, however, two newspaper tugs which had followed our movements from afar came steaming up, with their whistles blowing and their crews wildly gesticulating, thus leaving no room to doubt that they had information of the most vital importance to impart. The forward movement of the landing boat was arrested, and our gray-haired captain glanced anxiously up and down the coast to discover from what quarter the hidden danger of which we were warned with all the power and emphasis at the command of the press was to come. It was an exciting moment. The rain had died away again into a drizzle; the wind had veered around to the north, and was blowing up quite a sea on shore. The breakers went to pieces with a tremendous roar upon the coral reefs. It was with difficulty that we at last made out, above the roar of the surf and the rising winds, what the Samaritans and Scribes were singing out through their speaking-trumpets. "What's the name of that man in the bow of the first boat?"

The soldier answered timidly, "Metzler, of E Company," and so it was written down in history that Metzler was the first soldier of the United States Army to land upon Cuban soil. But he was not, for Captain O'Connell's boat, which had cleared first from the transport, got into difficulties in crossing the reef and was finally upset, while the second boat went ahead and landed first.

Lieutenant Crofton's command landed near



SCENE OF THE FIRST ENCOUNTER BETWEEN AMERICAN AND SPANISH TROOPS, MAY 12, 1898.

A. Point where Lieutenant Crofton's boat landed. B. Point where Captain O'Connell's boat landed. C. The hut of the charcoal-burner who was taken prisoner. D. Where the Spanish guerrilla was encountered. The dotted line indicates the direction of the retreat of the Spaniards. E. Bridge or causeway across the lagoon.

THE LANDING AT ARBOLITOS POINT. THE TWO LANDING-BOATS, UNDER COMMAND, RESPECTIVELY, OF LIEUTENANT CROFTON AND CAPTAIN O'CONNELL, IN THE SURF ON THE CORAL REEF.

the end of the point, and, after drawing his boat upon the beach, he disappeared from view in the chaparral, which grew almost down to the water. His men went ahead in skirmish line about twenty feet apart to explore the country. It was, indeed, a pretty scene as the blue coats disappeared from view in this luxuriant jungle, tip-toeing as though upon the trail of Apaches, with their rifles ready, and their campaign hats drawn up in a peak to escape the branches and thorns. The jungle in which they disappeared was a labyrinth of tropical trees and trailers, bamboos and banyans, woven together into an inextricable web with grape and sycamore vines. In this network of shrubbery, and right upon the crest of the ridge commanding the landing-beach, we discovered twenty or thirty rifle-pits. Had they been held by the Spaniards when the landing was attempted, the fight on Arbolitos Point would have been very different in its result.

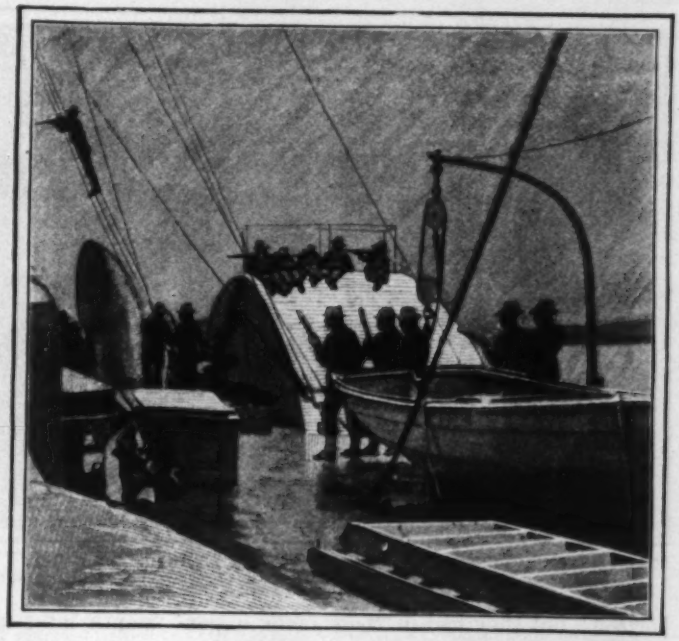
DE SOTO, CAIÑAS, AND PADRON, THE CUBAN SCOUTS LANDED AT ARBOLITOS POINT.

Captain O'Connell, in the meantime, had reached the beach about three hundred yards to the right, and his party immediately scattered in skirmish line through the jungle. One minute, perhaps two, had elapsed when the silence was broken by two heavy volleys of musketry, followed by the sharp cracking of our skirmishers firing at will. For a moment it was hard to tell exactly what had happened, but evidently the skirmishers had stumbled upon Spaniards in the jungle. A moment later, and almost before those remaining on board the transport had realized that our landing was being resisted, two or three volleys, evidently fired at point blank range, came whistling over their heads.

Captain O'Connell and his party, fifty yards from the beach, came out upon a long disused and grass-grown road running out upon the Point. Along this, and only fifty yards away, came a Spanish guerrilla about fifty strong, some mounted and some on foot, but all evidently pushing on with the greatest haste to occupy the rifle-pits. They were the first to fire; but only one bullet of their several discharges found a billet. This was in the arm of a newspaper man, Mr. Archibald, who had accompanied the "First Foot" all the way from the Pacific Slope, to secure the honor of shedding the first American blood on Cuban soil since the outbreak of the war. Our men faced about, and firing at ease brought down four of the Spaniards. Thereupon the Spaniards, thoroughly panic-stricken at such marksmanship, left the road, and made off into the jungle, firing wildly as they retreated. Metzler of E Company brought down the commanding officer of the band, who proved to be a lieutenant of that crack corps, the Civil Guard.

A SPANISH PRISONER CAPTURED AT ARBOLITOS POINT.

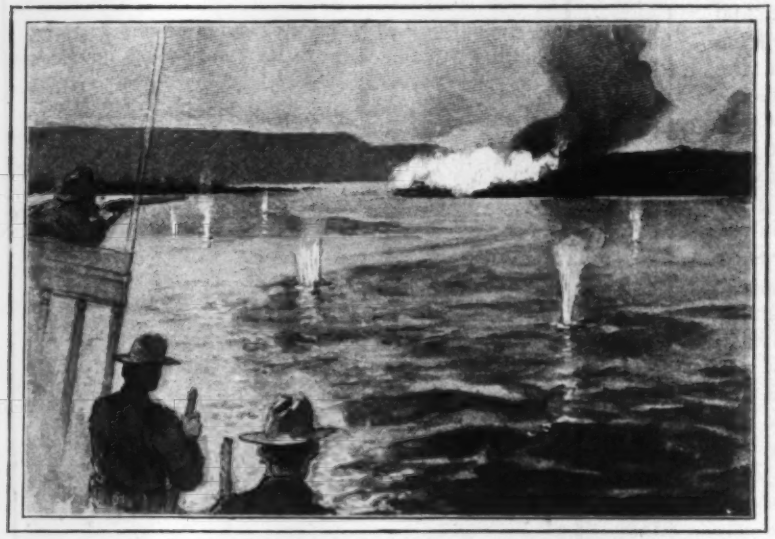
Lieutenant Crofton and his men now came up from the left, and joined in the skirmish line, which was extended across the road and into the jungle beyond for about a hundred yards, to a swampy lagoon. Our position now, a skirmish line of only two hundred yards in extent, facing the quarter from which the Spanish attack must come, would have been very strong had we had any certainty that the Point on our left flank was not also occupied by the Spaniards. At this juncture Captain O'Connell returned to the transport, and after conferring with Colonel Dorst and pointing out from the spar-deck the point where the Spaniards were last seen, went on board the "Manning" and the "Wasp" and gave their officers the same information. He then returned to his men on shore, who, perfectly oblivious of their critical position, were behaving as coolly as though on parade.



COMPANY G FIRING FROM THE DECK OF THE "GUSSIE," AT ARBOLITOS, MAY 12.

While our two gunboats tore the jungle and the chaparral to the right of our skirmish line with shot and shell, the men of Company G, under Captain Phister, fired half a dozen volleys in the same general direction. Now and again a shot came back in reply, but it was evident that we carried heavier metal than the Spaniards and that they were thinning out to the westward. The horses of our Cuban scouts were now landed, or rather made to swim ashore, with considerable difficulty; and, after a consultation with Colonel Dorst, the Cubans rode slowly and cautiously along the beach for a mile or two, and then disappeared suddenly in the jungle. They had a dangerous ride of nine or ten miles before them to the camp of Perrico Diaz, at the foot of the Cacara-Jicara mountains, which loomed up darkly on the

THE GATLING GUN BROUGHT INTO THE ACTION.



THE "GUSSIE" FIRED UPON BY THE BATTERIES AT BANES.

horizon; but they had in their favor a perfect knowledge of the country, good horses and weapons, and the shadows of evening, which were now gathering, and doubtless before morning they safely reached their destination.

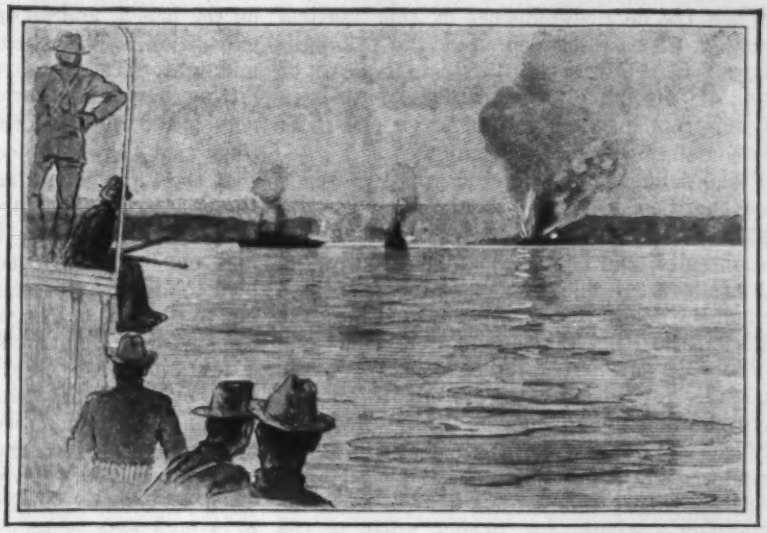
The men of Company E were now brought back to the ship, wet to the skin but otherwise unhurt. The first action of the war fought on Cuban soil between Spanish and American troops had resulted decidedly in our favor. The enemy had lost at least four dead whose bodies were seen, and doubtless many more were killed or wounded by the heavy firing from the gunboats and the transport. Lieutenant Crofton brought with him a prisoner of war, a charcoal-burner who had given the first landing party misinformation, and who is thought to have been a decoy in the pay of the Spaniards. We lost our anchor in getting under way, but soon pulled out from our position, which was growing more dangerous with nightfall and with the wind from the north steadily increasing in velocity.

We drifted all night in the warm and oily waters of the Gulf Stream, which oozed and trickled from the ship's side like molasses. The "Vicksburg," that most vigilant and tireless of blockaders, brought us up several times with a round turn during the night. In the morning we lay off Havana, and saw the sun rise over the Morro.

Here our flankers, the "Wasp" and the "Manning," picked us up, and we steamed westward. About nine o'clock we entered a broad bay between Baracoa and the Torrejon of Banes. Here the long grass and the chaparral grew close down to the silver streak of sandy beach, which was dotted by royal palms. As we steamed slowly along, our lookout, and soon all on board, caught sight of a white flag in front of us, extended to the breeze from one of the tallest of these palm trees. It would be waved for a minute or two and then vanish, but only to reappear again some moments later a few hundred yards to the westward. We followed this will-o'-the wisp, which we thought to be a signal from our Cuban friends who were kindly guiding us towards a safe place to make a landing. We had been lured on to within 300 yards of the beach, when the Spaniards opened upon us from two field batteries concealed in the jungle of shrubbery and vines up shore, and another gun, recently mounted in the Martello tower of Banes, at the same moment gave tongue. These first shots exhibited very alarming markmanship. They were one and all perfect, absolutely perfect, as to direction, and only a little out as to distance. The nearest went about ten feet over our spar-deck, with a grumbling, humming noise, and fell about thirty yards out to sea with a great splash, such as a frog makes when he plunges into a tranquil pool. The others fell about fifty feet short.

Our captain was the kindest, most gentle-minded man that ever walked the quarter-deck. Nothing could convince him that there was anything in this war but some very loud newspaper talk. While he watched the Spanish shells falling all around us, and before he gave the order for our virgin filibuster to take to her heels, he had a quiet talk with the Spaniards, addressing them as he might have addressed a reckless driver who was endangering the lives of passing pedestrians. "Don't those fools know that one of them shots would go right through my ship?" said he, frowning in the direction from which the unchivalrous Dons were firing. "They don't seem to know the condition of my

vessel. Why, sir, only yesterday one of them fat soldiers stumbled down the companion-way, and before we could stop him he had fallen through the planking of three decks—and they call this Christian warfare. Why, sir, if there was anything flying the Spanish flag around here, I wouldn't run away, I'd ram her! I would, sir!"



THE BATTERIES AT BANES BOMBARDED BY THE "MANNING" AND THE "WASP."

Fortunately none of the Spanish flags flying were afloat, so our military leaders brought pressure upon the captain, and finally induced him to steam out from the shore. But we had gone so far into the trap that for the first five minutes of retreat our course brought us nearer, perhaps, to the line of hostile fire, and it seemed longer than it probably was before the pattering of the heavy shot about us entirely ceased.

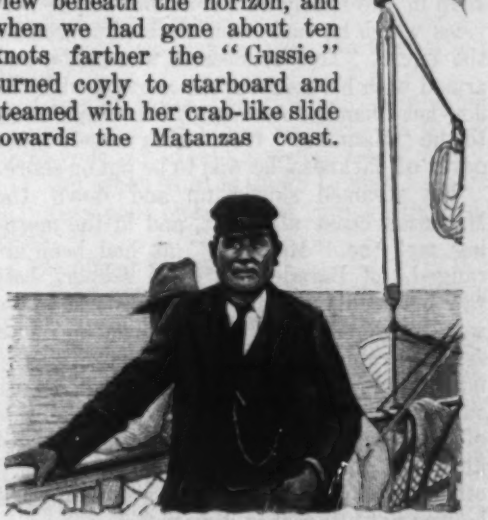
The "Wasp" and the "Manning" steamed in to cover our retreat, and soon we had the pleasure of seeing one side of the Martello tower on the beach knocked out by a shot from the "Wasp." The gunnery of the "Manning" was not nearly so good, which is not to be wondered at, for the men on board the converted revenue cutter had not fired ten shots from big guns before in their lives. The field-batteries, however, were never located with any precision; we only had the deceiving clouds of smoke to fire at.

We steamed westward, trying to look as if we didn't care, and when off Havana harbor and within close range of the telescope upon the Morro, we came together, noses on, with the big blockaders, to have an amphibious council of war, Colonel Dorst going on board the "Mayflower" in our dory. The council of war was not of long duration; the colonel soon reappeared upon the deck, and, embracing his colleagues of the navy warmly, shouted: "Can I do anything for you in Key West?" as he dropped over the side. If the Dons on the Morro did not hear him, it was only because they were too chivalrous to have out their ear-trumpets.

"Regards to Forsyth, that's all," was the answer.

Then with a great tooting of whistles, dipping of flags, and waving of caps, and salutations in characteristic language between the jackeys and our "dough-boys," the "Gussie" departed. Any one acquainted with the element of strategy and the rules of civilized warfare should have understood from all this that the "Gussie" would be located in Key West, watering and coaling, for at least a week to come; but the stupid Spaniards did not.

Gradually Cuba sank from view beneath the horizon, and when we had gone about ten knots farther the "Gussie" turned coyly to starboard and steamed with her crab-like slide towards the Matanzas coast.



AMBROSITO, THE CUBAN SCOUT WHO ATTEMPTED TO LAND FROM THE "GUSSIE" OFF BARADERO, MATANZAS.

When the deep significance of this nautical change of base dawned upon the "doughboys" from California, the straight-jacket of military discipline had all it could do to keep them from bursting out in three cheers in honor of the Board of Strategy.

The moment now came when the presence on board of a certain stout Cuban was explained. Those who loved him called him Ambrosito, and he had been selected by the Junta as a suitable messenger for us to land upon the Matanzas coast and send into the Purgatorio Hills to acquaint Betancourt and others of our arrival off shore. When the moment for action came Ambrosito showed considerable misgivings as to the propriety of the selection which the Cuban Junta had made. "Is it not ridiculous," he asked all open-minded people on board, "to make me slide on my belly for twenty miles in the long grass when there are so many thin men available?"

The representative of the Junta on board then announced that, though he had never put foot on the coast of Matanzas, rather than have the Cuban Junta disgraced he himself would land, and die or succeed in carrying the letters to Betancourt. On hearing this Spartan resolve, Ambrosito grew tearful and reconsidered his refusal. He would land if any man could, he said, only the *macheté*, the one with the dog-head handle, which the Junta had loaned him for his personal defence upon this and similar expeditions, must be given him outright. He wanted it as an heirloom, something to keep in the family as a reminder of the services which he had been enabled to render the cause. This concession was made, and armed with his weapon, the *macheté* with the dog-head handle, Ambrosito was transferred to the "Manning," from which vessel, under cover of darkness, he was to be put on shore.

We steamed slowly up and down the Matanzas coast all night, and in the morning met the "Manning," as had been arranged, off Baradero, a little seaport half way between Cardenas and Matanzas. We were engaged in all other known means of sea telegraphy, to satisfy our curiosity as to how it had fared with Ambrosito when, to our surprise, he appeared coming over the side of the revenue cutter, with a smile so broad upon his countenance that, however much others might be affected, it was plain that he was not altogether dissatisfied.

"Lord be praised for my safe return," he sang out as he came once more upon the "Gussie." "All the Spaniards in Cuba are on the beach, and no one can land from this expedition. We started for shore about midnight. The beach was filled with lights, flitting here and there, and the young officers asked me what they might be. I told them that I knew the coast and the country, that the lights could not be in the hands of the Spaniards, there are not so many in the country. I said that they must be the fireflies, our own native *cucujos*, that had assembled to light Ambrosito upon his dark journey to the hills of Purgatorio. As we neared the surf line, Roman candles and rockets and a few rifle shots went up from the beach. We could hear the patroling parties hailing one another, and so we rested on our oars and waited. But the Spaniards did not move away. So I have come back to you." Then he added thoughtfully, with the mien of a man who is endeavoring to make the best of a bad business and endeavoring to reconcile himself to his position, "And, my brothers, my little brothers, it is good to live on the 'Gussie,' better than being cut down on the beach; here are all doing well, divinely—*como papas*—like potatoes."

A week later I caught my last glimpse of him; he was painting his house in Tampa. Hung with flags and inscriptions the *macheté*, the one with the dog-head handle, was suspended over his mantel, and under it a photograph of the old scout in full Cuban regimentals. "I have nothing to complain of," said Ambrosito. "I shall not tempt Providence again, not while all the Spaniards are on the beach and here I am doing well, divinely—*como uno papa*—like a potato."

It was now only too evident that the stores and the munitions which we carried for the insurgent armies could not be landed with any assurance of their escaping the Spaniards. We had approached the land at the points in the three western provinces which had been prearranged, and in each case the insurgents had failed to meet us. By this statement, which is simply one of fact, no reflection is intended upon the Cubans. In view of the Spanish forces along the coast it would have been poor policy for them to have appeared. So we flew to the breeze the homeward-bound pennant, and after sailing around Matanzas Bay and taking photographs under the guns of the batteries on the Punta Maya, simply to show that our confidence in the little cherub up aloft who had been looking after the "Gussie" upon this cruise was unabated, we laid our course over the blue waters of the coral reefs towards the green seas beyond and to Key West.

THE FASTEST VESSEL AFLOAT.

THE "TURBINIA," AND THE NEW ERA SHE PROMISES IN OCEAN TRAVEL.

By Cleveland Moffett.

GREAT honor among cities has Newcastle-on-Tyne, with its coal, and its ships, and its clanging hammers. Here, about sixty years ago, was the locomotive born, and to this day the "Puffing Billy," Stephenson's model, stands in the Central Station for tourists to gaze upon, the first iron horse driven over the rails by steam. And now comes Parsons of Newcastle with his record-breaking "Turbinia," the first iron vessel to be driven over the sea by an application of steam that must rank in its importance to the world with Watt's original discovery. Builders of torpedo-destroyers and other ocean craft that call for the highest attainable speed are to-day hesitating to undertake fresh contracts until they decide what is to be the outcome of this new engineering departure; and the feeling is abroad that another era has opened in marine propulsion.

I have been spending a week in Newcastle with Mr. Parsons and the "Turbinia"; I have gone out to sea on this wonderful craft, twenty miles or more at the speed of an express train; I have been through the factory where are made the turbine motors that may soon do away, in great part, with the familiar steam-engine; and I shall put down now some of the things I have seen myself and some that I have learned.

Let us first take a look at the boat herself as she lies at her moorings a few miles down the river, just off the spread of twenty-three acres where the works of the Parsons Marine Steam Turbine Company will soon be in full operation. There she is, with flag flying proudly and clean painted sides, low in the water, long and narrow in the body (one hundred feet by nine feet), sharp as a knife at the bow, speed in every line of her. The massive smoke-stack amidships, short and thick, gives her a kind of military dignity; but one asks where the engines and boilers and furnaces can be that go with such a monster air-blast. There is certainly no room for them in sight. "They are underneath the water line," explains Mr. Barnard, the officer in charge. "I will show them to you presently."

A skiff takes us aboard, and we walk about over black plates of iron, riveted into a level floor, and peer down black openings here and there that lead below. I notice a stoker giving the smoke-stack a fresh coat of yellow.

"We do that," says Mr. Barnard, "after every run, because the fire licks the paint off when we drive her fast with the forced draught. If you go out to-morrow, you will see the flame wind round that smoke-stack like a scarf round your neck."

In a forward shelter, like a pilot-house, is a two-foot wooden wheel, and before it a semi-circle of little windows for the steersman to look through. On top of the shelter is a platform with guards around it.

"The lookout stands up there, and passes the word to another man, who passes it to the man at the wheel."

"What, two men to pass the word a few feet?"

"Yes, it takes two. When she's doing her best, you can't hear anything six inches from your ear except a steady roar."

"But what word is there to pass? Can't you keep your own lookout through the windows?"

The officer smiles.

"Why, sometimes, sir, when we're making a run in rough weather, it seems as if the whole German Ocean was coming over us. We shot by a man-of-war on a day like that, and the officers said afterwards that all they could see of us was our bow and the tip of our smoke-stack. In the trial to-morrow you will understand why we need a lookout."

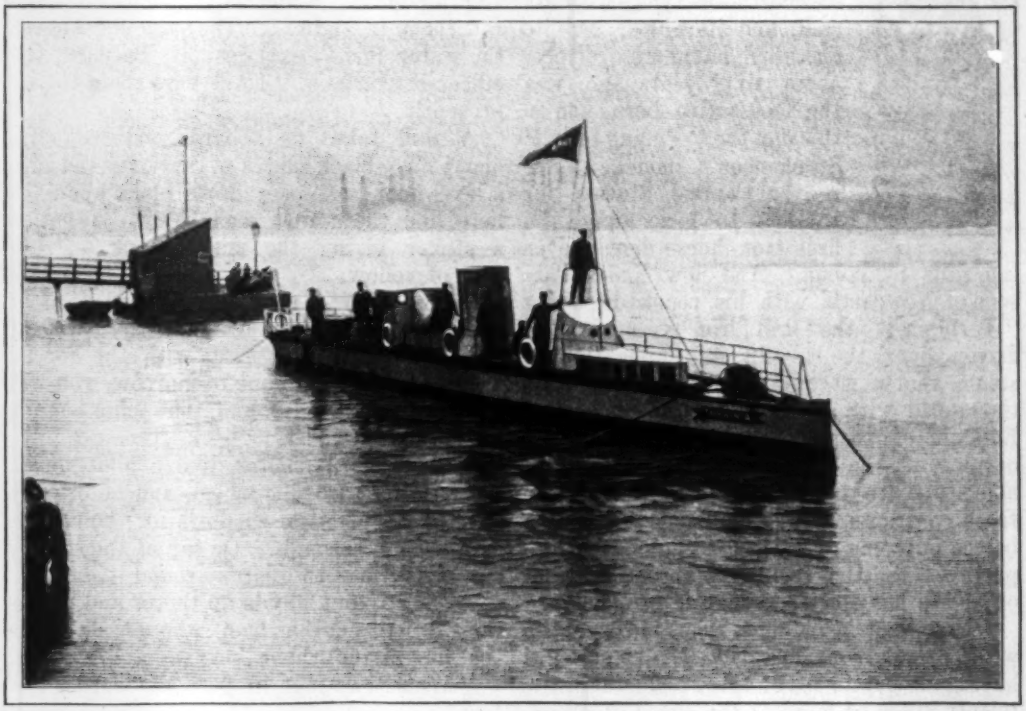
At one side of the wheel is an ordinary marine telegraph, with the signals "Full speed," "Stop," "Reverse," etc., on its dial plate.

"The steersman signals with these to the engineer—that is, Mr. Parsons himself—who stands back there in the other shelter, watching the gauges and regulating the speed. He controls the whole craft from the deck—boiler pressure, forced draught, go-ahead turbines, reversing turbine, everything. There never was an easier boat to run than this one. Ten men are her full crew—deck hands, engine-room hands, stokers, everybody."

"And yet she's the fastest vessel afloat?"

"Undoubtedly; she has 2,100 horse-power, which is four times as much as any vessel of her size ever had before; she has a steam-producing capacity of 30,000 pounds an hour; and she carries a pressure on her boiler of 225 pounds to the square inch. We'll go below, if you like."

We squeeze ourselves down little ladders into the lower regions of this iron doll's house of a ship. Here the stokers ply their shovels and swing the furnace doors in iron-walled chambers hermetically sealed, where the air is compressed by a fan for the forced draught. Here is the water-tube boiler. Here is the engine room, with great pipes curving about that seem entirely too large for so small a boat; they carry steam to the turbines and the condenser. And now comes an explanation of these same turbines, in the working of which for driving the "Turbinia" and reversing her lies the beginning and the end of the whole Parsons achievement. The "Turbinia" is propelled by an engine different from any that was ever before put in a boat. It has no fly-wheel, no cylinders, no back and forth movement of rods and pistons, no intricate valves; it is a hundred times simpler than the ordinary steam-engine, and as easy to understand as



THE "TURBINIA"—"LOW IN THE WATER, LONG AND NARROW IN THE BODY, . . . SHARP AS A KNIFE AT THE BOW, SPEED IN EVERY LINE OF HER."

"I haven't heard of anything that can beat her. The record speed for vessels of her size has been twenty-four knots an hour—made by second-class torpedo-boats; she will do that with open stoke-holes; and, under forced draught, she will steam thirty-five knots an hour, and keep it up until her coal gives out."

"How soon would that be?"

"In about three hours; that is, she can run a hundred knots at full speed. You see her bunkers only carry seven tons, and her whole displacement is only forty-four and one-half tons."

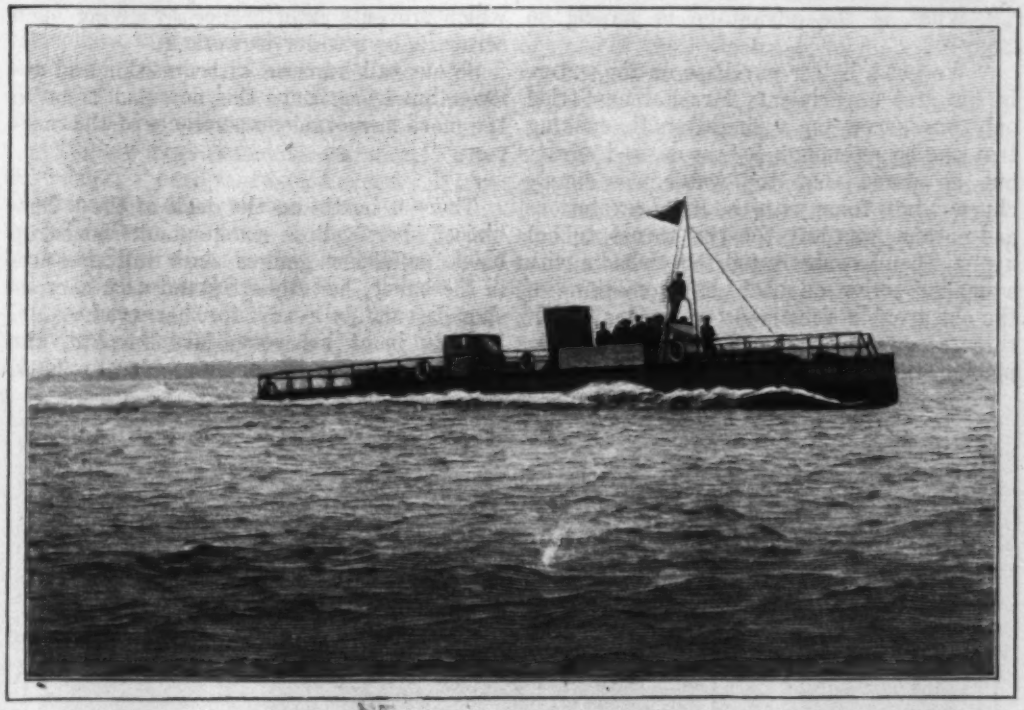
"And she's the most powerful vessel afloat, isn't she, for her size?"

a windmill. Indeed, it is quite like a windmill in this, that the steam, being driven against the fans of specially made wheels on the three propeller shafts, makes these turn very rapidly, and of course the screws turn with the shafts. I will give a more detailed explanation of these turbines when we visit the factory.

"The plain result of it all is," says Mr. Barnard, "that we have a motor here capable of turning faster and faster, with practically no limit so long as we increase the steam pressure. The screws of the 'Turbinia' make about 2,500 revolutions a minute, without any vibration, whereas the best marine engine in the world, with reciprocating motion, would tear itself to pieces doing one-fourth as many. We could run our turbo-motors up to 5,000 or 10,000 revolutions a minute, if there was any advantage in doing so, and still there would be no vibrations, since the force of the steam is exerted always in the same direction, around and around, not back and forth."

"Then you can get up speed very quickly?"

"Yes, that is one of the 'Turbinia's' strong points. We can practically increase the steam pressure as fast as we please, since there are no dead centers of cranks to be considered, nor danger from water hammers in the cylinders. Off the Tyne last summer, we ran the screws up to a twenty-eight-knot rate from a standstill in twenty-eight seconds, and we could certainly bring them to full speed from a standstill in thirty seconds. That does not mean that the vessel would be making full speed in thirty seconds, for it would take some time to overcome her inertia, but the screws would be turning at that rate."



"SHE RUNS AS SMOOTHLY AS A BICYCLE ON ASPHALT, AND THE DECK IS LIKE A BILLIARD-TABLE . . . AND PRESENTLY WE PUT OUT INTO THE OPEN."

"How long would it take an ordinary marine engine to work up to full speed from a standstill?"

"I should say at least fifteen minutes."

"And can you reverse her quickly?"

"We can reverse her instantly, as far as the engines are concerned; it would be merely a question of bending the propeller blades. You are sure to see some reversing to-morrow in the trials, for there will be French engineers on board who are particularly interested in that very point. Mr. Parsons has put in a special reversing turbine which may be connected with the central propeller shaft, so that all he has to do now, when he gets the signal 'Reverse,' is to shut off steam from the go-ahead

turbines and turn it into the reversing one."

"And how fast will she run backwards?"

"Ten knots an hour. You see, at present, there is only one shaft working when she goes that way; but reversing turbines could easily be fitted to all the shafts, without much increase in weight."

"Do I understand correctly, that the 'Turbinia' has three propeller shafts?"

"Yes, and each one carries three screws, one behind the other, so that she is driven by nine screws in all."

"What is the advantage in having so many?"

"We get a better purchase on the water. In his first experiments Mr. Parsons tried only one screw on a single shaft, making that one large enough for the desired effort; but he found that the water was simply churned into foam with the rapid revolutions and nothing was left for the thrust to act upon. Then he substituted three shafts with a smaller screw on each, but something of the old trouble remained; so he finally put three screws on each of the three shafts, placing the screws at intervals of several feet. Since then, all has gone well, although he is still experimenting with different models."

"How large are the screws used now?"

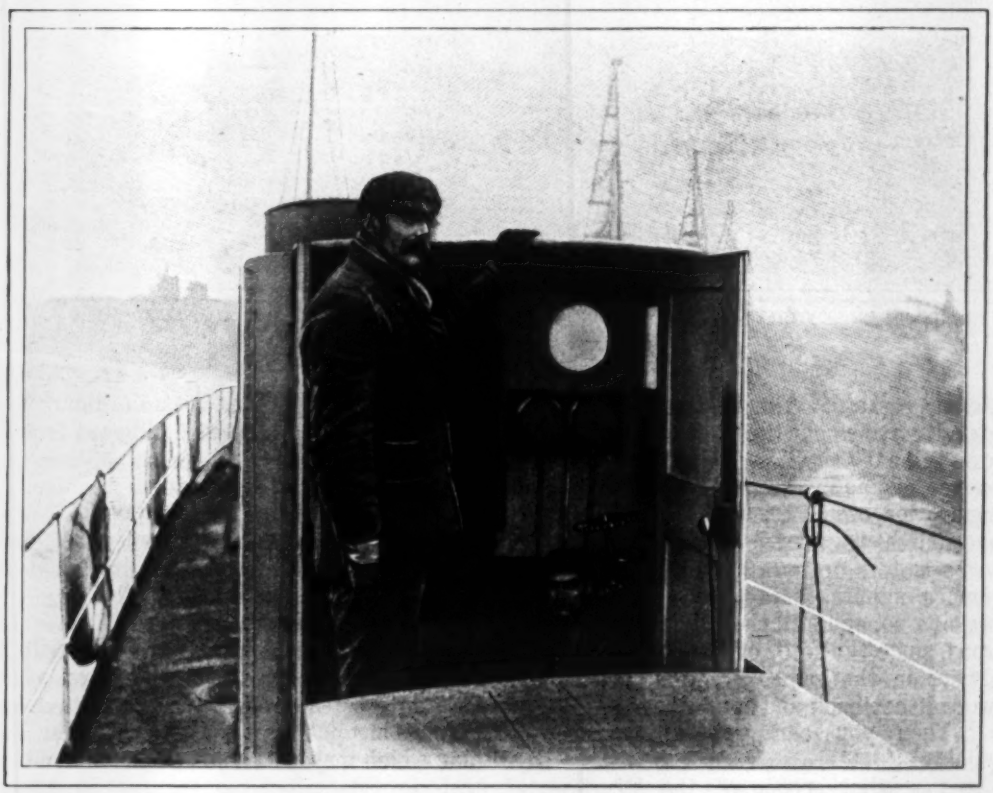
"About eighteen inches in diameter; you will see them at the factory."

"And how far back of the vessel do the shafts extend?"

"They do not extend back at all, but enter the water at a slight downward slant, some twenty-five feet forward of the extreme stern. The middle shaft is very much farther aft than the other two, say a dozen feet, which prevents interference by giving each screw its own water to work in."

So our talk runs on with question and answer, but I may leave this now and come to the more memorable experiences of the morrow.

There is bustle on the deck of the "Turbinia," her yellow smoke-stack sends up black puffs, her gauges show full pressure in the boiler, her stokers stand with nervous shovels, she is ready for her trial. Mr. Parsons is at his post; Mr. Barnard, the steersman, is in his shelter; Mr. Leyland,



MR. PARSONS AND HIS SHELTER—"SINCE THE OCEAN WAS MADE NO MAN HAS WROUGHT UPON IT SUCH A WONDER AS HE IS WORKING NOW."

the lookout, is on the bridge. They wear high boots, snug caps, and rough sea clothes, in contrast to the citified garments of some gentlemen forward, men who have come from a distance to see the little racer show her heels. Among the latter are experts in marine engineering from the famous Le Creusot works.

"We are going to start, gentlemen," says my friend, the officer. "You had better put these on," and he points to a pile of oilskins and overalls; "you will need them soon."

Off go top hats and overcoats with velvet collars, and presently we are sailors with the best of them. Meanwhile the "Turbinia" is steaming down the Tyne toward the ocean, five miles away.

"The law requires us to go slow," says the officer, "until we reach the sea. We're under natural draught now."

She runs as smoothly as a bicycle on asphalt, and the deck is like a billiard-table. No need yet for the overalls. We meet a Chinese cruiser just out of the Armstrongs' vast yards, which lie yonder; we pass the famous Tyne dock, which ships more coal every year than any other dock in the world; we go by a forest of masts and towering chimneys that line this great ship-building avenue. And presently we put out into the open, leaving behind the lighthouse and the one o'clock gun at North Shields, fired daily from Greenwich, and the twin sea walls.

"Now we can let her go a little," says the officer, and shuts down the iron doors that seal the stoke-holes. Forthwith the fan for the forced draught begins to hum and the condenser pump sets up a quicker beat. We are going faster every second.

"She is make—how much now?" calls out one of the Frenchmen, holding down his cap against the wind.

"About—twenty," the officer calls back.

At the forward shelter four men brace themselves in positions of splendid alertness, heads forward, eyes over the bows; the steersman hooks his elbows through the spokes of the wheel; the lookout clutches behind him the rope for the danger whistle. Once, for want of watching, the "Turbinia" drove her bows clean through the side of a merchantman, and that was running slow. What she would do at top speed if she caught

"WE BEGIN TO TURN IN A LONG, BOILING CIRCLE, STILL RUNNING AT FULL SPEED [THIRTY-FIVE KNOTS AN HOUR] . . . AND WHAT A PATH WE ARE LEAVING NOW IN OUR WAKE!"

a liner broadside on, is something her owners hope never to find out.

"One point port," says the lookout.

"One point port," says the man who passes the word. And the wheel responds instantly.

We are running into big slapping waves, and the spray breaks over us. I go back to Mr. Parsons's shelter, where things are dryer.

"Twenty-four knots," he says, and then leans forward suddenly to the window. The rope tightens from the lookout platform, and a long whistle sounds from beside the smoke-stack, then three short ones. We are passing a sailing vessel on our starboard beam.

"Twenty-eight knots," says Mr. Parsons.

"How can you tell?" I ask.

"By the gauges."

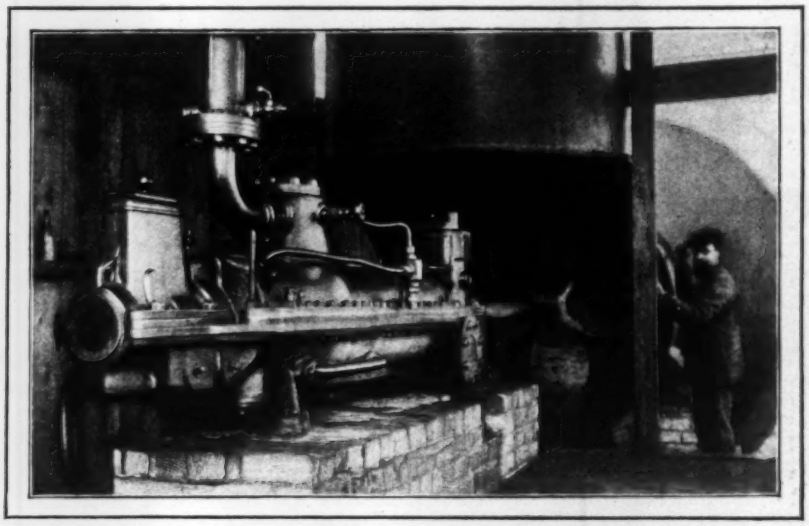
I hurry to the stern, and ask my photographer to take the picture of an extraordinary wave that is forming higher and higher in our wake, a greenish-blue tumbling mass, a solid mound of water with crest as high as the deck, tons of water swollen into a head that races after us like some angry monster. I have noticed this wave coming down the Tyne; but it becomes more noticeable now with every increase in our speed. The photographer starts to do as requested, but the rush of air tips his tripod as he tries to set it up, and a shower of spray drenches him.

"Look there," he cries, and I can hardly hear him for the roar of the vessel.

I turn, and see a long, thick tongue of flame darting toward us from the smoke-stack. It curves and shoots into fantastic shapes as the wind catches it, and sometimes it licks the iron sides, and the paint cracks and peels. We struggle with the camera together, I holding the tripod while the photographer gets the focus. A red-hot cinder strikes the cloth, and sets it smoldering; another strikes my overalls, and sets them smoldering. It is raining red-hot cinders, and one finds lodgement on a Frenchman's neck. From a distance we must look like a long, flying splash with fire coming out of it.

"Thirty-one and a half," shouts some one passing near us. The forced draught has been on scarcely two minutes, and already we have worked up to nearly full speed. Sheets of water sweep the deck almost continuously; yet the boat is quite steady underneath us.

Thirty-five knots an hour we are making now—Mr. Parsons has waved the news—that is, forty miles an hour! But there is a poignancy of sensation in this that could never be felt on a locomotive, not even if you rode at the very front of it. There is the sea hurling along below you and beside you and over you at locomotive pace, fighting you on every side, spitting at you from the front, foaming after you from behind. And there is the roar and blast of wind and fire, and the drowning of everything in noise.



A TURBINE MOTOR. ONLY THE EXTERIOR OF THE STEAM-CHEST IS SHOWN HERE. REVOLVING INSIDE THE CHEST IS THE THREE-COLLARED SHAFT, WITH ITS MANY BLADES. THE MOTOR IS DRIVING A VENTILATING FAN, WHICH ALSO APPEARS IN THE PICTURE.

Now we are out of sight of land, we have run through mists of coal dust into clearer air. Mr. Leyland, from his lookout perch, sweeps a wide horizon; we sweep what we can through stinging sheets. I go forward again, and look down the knife-edge of the bow; it cuts the ocean clean, with scarcely a ripple: the buffeting of waves comes from the

shoulders of the boat and because we are so near the water (only three feet or so above it), and because we ride over nothing, but cut through everything, though it be a wall of water ten feet high. And still the "Turbinia" is steady; only a slight lifting fore and aft, and no rolling at all; in the shelter I can write quite easily.

I see the steersman bend to the speaking-tube; some word has come from Mr. Parsons. Then he throws the wheel over, and we begin to turn in a long, boiling circle, still running at full speed. She minds her helm quickly. And what a path we are leaving now in our wake—a heaped-up ridge of foam, the white clashing together of waves that rush in from right and left to fill the flying void.

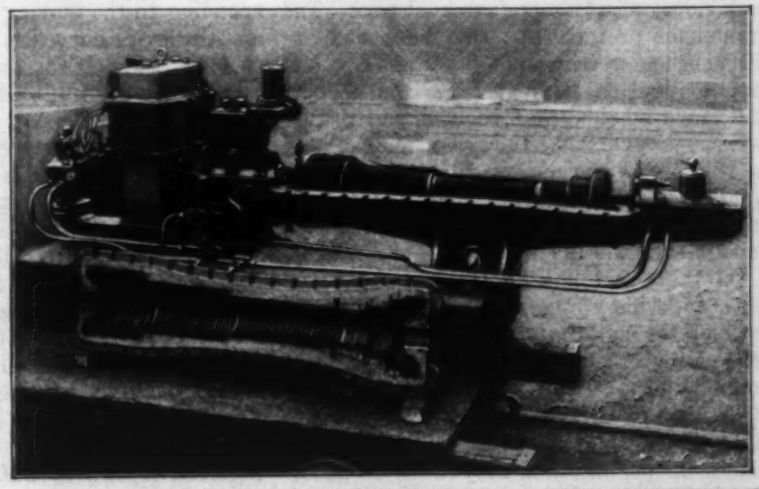
I walk aft again, clutching the rope for safety and bending from the spray. I never saw the ground rush by, not even on the Empire State Express, as the water seems now to be rushing by. The smoke-stack is tossing up chunks of coal in dancing thousands, like some giant corn-popper; Mr. Parsons's shelter, through the glimmering heat, becomes the head of a queer lavendar creature, with big round eyes and a splendid cylindrical nose bolted fast between them; the Frenchmen (no disrespect) appear like squatting toads; the photographer is plainly in distress. Are we really traveling forty miles an hour over the sea; or is this some mad snow-plow driving us forty miles an hour through blinding drifts, or are we shooting the Whirlpool Rapids at forty miles an hour on a blazing raft?

Once more I stand at the heart of the ship where Mr. Parsons is; this is the focus for all the sound aboard, the growl of the blast, the beat of the pump, the hum of the fan, all blended now into one steady note, the song of the "Turbinia." Mr. Parsons's back is turned, his eyes are on the gauges. This is *his* boat, *his* invention. What must his feelings be to think, if he has time to think, that since the ocean was made no man has wrought upon it such a wonder as he is working now. Then I reflect on heredity: his father, Lord Rosse, built the great telescope named after him; his brother, the present Lord Rosse, is an astronomer of note. There is virtue in good blood!

It is simple enough, what he has to do just now: if the boiler pressure falls below 225, open the forced-draught damper, and drive more air into the stoke-holes; if the pressure goes above 225, shut off the forced draught. If he wants to go full speed, turn that big brass wheel until the go-ahead valve is wide open; if he wants to go slower, shut the valve. If he wants to talk to the steersman or the engine room, there are the tubes. If he—hello, what's he up to now? Slowing down; yes, that means two wheels to turn and boiler pressure dropping, officer opening the stoke-hole covers, and poor devils of stokers coming up to gasp.

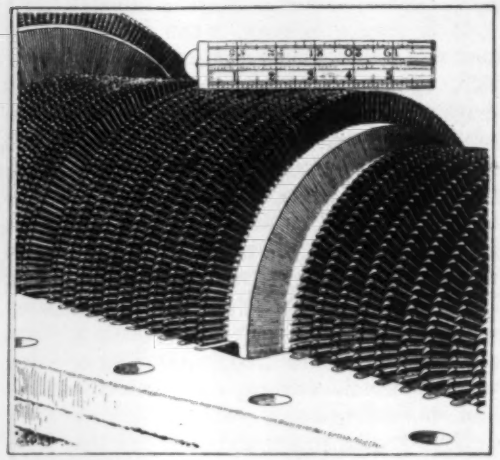
Mr. Parsons turns, and calls out that he is going to reverse her as soon she drops to twelve knots. The Frenchmen gather behind him.

"That's about it," he says, pointing to the steam gauge, and forthwith, with busy elbows, shuts off steam from the go-ahead turbines and opens the valve of the reversing turbine. In other words, he has reversed her instantly when she is making about fifteen miles an hour. There is no sign, how-



A TURBINE MOTOR WITH THE TOP OF THE CHEST LIFTED OFF, SHOWING THE THREE-COLLARED SHAFT WITH ITS BLADES, AND THE CORRESPONDING COLLARS AND BLADES IN THE CHEST. HERE THE MOTOR IS DRIVING AN ORDINARY DYNAMO, WHICH IS SHOWN ATTACHED TO IT ON THE LEFT.

ever, that anything special has happened; the boat slows up quickly, like a well-trained horse when the rein is drawn, and then, without jar or disturbance save for a rushing forward of the wave behind, begins to back. And for several minutes she continues to back, working up to her maximum



SECTION OF THE SHAFT OF A TURBINE MOTOR, SHOWING COLLARS AND THE HUNDREDS OF LITTLE BLADES AGAINST WHICH THE STEAM IS DRIVEN AS IT PASSES FROM RIGHT TO LEFT.

reversal speed of ten knots an hour. The Frenchmen are delighted.

And now the sensational part of the trial is over. We have run out beyond Newbiggen Point, nearly twenty miles, and we steam back slowly at a twenty-four-knot pace. The Frenchmen prefer it so; they have had excitement and wetting enough for one day, and they all declare, with gestures and accents that leave no doubt of their sincerity, that *jamais, jamais*, have they seen such a boat as this. She reverses easily and at sufficient speed, she minds her helm, and, beyond any question, she is the fastest thing afloat. Such is their verdict.

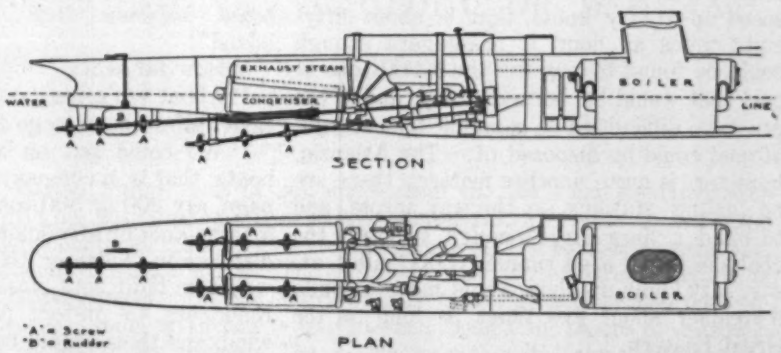
On the day following the run, Mr. Parsons, with his foreman, Mr. Gerald Stoney, took me through the works at Heaton, where turbine motors are made, not only to drive boats like the "Turbinia," but to operate machinery of all kinds. And I looked inside these motors, and saw the beautiful turbine principle on which they run. To understand this principle two points must be considered. The first is, that a shaft may be made to turn inside an iron steam-chest if blades are fixed upon the surface of the shaft so that the steam rushing through will press against them just as the wind presses against the blades of a windmill.

The second point is, that as the steam exerts its power it expands continually, and so has less and less force for turning as it moves along the shaft. But every one knows that by increasing the leverage a small force may be made to overcome the same resistance as a larger force. Therefore, if the blades on the shaft are made longer and longer as they go from end to end, the expanding steam may still exert a uniform effort in turning the shaft. And this is exactly what is done in the turbine engine; the shaft is made to carry three collars of increasing diameter; each collar bearing on its surface hundreds of the little windmill blades shown in the accompanying illustration (page 250). These collars are so placed that the steam, when it enters the turbine at its greatest pressure, strikes the shortest blades first; then, when it has passed part way through the turbine and lost a portion of its energy, it strikes a larger set of blades, which offer a greater leverage for it to act upon; and finally, just before leaving the steam-chest, when it has expanded still further, it strikes the largest set of blades, which offer the greatest leverage of all, the result being that the shaft receives a uniform rotary pressure throughout its whole length in the steam-chest. This chest, seen from the outside, suggests a great iron cannon, the shaft coming out of its mouth like a massive ramrod. On the inner surface of this long, cylindrical box are fixed hundreds of stationary blades corresponding to the moving blades on the shaft, and these are curved in opposite ways, so as to form channels for the steam and direct it against the moving blades at the most effective angles.

Such is the arrangement of the ordinary turbine motor, and it is hard to imagine how an engine could be simpler: the steam blows upon the shaft, and the shaft turns; there is nothing else in it. In driving the "Turbinia," however, this modification is introduced, that the steam goes through its three stages of expansion in three separate steam-chests instead of in a single one; that is, in three separate turbines arranged side by side beneath the floor of the engine room. These three turbines, like the collars just referred to, are of different diameters, and each one has a surface composed of hundreds of little blades as already described. The smallest turbine receives the steam first, as it comes from the boiler, and discharges it into the intermediate turbine, the larger

diameter of which offers greater leverage, as seen before, to the lessened steam pressure, so that shaft No. 2 is turned with the same energy as shaft No. 1. And so it is with the third and largest turbine, which receives the steam last, when it has expanded to its lowest pressure. The shaft of this turbine No. 3 is driven with the same energy as the other two, because the steam acts upon a collar of much larger diameter, with blades extended so that what is lost in pressure is made up in increased leverage. And it results from this nice proportioning of lessening steam pressure and increasing blade leverage that the three shafts of the "Turbinia" are driven with the same energy, although the steam which drives them works at a constantly decreasing pressure.

And there also results from this triple turbine system an economy of energy such as has never been possible in any other engine, the steam being used continuously from the moment it enters the first turbine, at a boiler pressure of 225 pounds, until it leaves the third turbine, to enter the condenser, at an absolute pressure of one pound or less. As against this is the case of the most efficient marine and stationary engines, which condense their steam at an absolute pressure not under seven pounds, and thereby waste the energy of the steam from the seven-pound point down to the one-pound point. This loss for them and saving for the turbines is a matter of enormous consequence in the practical daily running of motors and machines. It means, for instance, increased speed when applied to marine propulsion, and greater economy in coal wherever applied.



SECTION AND PLAN OF THE "TURBINIA," SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE TURBINES, BOILER, SHAFTS, SCREWS, ETC.

So much I learned after talking with Mr. Parsons for an hour or so. And there was much more to learn.

"We shall give vessels," he continued, "many things besides greater speed. We shall give them greater stability and greater safety in time of war, by putting the vital parts far below the water line. We shall give them greater carrying capacity, by reducing the weight of machinery and the space occupied by it, the ratio in these respects between turbine engines and reciprocating engines being about one to four. We shall save them money for machinery and expense of maintenance, since our motors cost far less than ordinary ones of the same efficiency. We shall also give them absence of vibration. You saw yourself how steadily our little boat ran yesterday. It would be the same for an ocean liner; it is the same in various plants where turbo-motors have been substituted for the old-style ones."

Then, as we walked about the shops, Mr. Parsons pointed out various applications of the turbine engine that have been already made. Thus they manufacture portable dynamos for ships going through the Suez Canal at night, to produce the electric light at the bows, without which no vessel may pass. Ships having no electric plant of their own merely hoist over the side a turbo-generator rented for the occasion, connect a steam pipe with it from their boilers, and the thing is done.

"Can you substitute the turbine engine," I asked, "for the ordinary stationary engine in factories?"

"That simply depends on one thing which is now being determined, the possibility of gearing down the high speed shaft of the turbine to such lower speeds as would be required. For six months we have had a turbo-generator in our electric lighting works at Newcastle geared down from 9,600 to 4,800 revolutions a minute, and it has given excellent satisfaction. That is encouraging, and if we continue to get good results in gearing, we shall be able to compete with the reciprocating engine in all its industrial applications with the same advan-

tages on our side that I have pointed out. Think of being able to put a stationary engine upon any ordinary floor without attachments or foundations and to have it work away there quite steadily with reduced expense, reduced weight, reduced space, and practically no limit to speed."

"And the locomotive? Would you enter that field too?"

Mr. Parsons hesitated. "I think the locomotive is doubtful, the complications would be endless. I prefer to leave the locomotive out of present consideration. I am talking about possibilities of the immediate future."

"Well, then, how about possibilities on the ocean for larger vessels like the 'Turbinia'?"

"You mean on the Atlantic Ocean."

"On any ocean."

"I will say that on the Mediterranean the problem is a perfectly easy one. We can build now a fleet of passenger steamers to ply between Marseilles, the Italian ports, Athens, Constantinople, Smyrna, stopping to coal every day or two, that will have a speed of forty knots, that is forty-six miles an hour. These steamers would be about 500 or 600 feet long, would have a displacement of 12,000 tons, and would burn about 2,000 tons of coal a day. We could even run their speed up to fifty knots, that is about fifty-eight miles an hour, if passengers enough could be found to pay for the 3,000 tons of coal that would be burned a day, and if the practical difficulties of handling that amount of coal could be disposed of. The Atlantic, however, is quite another matter; there are no coaling stations on the way across, and to build a liner large enough to carry the coal she would need running 3,000 miles, at, say, fifty knots an hour, would mean to build a steamer about five times as long as the Great Eastern."

"Then you can hold out no hopes on the Atlantic?"

"None for a fifty-knot rate; the talk about that in the newspapers has been ill-considered."

"How about a forty-knot rate?"

"Impossible on the Atlantic, for the same reasons. We can furnish the engines, but who will furnish the coal? You must come down to a thirty-knot rate before there is anything to be said."

"Well, what is to be said then? Thirty knots an hour is something, isn't it?"

"You can figure it out this way: for a given distance the consumption of coal per knot increases as the square of the speed; that is, if you double your speed, you quadruple your coal burned, and so on. Also, the horse-power increases as the cube of the speed, so that if——"

Mr. Parsons went on with this sort of thing for some time longer, and seemed to regard it as perfectly simple. I waited for the conclusion, which was:

"I believe that a liner of 15,000 tons can be built with engines like the 'Turbinia's,' capable of running between Sandy Hook and Roches Point in three days. She will burn nearly three times as much coal per day as the present models, say 1,500 tons; she will save weight and space in boiler and engine room which will enable her to carry about the same number of passengers and the same cargo as a 15,000-ton steamer carries to-day."

"And she would have no vibrations from the machinery?"

"None whatever, no more than the 'Turbinia' has. Indeed I may say this confidently, that the turbine principle in marine propulsion is seen to greater and greater advantage as the vessels increase in size."

It occurred to me here to ask Mr. Parsons about a matter of much concern to New Yorkers.

"What could you do in running passenger boats between New York and Staten Island?"

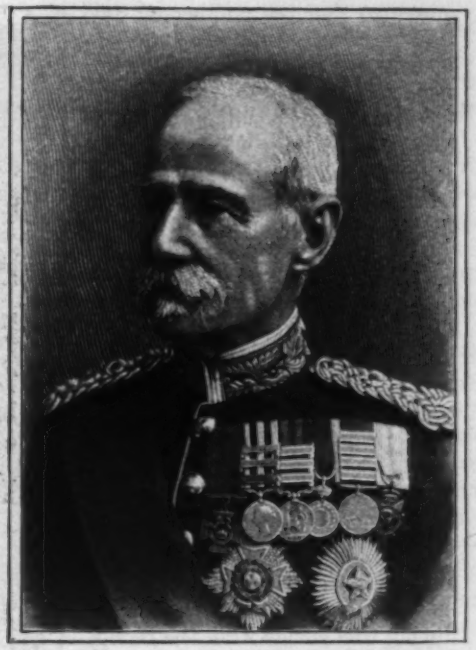
"How far is it?"

"About ten miles; our fastest boats now take half an hour to go across."

"We could put on a fleet of passenger boats, that is, a company could, of small tonnage, say 200 or 300 tons, that would run at a forty-knot or fifty-knot pace and cover the distance in twelve or fifteen minutes. They would be built with closed-in decks like railroad cars, to protect passengers from the wind, and there would be enough of them so that each one could lay off to coal every five or six trips. If you despatched such boats every six or seven minutes, you could carry a good many thousand people every day."

What such a change as this would mean to residents of New York and land owners on Staten Island will be understood at once when it is remembered that here are two islands, parts of the same metropolis, the one long and narrow and crowded almost beyond human endurance, the other big and round and almost uninhabited save for a fringe of people on one side. Hitherto half an hour of water travel has separated the latter from the business heart of the former. Suppose this was reduced to twelve minutes!

FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT LORD WOLSELEY, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH ARMY.



LORD ROBERTS ("ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR"), COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN IRELAND.

From copyrighted photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company.

THE MILITARY AND NAVAL GLORY OF ENGLAND

AS SEEN AT THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE, JUNE, 1897.

By Major-General Nelson A. Miles.

WHEN I left the United States early in May, 1897, I had no anticipation of witnessing the Jubilee in honor of the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne of Great Britain. While at Constantinople, however, I received orders from Washington to represent our country at that great ceremony. As soon as I had ended my observations of the Turkish and Greek armies, I started for London, arriving there on June 15th. As the military representatives of our country, I and my aide-de-camp, Captain Marion P. Maus, were guests of the British government; and quarters were assigned us in the Buckingham Palace Hotel, across the street from Buckingham Palace, a place which had been taken for the time by the government for the purpose of entertaining foreign guests.

The vast concourse of people who were to take part in the celebration had already commenced to assemble. All the principal governments of the world had been invited to send representatives, who were to be for ten days the guests of the British government. The different colonies of Great Britain in every quarter of the globe had also been invited to send bodies of troops or citizens. The result was that the streets of London were thronged by the most picturesque and cosmopolitan assemblage that ever was gathered in any city of the earth. Not even the triumphal march of a Roman emperor could equal it. Among the Jubilee guests were representatives from four countries of Asia not under English rule—Corea, Japan, China, and Siam; from two countries of Africa—Liberia and Egypt; and seven of South America—Argentine Republic, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Paraguay, Peru, and Uruguay. The countries of Europe sent their crown princes, grand dukes, distinguished generals and admirals, hereditary princes, and pashas. All of these personages were attended by

suites, so that the number of Jubilee guests, representing all corners of the earth, was very great. Of course, they wore the costumes peculiar to their countries—a fact which contributed no little to the brilliancy of London. The contrasts one saw frequently in the throngs about Buckingham Palace, in Hyde Park, and along Piccadilly were most striking.

The ceremonies of the Diamond Jubilee began on June 20th, the real accession day, that is the sixtieth anniversary of the Queen's coronation. As it fell on Sunday, it was made a day of national thanksgiving, special services being held all over the kingdom. For ten days following June 20th the celebration continued. The most brilliant of the functions during this period were the reception by the Queen to representatives of foreign governments, held at Buckingham Palace on June 21st, the Jubilee procession on June 22d, the review of the colonial troops on June 23d, the gala night at the opera, the Lord Mayor's lunch on June 25th, the great naval review on June 26th, and on July 1st the review of British troops at Aldershot.

The representatives of the United States, the Hon. Whitelaw Reid; Admiral Miller, U. S. Navy, with his aide, Commander Emory; and myself, with my aide, Captain Maus, were presented to her Majesty at the reception held at Buckingham Palace on the evening of June 21st. On being presented to the Queen, I was graciously received, and the Prince of Wales, who stood near her Majesty, came forward and greeted me cordially, referring to his visit to our country many years ago. I had not seen the prince since I saw him, then a young man, reviewing the troops on Boston Common, Massachusetts, in 1859. He seemed to recall his visit to our country, and the cordial manner in which he was received and entertained by our people, with great pleasure.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

As he appeared in the Jubilee procession. From copyrighted photograph by Gregory & Co., London.

The most interesting feature of the reception was the presentation of the colonial premiers and the Indian princes. Eleven of the premiers had accepted the invitation of her Majesty's government to join in the

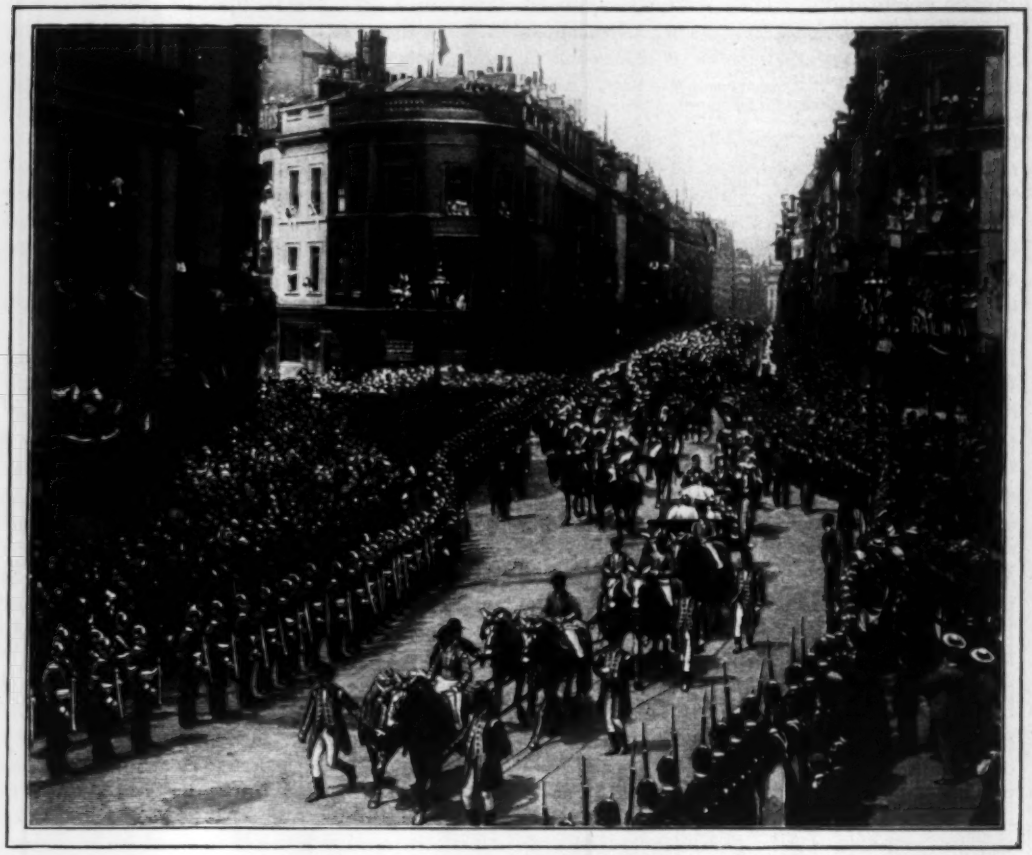
Jubilee celebration. They were a body of as fine and sturdy looking men as one often sees. Several of them were natives of the colonies at the head of which they stood, though the greater number were born in England and had removed in youth to the colonies. They had risen to their positions by a variety of roads. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, of Canada; Sir William Whiteway, of Newfoundland; the Rt. Hon. George Houston Reid, of New South Wales; and the Rt. Hon. Charles Cameron Kingston, of South Australia, entered politics by way of the bar. The premier of Queensland, Sir Hugh Muir Nelson, was for thirty years a farmer on a large scale before he turned his attention to politics. Sir Edward Braddon, premier of Tasmania, did not go to that country until 1878, and that after thirty years of exciting life in India, where he was engaged in the construction of the East India Railway, serving against the rebel sepoys, winning a Mutiny medal, and later holding other high positions in the Indian service. Sir John Forrest, of Western Australia, has led a particularly active life. Born in that colony when it was still only a convict station, he became, while yet a boy, interested in exploration. When only twenty-three years old he headed an expedition to search for the remains of an explorer lost in the wilds of Australia. He proved himself so skillful in this undertaking that he was asked to conduct other expeditions into unknown portions of the country. He became Surveyor-General of the colony, and later Commissioner of Crown Lands. His services were of the greatest value in opening the island, and he was liberally rewarded for them by the government. When, in 1890, Western Australia was given a constitution, Forrest was by general consent called to be premier, a position he has held ever since.

The loyalty and devotion of the colonies to the British Government was amply proved by the presence at the Jubilee of these men. Indeed, in one case, the desire that the colony be represented at the Jubilee was so strong that political action was temporarily suspended in order that the premier might feel free to go. This was in Victoria. Sir George Turner, of Victoria, felt, when he received his invitation to the Jubilee, that he could not leave because parliament meets there in June. The opposition, however, promised to suspend hostilities during his absence if he would accept.

The presentation to the Queen of the Indian princes was an especially interesting incident. They were usually tall, slender, erect men, as active and supple as panthers, and quite military in appearance. They wore the most gorgeous uniforms, glistening with rare and brilliant jewels. As they bowed their heads almost to the floor and presented their swords in token of loyalty to their acknowledged sovereign, Victoria graciously greeted them with a few words of recognition, spoken in their own language, and, placing her hand upon the hilts of their swords as they were presented one after the other, indicated her acceptance of their assurances of devotion and loyalty in a most gracious manner.

Several of the princes spoke excellent English, and one of them, Sir Bhagvat Sinh Jee, was a graduate of Edinburgh University and had received honors from other English institutions of learning. The most popular man among them seemed to be the Maharaja Pertab Sing of Jodhpur. He is prime minister and regent of a state as large as Scotland, with a population of 2,000,000. He is considered one of the most loyal and able of the native princes, and is a great favorite with the English authorities in India. He is said to be a superb horseman, and is fond of all kinds of sports. Lord Roberts, in his "Forty-one Years in India," tells a very good story of the bravery of the maharaja. In 1893, before leaving India, Lord Roberts visited Jodhpur, and was given opportunity there to indulge himself in what he considers the chief of sports—pig-sticking.

"I had wounded a fine boar," writes Lord Roberts, "and on his making for some rocky ground where I could hardly have followed him on horseback, I shouted to Sir Pertab to get between him and the rocks and turn him in my direction. The maharaja promptly responded, but just as he came face to face with the boar, his horse put his foot into a hole and fell; the infuriated animal rushed on the fallen rider, and, before the latter could extricate himself, gave him a severe wound in the leg with his formidable tushes. On going to his assistance, I found Sir Pertab bleeding profusely, but standing erect, facing the boar, and holding the creature (who was upright on his hind legs) at arm's length by its mouth. The spear, without the impetus given by the horse at full speed, is not a very effective weapon against the tough hide of a boar's back, and on realizing that mine did not make much impression, Pertab Sing, letting go his hold of the boar's mouth, quickly seized his hind legs, and turned him over on his back, crying: 'Maro, sahib, maro!' ('Strike, sir, strike!') which I instantly did, and killed him. Anyone who is able to

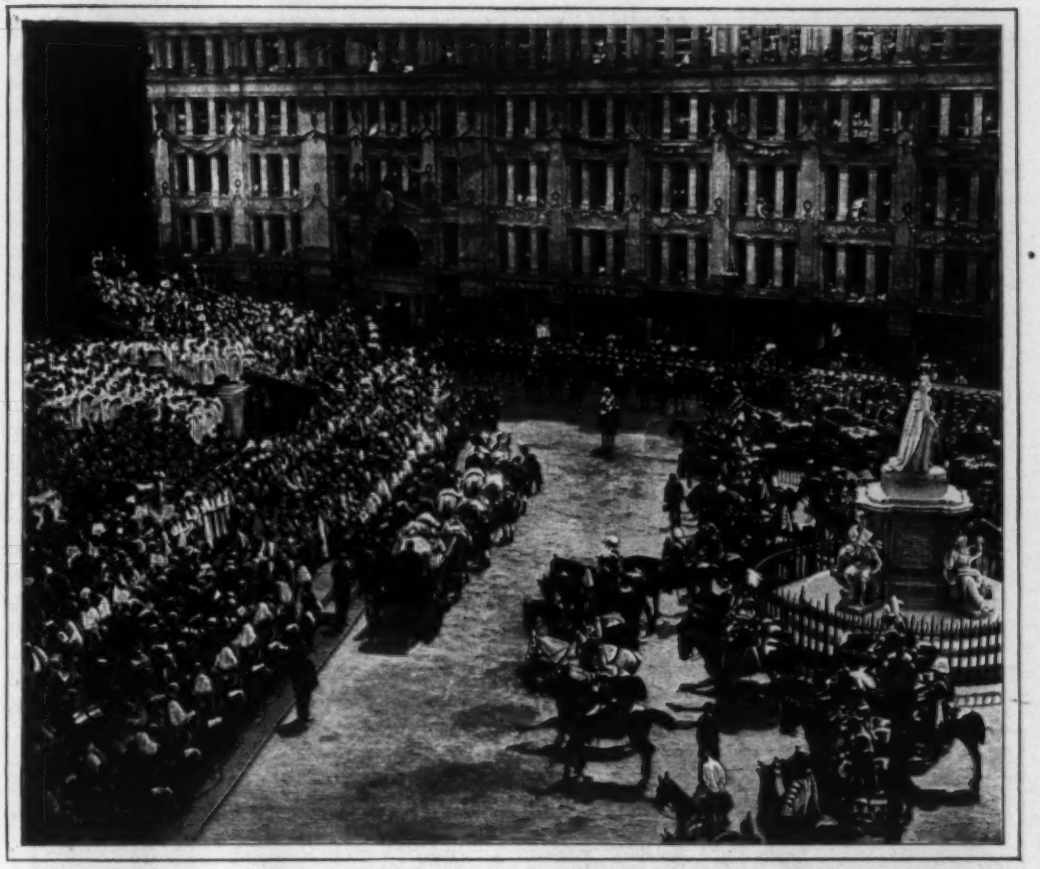


THE JUBILEE PROCESSION IN KING WILLIAM STREET.

Heading the procession is the Queen's carriage, followed by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and officers of the Life Guards. From copyrighted photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

realize the strength and weight of a wild boar will appreciate the pluck and presence of mind of Sir Pertab Sing in this performance. Fortunately my wife and daughter, who had been following the pig-stickers in a light cart, were close at hand, and we were able to drive my friend home at once. The wound was found to be rather a bad one, but it did not prevent Sir Pertab from attending some tent-pegging and other amusements in the afternoon, though he had to be carried to the scene."

When we consider that most of the vast territory which these men at the Queen's reception represented has been added to the British Empire since she ascended the throne, we begin to understand why the English glory in her reign. In 1837, when Victoria was crowned, the entire white colonial population was only 1,250,000. To-day it is over 10,000,000. At that time India was not yet a direct dependency of the crown, but was still under the rule of the East India Company. Hong-Kong had not been added as a military outpost, nor was nearly so large a part of the Malay Peninsula under British control. In all Australasia, in 1837, there were only about 100,000 British colonists—scattered in Tasmania, New Zealand, and South Australia—and most of these were supposed to be felons and convicts. The interior of Australia was entirely unexplored. The resources were unknown, its future undreamed. To-day Australasia is made up of seven rich provinces, and has a population of 4,000,000, as loyal, intelligent, and progressive British subjects as exist on the globe. In South Africa, sixty years ago, the English domain was confined to the southern point of the continent; to-day it extends, with only one important break, from the Cape to the sources of the Nile. When Victoria ascended the throne, the British in North America were nearly all gathered in Ontario and Quebec, and the Hudson Bay Company occupied all the cen-



ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN'S CARRIAGE AT ST. PAUL'S.

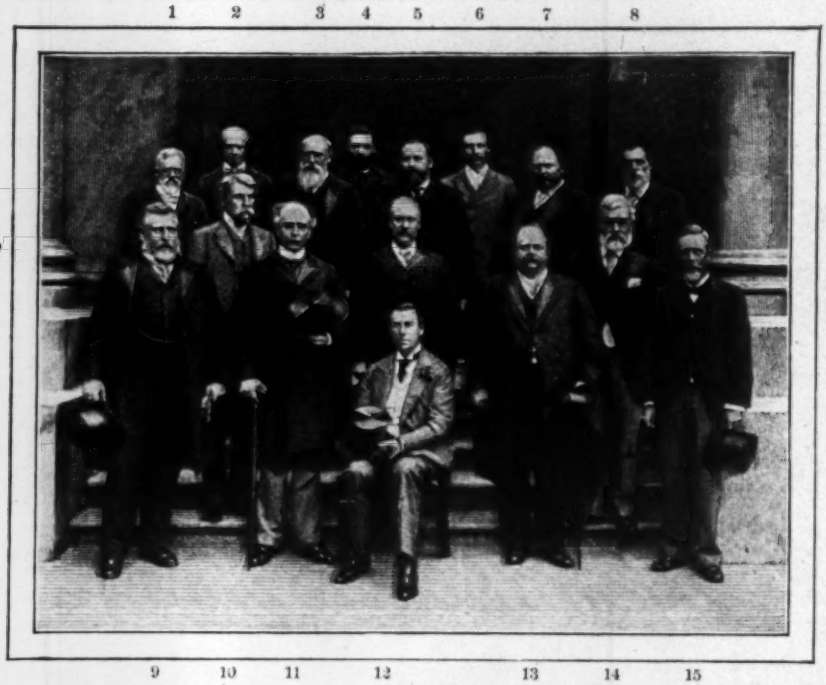
From copyrighted photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

tral and western provinces of what is now known as the Canadian Dominion. British Columbia was an unknown waste, only to be reached by a terrible sea voyage around Cape Horn. Yet to-day the Imperial Government is in force over all this vast territory. London is now only ten days from Vancouver, and every year is seeing the development of new resources in a territory once believed to be useless save as a fur-producing country.

THE JUBILEE PROCESSION.

Although the presentation of the foreign representatives to the Queen suggested the territorial extent of the empire, it was from the Jubilee procession, on June 22d, that I received my deepest impression of the vastness, the variety, and the power of the English domain. The Jubilee procession was a military display of wonderful splendor and impressiveness. In it were represented not only all the varied military forces of the British islands, but those of at least twenty-five of the colonies. These colonial troops came from the most distant points of the empire—from Canada, New South Wales, Hong-Kong, Cape Colony, Jamaica. Headed by Lord Roberts, they formed the first portion of the procession, of which the line of progress was from Buckingham Palace over a great circle described through the center of London. The Canadians were at the front of the colonials—a band of mounted troops from the Royal Dragoons that form part of the permanent corps maintained in the Dominion. Canada has a large and well or-

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The persons shown in the group at the top of the next page (258) are: 1. Sir John Bramston, Assistant Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies; 2. Mr. E. Wingfield, Permanent Under-Secretary; 3. Sir. H. M. Nelson, Premier of Queensland; 4. Mr. J. Anderson, a secretary in the Colonial Office; 5. Mr. C. C. Kingston, Premier of South Australia; 6. the Earl of Selborne, Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies; 7. Sir J. Forrest, Premier of Western Australia; 8. Mr. H. Escombe, Premier of Natal; 9. Mr. R. J. Seddon, Premier of New Zealand; 10. Sir E. N. C. Braddon, Premier of Tasmania; 11. Sir W. Laurier, Premier of Canada; 12. Sir G. Turner, Premier of Victoria; 13. Mr. G. H. Reid, Premier of New South Wales; 14. Sir W. V. Whiteway, Premier of Newfoundland; 15. Sir J. G. Sprigg, Premier of Cape Colony; and, seated in front, the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies. From copyrighted photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.



COLONIAL PREMIERS AND HEADS OF THE COLONIAL OFFICE. (See note on page 257.)

ganized militia corps, and this now forms practically her only defense, the imperial troops which formerly guarded the country having been reduced to about 2,000 men, at the fortress of Halifax. The whole male population between eighteen and sixty may be called upon to serve in one or another class of this militia force. About 45,000 men are drilled for sixteen days each year in what is

Photograph by Gregory & Co., London; by permission of "The Navy and Army Illustrated."

INDIAN NATIVE CAVALRY GUARD OF HONOR.

known as the reserve militia, while the active militia, numbering about 35,000, serves three years. The permanent force represented at the Jubilee is small, but the men are of a fine, hardy type. Towards the end of the colonial troops in the procession was another band of Canadians that interested me much—the mounted police, who have for many years done such good work in keeping order in British Columbia, and, recently, in protecting and aiding the gold-miners of the Klondike.

TYPES OF SOLDIERS IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

Starting at the left the types shown are: Sikh infantryman, New South Wales hussar, Manitoba dragoon, West Indian infantryman, Victoria mounted rifleman, New South Wales lancer, member of the Hong Kong police, and member of the North Borneo police. From copyrighted photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

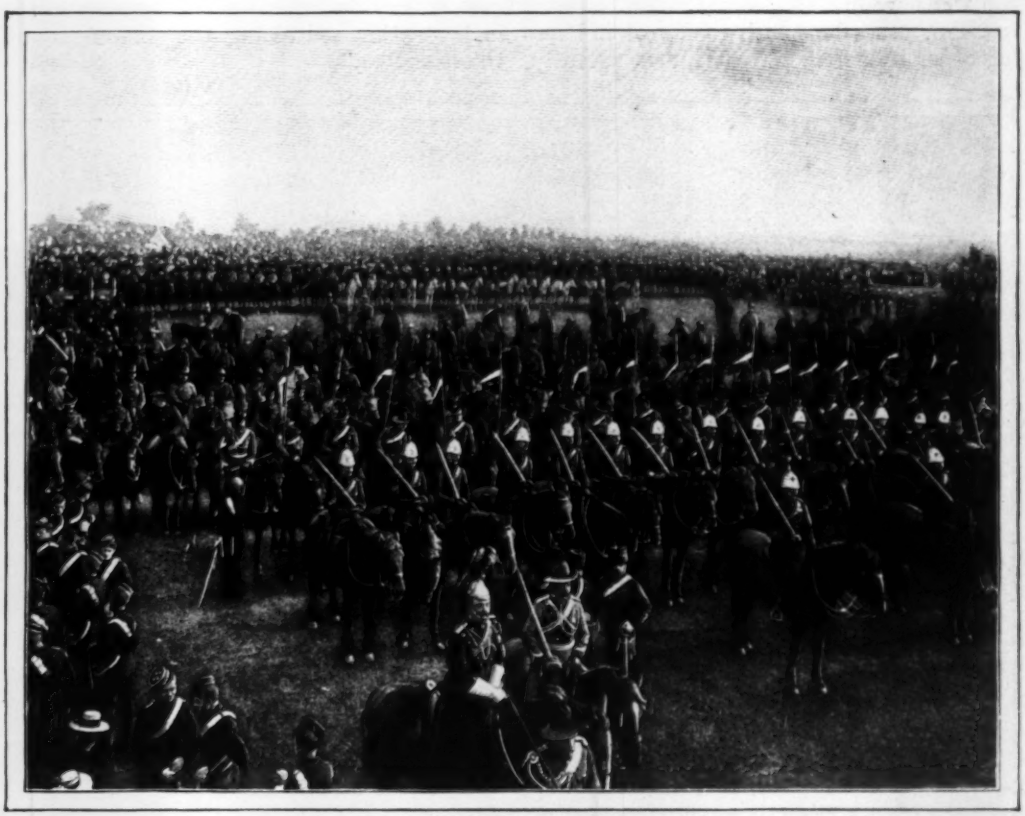
A GROUP OF COLONIAL OFFICERS IN ATTENDANCE AT THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

From copyrighted photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

There were several bands of troops from the provinces of Australasia in the colonial contingent. They attracted great attention, perhaps as much by the contrast between their plain, serviceable uniforms and the dazzling ones of other British soldiers in the town, as by their fine bearing and excellent horsemanship. These uniforms were as a rule light brown, or drab, in color, simply made, with little or no ornamentation. High boots, or leggins, were worn, and a broad-brimmed, soft hat of the same color as the uniform, turned up on the side. In some cases feathers were fastened to the side of the hat which was turned up. There was a dash of the Texan ranger, or frontiersman, about the uniform, which harmonized perfectly with the stalwart forms and martial bearing of the men themselves.

The armies which these fine troops represented are small, but in every way sufficient. Thus in New South Wales, the whole defense force, including the navy, is less than 7,500 men; in New Zealand it is but little larger; in South Australia it is less than 2,000 men. All of the Canadian and Australasian troops were fine, well-developed men—larger and more stalwart than the average English soldier. No doubt this is the result of the freer life in the colonies.

Many of the finest regiments in the procession were not Englishmen at all, however; nor even white men. They were the black, yellow, or bronzed representatives of the various native troops which help in keeping order and in defending the dependencies of the nation. They were splendid illustrations of the way in which England makes men from the indolent and superstitious races of the four quarters of the globe. Perhaps of these colored soldiers, the ones of which Her Majesty had most reason to be proud were those forming the contingent from the imperial service troops of India. The army in India is made up of European and native troops, the former numbering about 75,000, the latter 145,000 men. Before the Mutiny, the European force was only 40,000, while the native was 215,000. Ten years ago, in 1887, on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee, the Indian princes offered a large body of men to Her Majesty



JUBILEE MANŒUVERS AT ALDERSHOT.

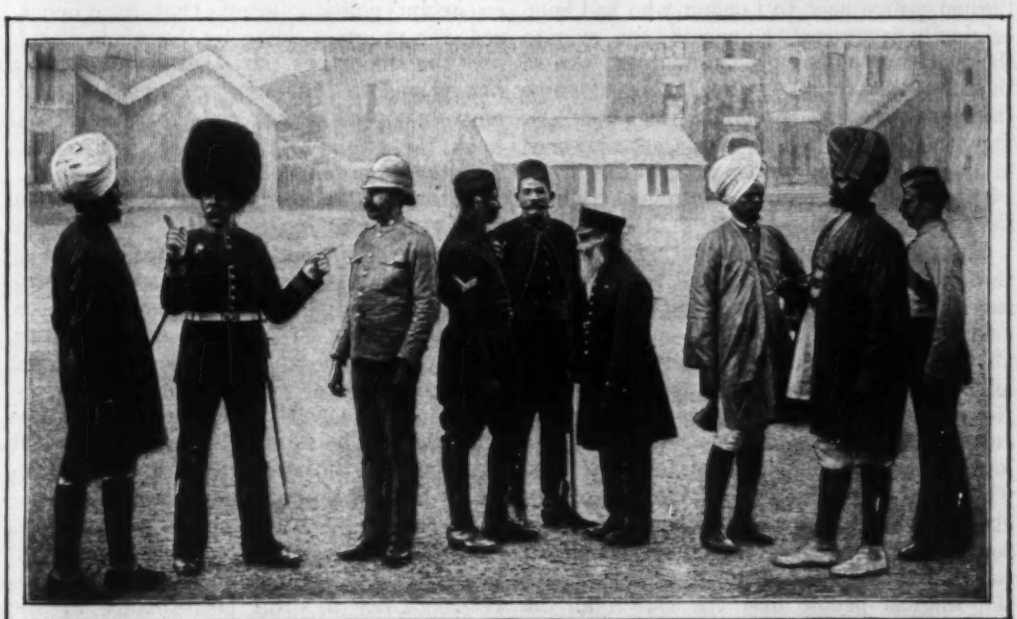
From copyrighted photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

for imperial defense. Since that time, these troops, which at the start were undisciplined and more or less disaffected, have become the finest in India. The native princes maintain them at their own expense, and take the greatest pride in their efficiency and equipment. There were no more distinguished-looking soldiers in the procession than the members of this contingent. Their uniforms were handsome. The only detail in which they differed radically from European uniforms was the headgear: the men all wore turbans of gay colors, which were most effective above their bronzed faces.

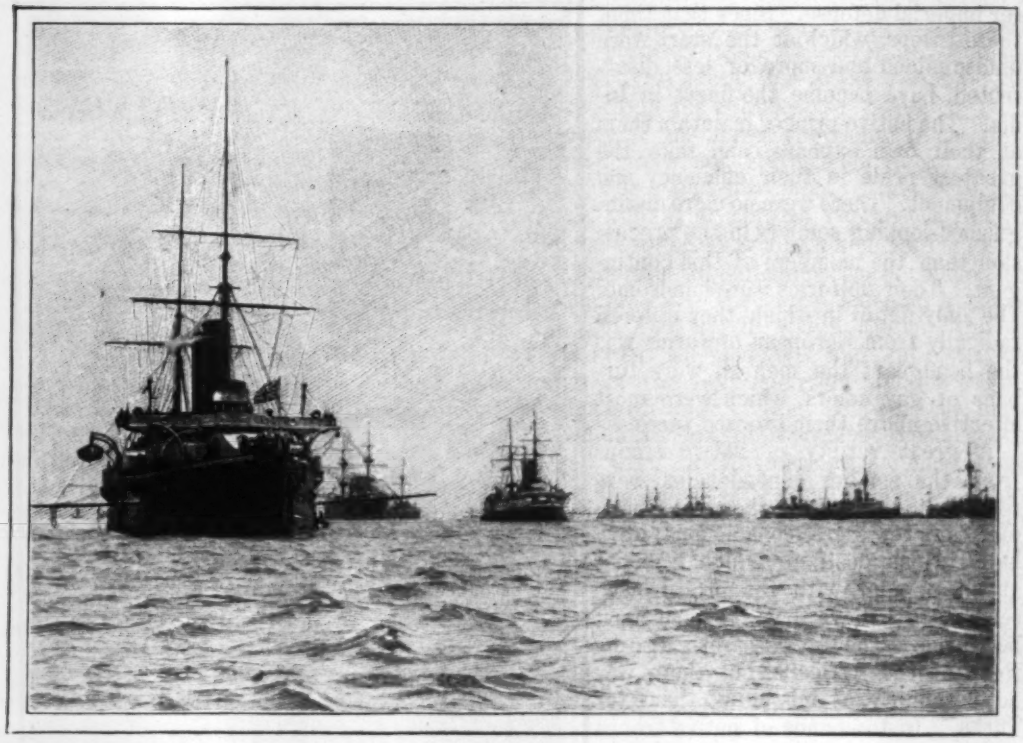
A great variety of native troops from the smaller dependencies were represented. Among them the Cypriote Zaphites were conspicuous by a half-Turkish costume which was not at all popular with the crowd, who seemed to believe that the men must be Turks. The fez was worn also by some of the Africans, but there was no possibility of mistaking them for Turks. In the bands of native troops one of the most conspicuous was the Hong-Kong police. They wore a peculiar headgear, not unlike a shallow basket turned upside down, and a thoroughly Chinese costume. There were numerous bands of native police, for in the tropical regions in Africa and Asia it is found difficult to secure

Photograph by Gregory & Co., London.

THE HON. MAURICE GIFFORD AND CAPTAIN AMES.



SOLDIERS OF THE EMPIRE. Photograph by Gregory & Co., London; by permission of "The Navy and Army Illustrated."



Galatea. Terrible. Australia. First-class battleships.

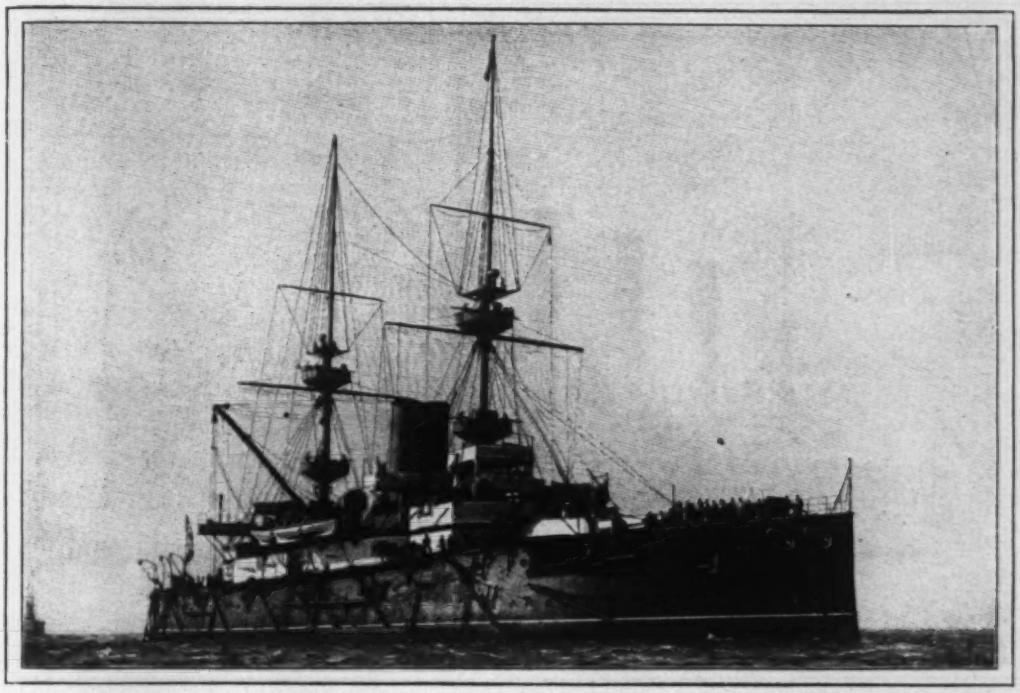
SHIPS IN LINE AT THE JUBILEE REVIEW OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

From copyrighted photograph by West & Son, Southsea, England.

white men for the service. In North Borneo the English have even succeeded in making a good force of the Dyaks, the aborigines of the island. There were men of the North Borneo police sent to London who had been originally savages of the purest type, even to the degree of enjoying head-hunting; one of them was said to have taken in his day some thirteen heads as proofs of his courage. They looked tame enough as they appeared in London, clad in brown holland uniforms, with bright red caps, and going through their evolutions with exactness and ease.

The reception given the visiting troops by the crowd was very hearty, though they saved their warmest cheering for certain celebrities in the procession. Unquestionably it was the Queen who received the most affectionate welcome from the populace. No one could hear the greetings she received without realizing something of the love the English people have for her. The whole line of march was an intense, enthusiastic demonstration of devotion for the sovereign. Many times the Queen was moved to tears by the signs of loyal affection. But the English people owe the Queen all the affection they give. She has been rightly said to be "the most queenly woman and most womanly queen" that has graced a home and throne; and her reign, considering the history of the past sixty years—the important political events that have occurred, the progress made by the whole world, and the important part that Great Britain has played in that progress and the influence its sovereign has constantly exercised upon the affairs of the world—is the most remarkable in the history of any country.

After the Queen, there is no doubt that the Princess of Wales is the most popular woman in England. I saw many signs of this during Jubilee week. One of the most striking was at the Lord Mayor's luncheon on June 25th. The toasts customary on such occasions—to the Queen, the royal family, the royal guests—had been given and replied to, when the Lord Mayor rose and said that he wanted to forget precedent this time and propose a toast to that princess whom all England loved and honored—the Princess of Wales. The toast was received with the warmest approbation by all present. The evening after the Jubilee procession came a state performance at the opera at Covent Garden, which was attended



TYPE OF THE ENGLISH BATTLESHIP IN THE JUBILEE REVIEW—THE "PRINCE GEORGE."

Displacement, 15,140 tons. Length, 390 feet. Beam, 75 feet. Speed, 18.2 knots. Armor—Belt, 9 inches; deck, 4 inches; barbettes, 18 inches; turrets, 14 inches. Guns—four 12-inch (42-ton), twelve 6-inch rapid-fire, sixteen 12-pounders, twelve 3-pounders, eight mitrailleuse. Torpedo tubes, 5.

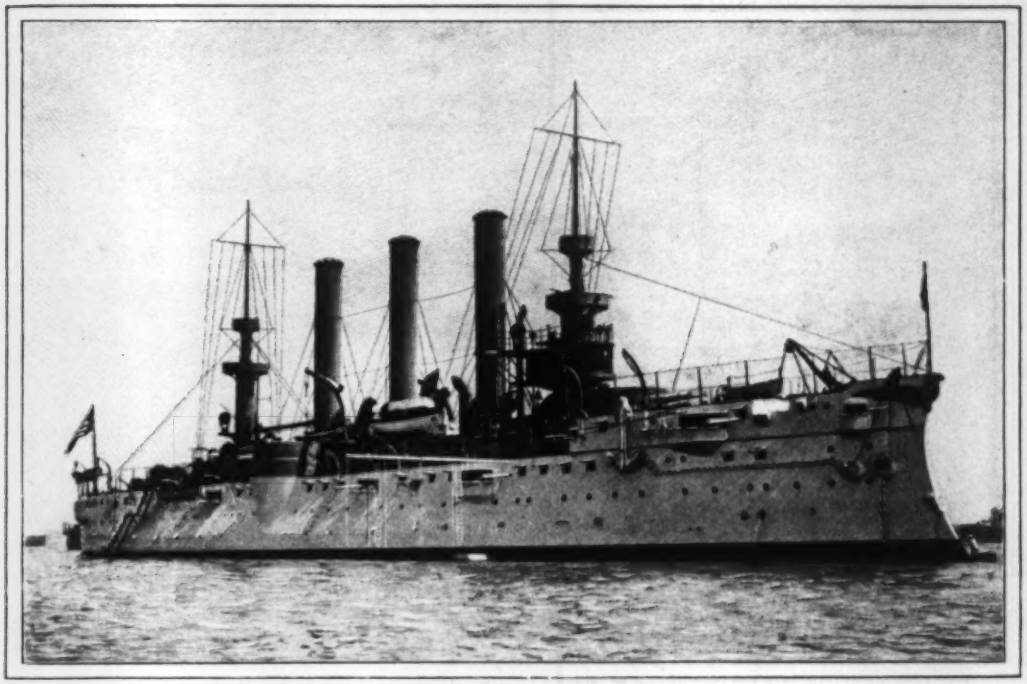
From copyrighted photograph by West & Son, Southsea, England.

by almost every royal personage who had taken part in the Jubilee celebration, except Her Majesty, as well as by all the colonial premiers and foreign ambassadors. The marked attention and respect paid to the Princess of Wales on this occasion was noticeable to all present.

It is a combination of beauty, good taste, conscientiousness, and goodness that makes the princess so much beloved of English women. Her bearing is queenly in its dignity—the grace of her figure and graciousness of her manner give her all the charm of a youthful princess; no woman was ever more conscientious in the discharge of the duties of her position, and her goodness to the poor and the suffering is endless. For example, her chief contribution to the Jubilee was inaugurating a dinner to 300,000 of the poor of London. Almost the entire day before the state performance at the opera she had spent in visiting buildings in the east end of the city where these dinners were being served.

Among the officers in the procession there were several evident favorites. There was Captain Ames, of the Second Life Guards, who is the tallest officer in the British army, and rode at the head of the royal procession. He was put there evidently as the British ideal of a soldier, and was warmly applauded. Maurice Gifford, of the Rhodesian Horse, was another favorite; but here it was the man's record which touched the crowd. Gifford lost an arm in the late war with the Matabeles, and the empty sleeve pinned to his heart awakened murmurs of sympathy and admiration wherever he went.

There was a great deal of applause for Lord Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. He is a fine type of the English soldier, and his record is one of distinction. Lord Wolseley is now a man about sixty-five years of age. He has served in many exciting campaigns—in Burmah, in the Crimea, at Lucknow, and in China; he suppressed the Manitoba rebellion in 1867; he was the commander of the forces in the Ashantee war of 1873, and later in Cape Colony and the Transvaal. His last campaign was in Egypt, where he won the victory of Tel-El-Kebir. For this he was gazetted a full general and made a peer. He succeeded the Duke of Cambridge as Commander-in-Chief of the British Army in 1895. Lord Roberts appeared to hold a



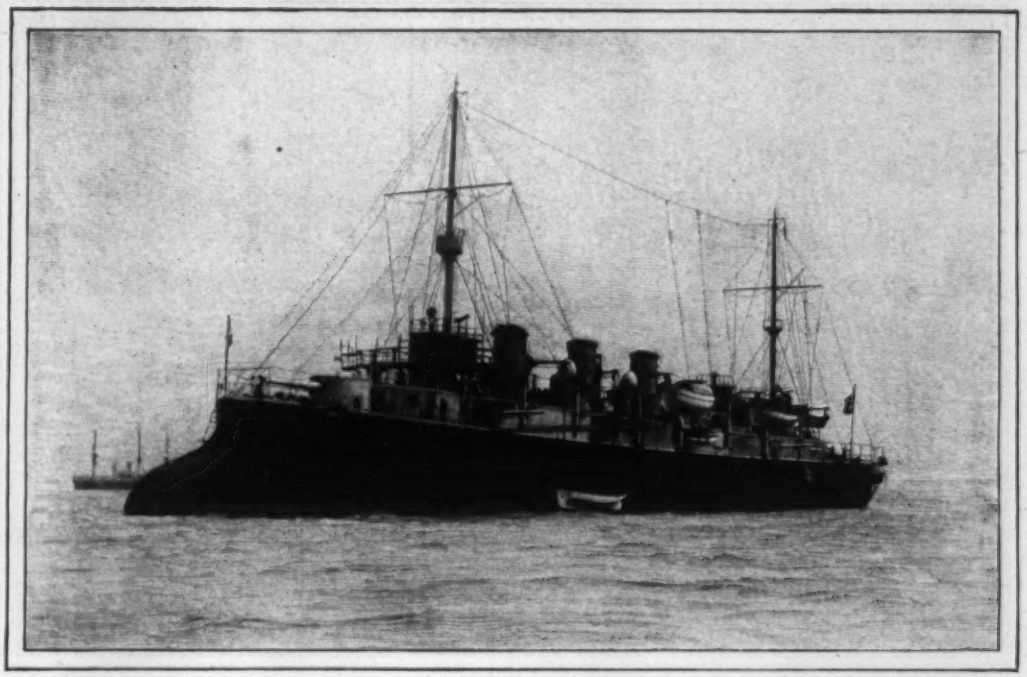
THE CRUISER "BROOKLYN," THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE UNITED STATES AT THE JUBILEE NAVAL REVIEW.

Displacement, 9,215 tons. Length, 400 feet. Beam, 64 feet. Speed, 21 knots. Armor—Belt, 3 inches; deck, 3 to 6 inches; barbettes, 8 inches; turrets, 5½ inches. Guns—Main battery: eight 8-inch, twelve 5-inch rapid-fire; secondary battery: twelve 6-pounders four 1-pounders, four Colts, two field guns. Torpedo tubes, 4.

From copyrighted photograph by West & Son, Southsea, England.

high place in the affections of the people, and as he rode along cries of "Bobs," the Britisher's popular name for him, were heard on every side. Lord Roberts is about Lord Wolseley's age. For forty-one years he served almost continuously in India, gradually working his way to the rank of Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army, one of the highest positions England gives to her military men. Lord Roberts left India in 1893, and is now in command of the British forces in Ireland. His career in the East was full of dramatic deeds. He first went into service there in 1851, joining his father, General Sir Abraham Roberts. The Mutiny began soon after young Roberts reached the army, and he took an active part in the whole terrible tragedy. He was an officer in the force which for weeks besieged Delhi, and he was present in the awful final storming of the city. As soon as Delhi had fallen, Roberts joined the column which went to the relief of Lucknow, where he was one of the first to enter the city. He served in several subsequent engagements of the Mutiny. The campaigns which brought him greatest glory were those in 1878–80 against the Afghans. It was there that for the first time he was given command of a field force. He made the memorable advance on Kabul, an achievement which he himself considers greater than the famous march from Kabul to Kandahar, for which the English give him particular honor, even the title of "Roberts of Kandahar." In his "Forty-one Years in India," Lord Roberts says that his only explanation for the fact that the world regards the latter exploit as greater than the first is the glamor of romance thrown around the Kandahar expedition by the fact that an army of 10,000 men were lost to view for nearly a month. While the number of victories to his credit in the Eastern wars is very large, he accomplished with the army results which are quite as much to his credit. It is he who has carried out largely the scheme of frontier defense by which England hopes to protect her Indian boundaries against Russian aggression. He did in his time, too, a great deal to improve the condition of all the soldiers in India, and to work the native population into effective troops.

To one who rode in the Jubilee procession it was the crowd of spectators, not only lining the sidewalks but filling every window and roof, which was the wonder of the day. It



THE CRUISER "AMIRAL POTHUAU," THE REPRESENTATIVE OF FRANCE AT THE JUBILEE NAVAL REVIEW.

Displacement, 5,365 tons. Length, 360 feet. Beam, 49 feet. Speed, 19.2 knots. Armor—Belt, 2.3 inches; deck, 3.3 inches; turrets, 7 inches. Guns—Two 7.5-inch, ten 5.5-inch rapid-fire, ten 1.8-inch rapid-fire, eight 1.4-inch. Torpedo tubes, 5.

From a copyrighted photograph by West & Son, Southsea, England.

was estimated that five million people witnessed the procession. They were as orderly, quiet, and good-natured as any I ever saw assembled. In fact, I did not observe a single case of disorder or an arrest made by the police. When we realize that this great mass of humanity finds occupation in London, supporting itself in fairly prosperous condition, being apparently well clad and well housed, we realize what a great center of commerce the city is. Yet this great manufacturing community, which has absorbed cheap labor from the masses of other European countries, does not present the best type of the English people. The crowd in London on Jubilee Day appeared to me as a class short of stature, lacking in appearance as compared with the stalwart soldiers and sturdy yeomanry that we find in the English, Irish, and Scotch country districts.

Along the entire line of march our national colors mingled with the bright colors of other nations. The Stars and Stripes waved in every block, and there was no more hearty cheering than that which came from the tens of thousands of American citizens as an expression of their respect for the gracious sovereign, and as a token of their appreciation of the fact that throughout her long reign peace and friendship have existed between our two nations. Friendly sentiments were heard from Americans on every hand. Possibly the best expression of the general feeling is found in the letter sent by President McKinley to Her Majesty:

To Her Majesty, Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India:

Great and Good Friend: In the name and on behalf of the people of the United States, I present their sincere felicitations upon the sixtieth anniversary of Your Majesty's accession to the crown of Great Britain.

I express the sentiments of my fellow-citizens in wishing for your people the prolongation of a reign illustrious and marked by advance in science, arts, and popular well-being.

On behalf of my countrymen I wish, particularly, to recognize your friendship for the United States and your love of peace, exemplified upon important occasions.

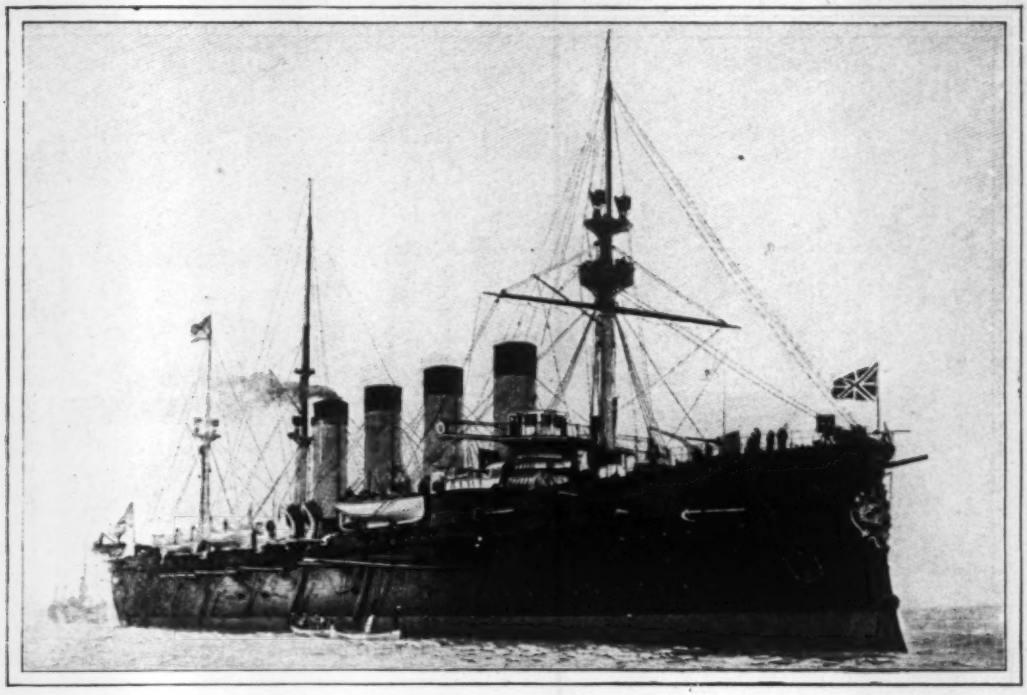
It is pleasing to acknowledge the debt of gratitude and respect due to your personal virtues. May your life be prolonged, and peace, honor, and prosperity bless the people over whom you have been called to rule. May liberty flourish throughout your empire under just and equal laws, and your government continue strong in the affections of all who live under it.

And I pray God to have Your Majesty in His holy keeping.

Done at Washington, this 28th day of May, A.D. 1897.

By the President, your good friend,
WM. MCKINLEY.

JOHN SHERMAN, *Secretary.*



THE CRUISER "ROSSIA," THE REPRESENTATIVE OF RUSSIA AT THE JUBILEE NAVAL REVIEW.

Displacement, 12,195 tons. Length, 475 feet. Beam, 86 feet. Speed, 22 knots. Armor—Belt, 9.8 inches; deck, 3 inches. Guns—Four 8-inch, sixteen 5.9-inch, six 4.7-inch rapid-fire; twenty-six 1.8-inch and 1.4-inch. Torpedo tubes, 5.

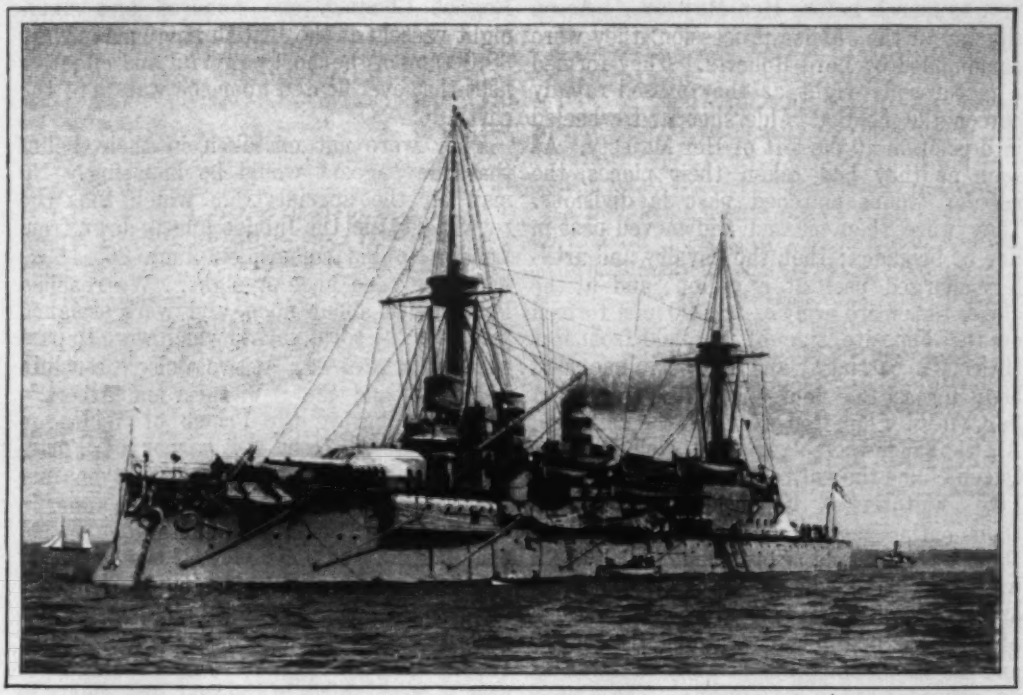
From copyrighted photograph by West & Son, Southsea, England.

THE BRITISH ARMY.

The Jubilee ceremonies offered an especially fine opportunity for studying the British army. Fully 50,000 men were gathered in London for the procession, and they were conspicuous at every ceremony of the ten days' celebration which followed. These men all belonged to English, Irish, and Scotch regiments of the regular army; so that their concentration in London was a comparatively simple matter. England keeps at home about 100,000 soldiers at present, of which number some 25,000 form the Irish army. About 5,000 men are usually in Egypt, and other colonies absorb some 33,000 more. This makes up the regular British army, exclusive of the 76,000 troops in the Indian service. The force at home is stationed in military districts in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the Channel Islands.

Men go into the army by voluntary enlistment, but once there, they must stay for a full term of service, unless they are willing to buy a discharge. This costs ninety dollars, and in case of men who have served over three months it is easy to secure save in special instances. There are two terms of service—one of twelve years with the colors and with no reserve afterwards, and one of seven years with the army and five with the reserve. Recruits are not difficult to secure, from 35,000 to 40,000 being approved yearly for both the regular army and the militia. The regular army was finely represented in the Jubilee by picked men from the Life and Dragoon Guards and from the Royal Artillery and Engineers.

The most imposing military display, however, was the 40,000 soldiers who lined both sides of the route of the procession—a distance of seven miles. They were marched into lines by nine o'clock of Jubilee Day, and remained in place until the procession had ended. At certain points where the crowd was very great, as about Trafalgar Square and around St. Paul's, the lines were doubled. The greater number of the troops belonged to the army, although they were varied by detachments from the naval brigade. The blue-jackets were one of the smartest bodies of men out, and received great attention from the crowd, to whom evidently they were not nearly so familiar as the red-jackets.



THE BATTLESHIP "WÖRTH," THE REPRESENTATIVE OF GERMANY AT THE JUBILEE NAVAL REVIEW.

Displacement, 10,200 tons. Length, 380 feet. Beam, 68 feet. Speed, 17.2 knots. Armor—Belt, 15.7 inches; deck, 3 inches; turrets, 11.8 inches. Guns—Six 11-inch, six 4.1-inch rapid-fire, eight 3.4-inch, two small calibre, ten mitrailleuse. Torpedo tubes, 7.

From copyrighted photograph by West & Son, Southsea, England.

Besides her regular army, Great Britain has a reserve force of militia, volunteers, and yeoman cavalry sufficient, in time of need, to bring her force up to something like 725,000 men, including the white troops of India. The reserve troops were represented at the Jubilee by fine regiments from various parts of the British Islands.

The annual cost of this army is, of course, great. In 1896-97 it amounted to some $90,000,000. This appropriation covered, not only the cost of the regular troops, but of the reserve force; it included also military education, gratuities, pensions, rewards—everything, in short, pertaining to the army.

Of the general efficiency of the training of the troops I had an excellent opportunity to judge at a review given on July 1st in the presence of the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Crown Prince and Princess of Italy, the Duke and Duchess of York, Lord Wolseley, and other high officials of the British and other governments. This review was held at Aldershot, a small town about forty miles southwest of London, where there is a permanent camp and barracks. On account of its proximity to London, Aldershot is a favorite point for reviews and manœuvers.

Fortunately, July 1st was a bright, beautiful day. The field where the review took place was not large, but it was covered with a strong, green English turf, and with the forests and rolling hills in the background, made a perfect place for a display of troops. About 28,000 men assembled for the review, of whom fully 1,000 were colonials. The scene was one of indescribable brilliancy, because of the great variety of uniforms and the splendid equipment and discipline of the troops. I was very much impressed by the strong colors of the British uniform, now that I saw them massed. On a single soldier one does not notice them particularly; but in large bodies the black, green, scarlet, and blue are wonderfully bright and effective. To the beauty of the day and brilliancy of the troops was added the best and most inspiring music I heard in Europe. The pipes of the Highlanders, and the splendid military bands of the English and Irish regiments were equal to any I have ever heard. Mingled with the national airs, such as "British Grenadiers," the notes of some of Sousa's best marches greeted my ears again as they had done in Constantinople.

The colonials were given the place of honor in the review, that is, they were the

first to march before Her Majesty. As on the day of the Jubilee procession, they were commanded by Lord Roberts. They formed a picturesque sight as they passed rapidly across the field at Aldershot and wheeled into position at the left of Her Majesty. As soon as they had taken their places, the regular troops marched past in divisions. They were then massed and moved past in line of brigades; then the cavalry and artillery charged past at a gallop; and at the close, the entire army of 28,000 men formed on the opposite side of the field from Her Majesty's carriage, and moved in one solid body across the field and halted in perfect line within a hundred yards of the carriage. All the bands then struck up "God Save the Queen," and the entire body shouted "Long Live Victoria!" Thousands manifested their enthusiasm by placing their hats upon their bayonets and swords and waving them in the air, making it one of the most remarkable scenes I have ever witnessed, and one of the greatest demonstrations of loyalty and devotion that could possibly be made by an army toward a sovereign. The Queen was so moved by it that her face was bedewed with tears of gratitude, and thousands and tens of thousands of the British people looked on with moistened eyes.

THE GREAT NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD.

Imposing as is England's army in numbers, efficient as it is in every way, much as its varied services, now in Africa, now in China, now in the Pacific, appeal to our admiration, yet England's real defense is her navy. For more than two thousand years, the nation that has controlled the seas has to a great extent dictated the politics of the world. This was true of Rome and Spain, and has been true of England. For a short time, the United States navy was the most powerful, in fact the only modern navy of its kind afloat; but the prominence it occupied in 1865 remained with us but a few years. The sea power of England is to-day the bulwark and salvation of the British Empire. By that power it is enabled to hold its own provinces and to exert the most powerful influence in the politics of the world. The English are not only proud of their present sea power, but they glory in the events of the past, and they justly felt that a review of their fleet would be one of the significant and splendid features of the Jubilee ceremonies. To carry out their plans they assembled off Spithead, in the English Channel, one hundred and sixty-eight vessels of the British navy, manned by 38,000 men, the most powerful and effective fleet that ever floated upon the waters of the earth.

They were not mistaken in their belief that the pageant would be imposing. No man on the special train which took the royal party and the Jubilee guests down from London to Portsmouth on June 26, 1897, had ever seen such a sight. We reached Portsmouth about noon, and were assigned places on the royal yachts which were to pass the fleet in review. At two o'clock, a salute was fired, and the "Victoria and Albert," the yacht having the Prince of Wales on board, started from the harbor of Portsmouth, followed by a line of vessels bearing the guests. To understand the manner in which the review was conducted one should examine the bird's-eye view of the fleet as it lay at anchor (reproduced on Page 269). That view shows how the one hundred and sixty-eight battleships and cruisers which formed the fleet were arranged in lines running from east to west, thirty in the first line, thirty in the second, thirty-eight in the third, forty-eight in the fourth. South of them were arranged first a line of visiting battleships, and beyond that a row of merchant vessels. To the north were some twenty torpedo-boats. By this arrangement great water avenues were formed, and it was up and down these that the reviewing vessels passed.

Every ship in the fleet was gaily decorated with hundreds of flags and pennants, and the yards were manned by seamen. As the Prince of Wales passed, the band of each ship played "God Save the Queen" and other national airs, and the great batteries thundered their salutes. In the line of foreign vessels was a single warship of the United States, the "Brooklyn." She was the only vessel in the line painted white, and the irreverent tars called her the "cement factory." Her decks were crowded with a good company of enthusiastic Americans. The review occupied some two hours, and after it was over the vessels returned to Portsmouth, where the Prince of Wales signaled to the admiral who commanded the fleet, Sir Nowell Salmon, his satisfaction with the display. That evening the fleet was illuminated—a surpassingly beautiful spectacle. An excellent description of this illumination was given by Mr. Steevens, and is here quoted:

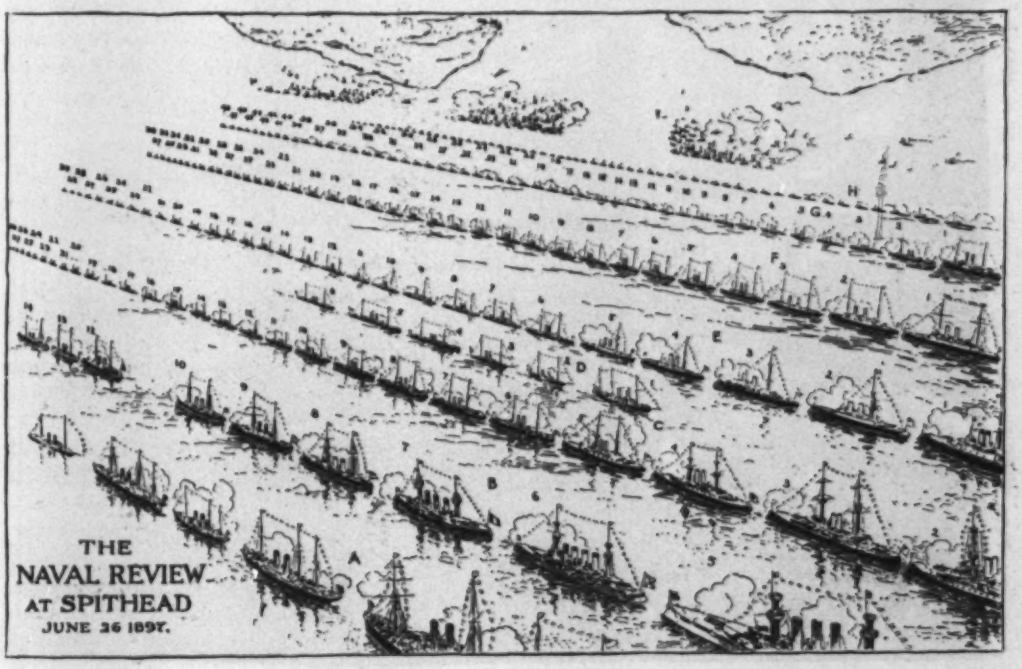
"Out on the sea front you could see the lights of the fleet like glow-worms in the dark. Then suddenly

there sounded a gun; and as I moved along Southsea Common there appeared in the line a ship of fire: a ship all made of fire-hull and funnels and military masts with fighting tops. And then another, and another, and another. The fleet revealed itself from behind the castle, ship after ship traced in fire against the blackness. From the head of Southsea they still came on—fresh wonders of grace and light and splendor, stretching away, still endlessly, as in the daytime, till they became a confused glimmer six miles away. It was the fleet, and yet not the fleet. You could recognize almost any ship by her lines and rig—just as if it had been in day—only transmuted from steel and paint into living gold. . . .

"For three hours this miracle of brightness shone wondrously at Spithead. At half-past eleven or so the Prince returned the second time as before, and the golden fleet sent a thunder of salute after him. Then, as I stood on the high roof of the Central Hotel, the clock struck twelve, and before my eyes the golden fleet vanished—vanished clean away in a moment. You could just see it go. Here half a ship broken off, there masts and funnels hanging an instant in the air; it all vanished, and nothing at all was left except the rigging lights, trembling faintly once more on the dark sea."

One of the most significant things of the day to me was that within view of this great fleet of modern warships lay that link which binds the glories of the past with the grandeur and power of the present—the small battleship "Victory," the flagship of Nelson, who contributed so much to the perpetuity and fame of the British navy. It is still preserved with great care, and the place on the deck where Nelson stood when he received his mortal wound, and the little cabin where he died amid the storm, the horror, and the gleam of victory of the great battle of Trafalgar.

The most wonderful fact about the review was that not a single vessel from the Mediterranean, Asiatic, or Pacific squadrons was drawn to make up this powerful body of warships. The review fleet was but a minor part of the great naval force which Great Britain has scattered in all parts of the globe. The British fleet entire—which at the time of the review was manned by 100,000 men and had cost upwards of $400,000,000—consisted of 467 ships of all classes, with sixty-four building. Of this number, 28 were first-class battleships, 34 first-class cruisers, 125 first-class torpedo craft. When we remember that England must keep vessels in all quarters of the globe—in the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, off the coast of North America and in the West Indies, at the Cape of Good Hope and in the Pacific, as well as a great number for general service—the need of this vast armament is apparent. It is the one effective safeguard, not only of England, but of her world-wide colonies.



"ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHT VESSELS OF THE BRITISH NAVY, MANNED BY 38,000, THE MOST POWERFUL AND EFFECTIVE FLEET THAT EVER FLOATED UPON THE WATERS OF THE EARTH."

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.

See page 279.

"THE DECISION OF HEAVEN."

RUPERT OF HENTZAU.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM.

By Anthony Hope.

With full-page illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson.

(*Concluded.*)

CHAPTER XIX.—*Continued.*

FOR OUR LOVE AND HER HONOR.

SAPT finished his lesson or his story. A sob burst from the queen, and she hid her face in her hands. Bernenstein and I, amazed at this strange tale, scarcely understanding whether it were jest or earnest, stood staring stupidly at Sapt. Then I, overcome by the strange thing, turned half-foolish by the bizarre mingling of comedy and impressiveness in Sapt's rendering of it, plucked him by the sleeve, and asked, with something between a laugh and a gasp:

"Who had that other corpse been, Constable?"

He turned his small, keen eyes on me in persistent gravity and unflinching effrontery.

"A Mr. Rassendyll, a friend of the king's, who with his servant James was awaiting his Majesty's return from Strelsau. His servant here is ready to start for England, to tell Mr. Rassendyll's relatives the news."

The queen had begun to listen before now; her eyes were fixed on Sapt, and she had stretched out one arm to him, as if imploring him to read her his riddle. But a few words had in truth declared his device plainly enough in all its simplicity. Rudolf Rassendyll was dead, his body burnt to a cinder, and the king was alive, whole, and on his throne in Strelsau. Thus had Sapt caught from James, the servant, the infection of his madness, and had fulfilled in action the strange imagination which the little man had unfolded to him in order to pass their idle hours at the lodge.

Suddenly Mr. Rassendyll spoke in clear, short tones.

"This is all a lie, Sapt," said he, and his lips curled in contemptuous amusement.

"It's no lie that the lodge is burnt, and the bodies in it, and that half a hundred of the peasants know it, and that no man could tell the body for the king's. As for the rest, it is a lie. But I think the truth in it is enough to serve."

The two men stood facing one another with defiant eyes. Rudolf had caught the meaning of the great and audacious trick which Sapt and his companion had played. It was impossible now to bring the king's body to

Copyright, 1898, by A. H. Hawkins.

Strelsau; it seemed no less impossible to declare that the man burnt in the lodge was the king. Thus Sapt had forced Rudolf's hand; he had been inspired by the same vision as we, and endowed with more unshrinking boldness. But when I saw how Rudolf looked at him, I did not know but that they would go from the queen's presence set on a deadly quarrel. Mr. Rassendyll, however, mastered his temper.

"You're all bent on having me a rascal," he said coldly. "Fritz and Bernenstein here urge me; you, Sapt, try to force me. James, there, is in the plot, for all I know."

"I suggested it, sir," said James, not defiantly or with disrespect, but as if in simple dutiful obedience to his master's implied question.

"As I thought—all of you! Well, I won't be forced. I see now that there's no way out of this affair, save one. That one I'll follow."

We none of us spoke, but waited till he should be pleased to continue.

"Of the queen's letter I need say nothing and will say nothing," he pursued. "But I will tell them that I'm not the king, but Rudolf Rassendyll, and that I played the king only in order to serve the queen and punish Rupert of Hentzau. That will serve, and it will cut this net of Sapt's from about my limbs."

He spoke firmly and coldly; so that when I looked at him I was amazed to see how his lips twitched and that his forehead was moist with sweat. Then I understood what a sudden, swift, and fearful struggle he had suffered, and how the great temptation had wrung and tortured him before he, victorious, had set the thing behind him. I went to him and clasped his hand: this action of mine seemed to soften him.

"Sapt, Sapt," he said, "you almost made a rogue of me!"

Sapt did not respond to his gentler mood. He had been pacing angrily up and down the room. Now he stopped abruptly before Rudolf, and pointed with his finger at the queen.

"I make a rogue of you?" he exclaimed. "And what do you make of our queen, whom we all serve? What does this truth that you'll tell make of her? Haven't I heard how she greeted you before all Strelsau as her husband and her love? Will they believe that she didn't know her husband? Ay, you may show yourself, you may say they didn't know you. Will they believe she didn't? Was the king's ring on your finger? Where is it? And how comes Mr. Rassendyll to be at Fritz von Tarlenheim's for hours with the queen, when the king is at his hunting-lodge? A king has died already, and two men besides, to save a word against her. And you—you'll be the man to set every tongue in Strelsau talking, and every finger pointing in suspicion at her!"

Rudolf made no answer. When Sapt had first uttered the queen's name, he had drawn near and let his hand fall over the back of her chair. She put hers up to meet it, and so they remained. But I saw that Rudolf's face had gone very pale.

"And we, your friends?" pursued Sapt. "For we've stood by you as we've stood by the queen, by God we have—Fritz, and young Bernenstein here, and I. If this truth's told, who'll believe that we were loyal to the king, that we didn't know, that we weren't accomplices in the tricking of the king—maybe, in his murder? Ah, Rudolf Rassendyll, God preserve me from a conscience that won't let me be true to the woman I love, or to the friends who love me!"

I had never seen the old fellow so moved; he carried me with him, as he carried Bernenstein. I know now that we were too ready to be convinced; rather that, borne along by our passionate desire, we needed no convincing at all. His excited appeal seemed to us an argument. At least the danger to the queen, on which he dwelt, was real and true and great.

Then a sudden change came over him. He caught Rudolf's hand and spoke to him again in a low, broken voice, an unwonted softness transforming his harsh tones.

"Lad," he said, "don't say no. Here's the finest lady alive sick for her lover, and the finest country in the world sick for its true king, and the best friends—ay, by heaven, the best friends—man ever had, sick to call you master. I know nothing about your conscience; but this I know: the king's dead, and the place is empty; and I don't see what Almighty God sent you here for unless it was to fill it. Come, lad—for our love and her honor! While he was alive I'd have killed you sooner than let you take it. He's dead. Now—for our love and her honor, lad!"

I do not know what thoughts passed in Mr. Rassendyll's mind. His face was set and rigid. He made no sign when Sapt finished, but stood as he was, motionless, for a long while. Then he slowly bent his head and

looked down into the queen's eyes. For a while she sat looking back into his. Then, carried away by the wild hope of immediate joy, and by her love for him and her pride in the place he was offered, she sprang up and threw herself at his feet, crying:

"Yes, yes! For my sake, Rudolf—for my sake!"

"Are you, too, against me, my queen?" he murmured, caressing her ruddy hair.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DECISION OF HEAVEN.

WE were half mad that night, Sapt and Bernenstein and I. The thing seemed to have got into our blood and to have become part of ourselves. For us it was inevitable —nay, it was done. Sapt busied himself in preparing the account of the fire at the hunting-lodge; it was to be communicated to the journals, and it told with much circumstantiality how Rudolf Rassendyll had come to visit the king, with James his servant, and, the king being summoned unexpectedly to the capital, had been awaiting his Majesty's return when he met his fate. There was a short history of Rudolf, a glancing reference to his family, a dignified expression of condolence with his relatives, to whom the king was sending messages of deepest regret by the hands of Mr. Rassendyll's servant. At another table young Bernenstein was drawing up, under the constable's direction, a narrative of Rupert of Hentzau's attempt on the king's life and the king's courage in defending himself. The count, eager to return (so it ran), had persuaded the king to meet him by declaring that he held a state document of great importance and of a most secret nature; the king, with his habitual fearlessness, had gone alone, but only to refuse with scorn Count Rupert's terms. Enraged at this unfavorable reception, the audacious criminal had made a sudden attack on the king, with what issue all knew. He had met his own death, while the king, perceiving from a glance at the document that it compromised well-known persons, had, with the nobility which marked him, destroyed it unread before the eyes of those who were rushing in to his rescue. I supplied suggestions and improvements; and, engrossed in contriving how to blind curious eyes, we forgot the real and permanent difficulties of the thing we had resolved upon. For us they did not exist; Sapt met every objection by declaring that the thing had been done once and could be done again. Bernenstein and I were not behind him in confidence. We would guard the secret with brain and hand and life, even as we had guarded and kept the secret of the queen's letter, which would now go with Rupert of Hentzau to his grave. Bauer we could catch and silence: nay, who would listen to such a tale from such a man? Rischenheim was ours; the old woman would keep her doubts between her teeth for her own sake. To his own land and his own people Rudolf must be dead, while the King of Ruritania would stand before all Europe, recognized, unquestioned, unassailed. True, he must marry the queen again; Sapt was ready with the means, and would hear nothing of the difficulty and risk in finding a hand to perform the necessary ceremony. If we quailed in our courage, we had but to look at the alternative, and find comfort from the perils of what we meant to undertake by a consideration of the desperate risk involved in abandoning it. Persuaded that the substitution of Rudolf for the king was the only thing which would serve our turn, we asked no longer whether it were possible, but sought only the means to make it safe and yet more safe.

But Rudolf himself had not spoken. Sapt's appeal and the queen's imploring cry had shaken but not overcome him; he had wavered, but he was not won. Yet there was no talk of impossibility or peril in his mouth, any more than in ours: those were not what gave him pause. The score on which he hesitated was whether the thing should be done, not whether it could; our appeals were not to brace a failing courage, but to cajole a sturdy sense of honor which found the imposture distasteful so soon as it seemed to serve a personal end. To save the king he had played the king in old days, but he did not love to play the king when the profit of it was to be his own. Hence he was unmoved till his care for the fair fame of the queen and the love of his friends joined to buffet his resolution. Then he faltered; but he had not fallen. Yet Colonel Sapt did all as though he had given his assent, and watched the last hours in which his flight from Strelsau was possible go quickly by with more than equanimity. Why hurry Rudolf's resolve? Every moment shut him closer in the trap of an inevitable choice. With every hour that he was called the king, it became more impossible for him to bear any other name all his days. Therefore

Sapt let Mr. Rassendyll doubt and struggle, while he himself wrote his story and laid his long-headed plans. And now and then James, the little servant, came in and went out, sedate and smug, but with a quiet satisfaction gleaming in his eyes. He had made a story for a pastime, and it was being translated into history. He at least would bear his part in it unflinchingly.

Before now the queen had left us, persuaded to lie down and try to rest till the matter should be settled. Stilled by Rudolf's gentle rebuke, she had urged him no more in words, but there was an entreaty in her eyes stronger than any spoken prayer, and a piteousness in the lingering of her hand in his harder to resist than ten thousand sad petitions. At last he had led her from the room and commended her to Helga's care. Then, returning to us, he stood silent a little while. We also were silent, Sapt sitting and looking up at him with his brows knit and his teeth restlessly chewing the mustache on his lip.

"Well, lad?" he said at last, briefly putting the great question.

Rudolf walked to the window and seemed to lose himself for a moment in the contemplation of the quiet night. There were no more than a few stragglers in the street now; the moon shone white and clear on the empty square.

"I should like to walk up and down outside and think it over," he said, turning to us; and, as Bernenstein sprang up to accompany him, he added, "No. Alone."

"Yes, do," said old Sapt, with a glance at the clock, whose hands were now hard on two o'clock. "Take your time, lad, take your time."

Rudolf looked at him and broke into a smile.

"I'm not your dupe, old Sapt," said he, shaking his head. "Trust me, if I decide to get away, I'll get away, be it what o'clock it will."

"Yes, confound you!" grinned Colonel Sapt.

So he left us, and then came that long time of scheming and planning, and most persistent eye-shutting, in which occupations an hour wore its life away. Rudolf had now passed out of the porch, and we supposed that he had betaken himself to the gardens, there to fight his battle. Old Sapt, having done his work, suddenly turned talkative.

"That moon there," he said, pointing his square, thick forefinger at the window, "is a mighty untrustworthy lady. I've known her wake a villain's conscience before now."

"I've known her send a lover's to sleep," laughed young Bernenstein, rising from his table, stretching himself, and lighting a cigar.

"Aye, she's apt to take a man out of what he is," pursued old Sapt. "Set a quiet man near her, and he dreams of battle; an ambitious fellow, after ten minutes of her, will ask nothing better than to muse all his life away. I don't trust her, Fritz; I wish the night were dark."

"What will she do to Rudolf Rassendyll?" I asked, falling in with the old fellow's whimsical mood.

"He will see the queen's face in hers," cried Bernenstein.

"He may see God's," said Sapt; and he shook himself as though an unwelcome thought had found its way to his mind and lips.

A pause fell on us, borne of the colonel's last remark. We looked one another in the face. At last Sapt brought his hand down on the table with a bang.

"I'll not go back," he said sullenly, almost fiercely.

"Nor I," said Bernenstein, drawing himself up. "Nor you, Tarlenheim?"

"No, I also go on," I answered. Then again there was a moment's silence.

"She may make a man soft as a sponge," reflected Sapt, starting again, "or hard as a bar of steel. I should feel safer if the night were dark. I've looked at her often from my tent and from bare ground, and I know her. She got me a decoration, and once she came near to making me turn tail. Have nothing to do with her, young Bernenstein."

"I'll keep my eyes for beauties nearer at hand," said Bernenstein, whose volatile temper soon threw off a serious mood.

"There's a chance for you, now Rupert of Hentzau's gone," said Sapt grimly.

As he spoke there was a knock at the door. When it opened James entered.

"The Count of Luzau-Rischenheim begs to be allowed to speak with the king," said James.

"We expect his Majesty every moment. Beg the count to enter," Sapt answered; and, when Rischenheim came in, he went on, motioning the count to a chair: "We are talking, my lord, of the influence of the moon on the careers of men."

"What are you going to do? What have you decided?" burst out Rischenheim impatiently.

"We decide nothing," answered Sapt.

"Then what has Mr.—what has the king decided?"

"The king decides nothing, my lord. She decides," and the old fellow pointed again through the window towards the moon. "At this moment she makes or unmakes a king; but I can't tell you which. What of your cousin?"

"You know that my cousin's dead."

"Yes, I know that. What of him, though?"

"Sir," said Rischenheim with some dignity, "since he is dead, let him rest in peace. It is not for us to judge him."

"He may well wish it were. For, by heaven, I believe I should let the rogue off," said Colonel Sapt, "and I don't think his Judge will."

"God forgive him, I loved him," said Rischenheim. "Yes, and many have loved him. His servants loved him, sir."

"Friend Bauer, for example?"

"Yes, Bauer loved him. Where is Bauer?"

"I hope he's gone to hell with his loved master," grunted Sapt, but he had the grace to lower his voice and shield his mouth with his hand, so that Rischenheim did not hear.

"We don't know where he is," I answered.

"I am come," said Rischenheim, "to put my services in all respects at the queen's disposal."

"And at the king's?" asked Sapt.

"At the king's? But the king is dead."

"Therefore 'Long live the king!'" struck in young Bernenstein.

"If there should be a king—" began Sapt.

"You'll do that?" interrupted Rischenheim in breathless agitation.

"She is deciding," said Colonel Sapt, and again he pointed to the moon.

"But she's a plaguy long time about it," remarked Lieutenant von Bernenstein.

Rischenheim sat silent for a moment. His face was pale, and when he spoke his voice trembled. But his words were resolute enough.

"I gave my honor to the queen, and even in that I will serve her if she commands me."

Bernenstein sprang forward and caught him by the hand.

"That's what I like," said he, "and damn the moon, Colonel!"

His sentence was hardly out of his mouth when the door opened, and to our astonishment the queen entered. Helga was just behind her; her clasped hands and frightened eyes seemed to protest that their coming was against her will. The queen was clad in a long white robe, and her hair hung on her shoulders, being but loosely bound with a ribbon. Her air showed great agitation, and without any greeting or notice of the rest she walked quickly across the room to me.

"The dream, Fritz," she said. "It has come again. Helga persuaded me to lie down, and I was very tired, so at last I fell asleep. Then it came. I saw him, Fritz—I saw him as plainly as I see you. They all called him king, as they did to-day; but they did not cheer. They were quiet, and looked at him with sad faces. I could not hear what they said; they spoke in hushed voices. I heard nothing more than 'the king, the king,' and he seemed to hear not even that. He lay still; he was lying on something, something covered with hanging stuff, I couldn't see what it was; yes, quite still. His face was so pale, and he didn't hear them say 'the king.' Fritz, Fritz, he looked as if he were dead! Where is he? Where have you let him go?"

She turned from me and her eyes flashed over the rest.

"Where is he? Why aren't you with him?" she demanded, with a sudden change of tone. "Why aren't you round him? You should be between him and danger, ready to give your lives for his. Indeed, gentlemen, you take your duty lightly."

It might be that there was little reason in her words. There appeared to be no danger threatening him, and after all he was not our king, much as we desired to make him such. Yet we did not think of any such matter. We were abashed before her reproof and took her indignation as deserved. We hung our heads, and Sapt's shame betrayed itself in the dogged sullenness of his answer.

"He has chosen to go walking, madame, and to go alone. He ordered us—I say, he ordered us not to come. Surely we are right to obey him?" The sarcastic inflection of his voice conveyed his opinion of the queen's extravagance.

"Obey him? Yes. You couldn't go with him if he forbade you. But you should follow him; you should keep him in sight."

This much she spoke in proud tones and with a disdainful manner, but then came a sudden return to her former bearing. She held out her hands towards me, wailing:

"Fritz, where is he? Is he safe? Find him for me, Fritz; find him."

"I'll find him for you if he's above ground,

madame," I cried, for her appeal touched me to the heart.

"He's no farther off than the gardens," grumbled old Sapt, still resentful of the queen's reproof and scornful of the woman's agitation. He was also out of temper with Rudolf himself, because the moon took so long in deciding whether she would make or unmake a king.

"The gardens!" she cried. "Then let us look for him. Oh, you've let him walk in the gardens alone?"

"What should harm the fellow?" muttered Sapt.

She did not hear him, for she had swept out of the room. Helga went with her, and we all followed, Sapt behind the rest of us, still very surly. I heard him grumbling away as we ran downstairs, and, having passed along the great corridor, came to the small saloon that opened on the gardens. There were no servants about, but we encountered a night-watchman, and Bernenstein snatched the lantern from the astonished man's hand.

Save for the dim light thus furnished, the room was dark. But outside the windows the moon streamed brightly down on the broad gravel walk, on the formal flower-beds, and the great trees in the gardens. The queen made straight for the window. I followed her, and, having flung the window open, stood by her. The air was sweet, and the breeze struck with grateful coolness on my face. I saw that Sapt had come near and stood on the other side of the queen. My wife and the others were behind, looking out where our shoulders left space.

There, in the bright moonlight, on the far side of the broad terrace, close by the line of tall trees that fringed its edge, we saw Rudolf Rassendyll pacing slowly up and down, with his hands behind his back and his eyes fixed on the arbiter of his fate, on her who was to make him a king or send him a fugitive from Strelsau.

"There he is, madame," said Sapt. "Safe enough!"

The queen did not answer. Sapt said no more, and of the rest of us none spoke. We stood watching him as he struggled with his great issue; a greater surely has seldom fallen to the lot of any man born in a private station. Yet I could read little of it on the face that the rays of white light displayed so clearly, although they turned his healthy tints to a dull gray, and gave unnatural sharpness to his features against the deep background of black foliage.

I heard the queen's quick breathing, but there was scarcely another sound. I saw her clutch her gown and pull it away a little from her throat; save for that, none in the group moved. The lantern's light was too dim to force notice from Mr. Rassendyll. Unconscious of our presence, he wrestled with fate that night in the gardens.

Suddenly the faintest exclamation came from Sapt. He put his hand back and beckoned to Bernenstein. The young man handed his lantern to the constable, who set it close to the side of the window-frame. The queen, absolutely engrossed in her lover, saw nothing, but I perceived what had caught Sapt's attention. There were scores on the paint and indentations in the wood, just at the edge of the panel and near the lock. I glanced at Sapt, who nodded his head. It looked very much as though somebody had tried to force the door that night, employing a knife which had dented the woodwork and scratched the paint. The least thing was enough to alarm us, standing where we stood, and the constable's face was full of suspicion. Who had sought an entrance? It could be no trained and practised housebreaker; he would have had better tools.

But now our attention was again diverted. Rudolf stopped short. He still looked for a moment at the sky, then his glance dropped to the ground at his feet. A second later he jerked his head—it was bare, and I saw the dark red hair stir with the movement—like a man who has settled something which caused him a puzzle. In an instant we knew, by the quick intuition of contagious emotion, that the question had found its answer. He was by now king or a fugitive. The Lady of the Skies had given her decision. The thrill ran through us; I felt the queen draw herself together at my side; I felt the muscles of Rischenheim's arm which rested against my shoulder grow rigid and taut. Sapt's face was full of eagerness, and he gnawed his mustache savagely. We gathered closer to one another. At last we could bear the suspense no longer. With one look at the queen and another at me, Sapt stepped on to the gravel. He would go and learn the answer; thus the unendurable strain that had stretched us like tortured men on a rack would be relieved. The queen did not answer his glance, nor even seem to see that he had moved. Her eyes were still all for Mr. Rassendyll, her thoughts buried in his; for her happiness was in his hands and lay poised on the issue of that decision whose momentousness held him for a moment mo-

tionless on the path. Often I seem to see him as he stood there, tall, straight, and stately, the king a man's fancy paints when he reads of great monarchs who flourished long ago in the springtime of the world.

Sapt's step crunched on the gravel. Rudolf heard it and turned his head. He saw Sapt, and he saw me also behind Sapt. He smiled composedly and brightly, but he did not move from where he was. He held out both hands towards the constable and caught him in their double grasp, still smiling down in his face. I was no nearer to reading his decision, though I saw that he had reached a resolution that was immovable and gave peace to his soul. If he meant to go on he would go on now, on to the end, without a backward look or a falter of his foot; if he had chosen the other way, he would depart without a murmur or a hesitation. The queen's quick breathing had ceased, she seemed like a statue; but Rischenheim moved impatiently, as though he could no longer endure the waiting.

Sapt's voice came harsh and grating.

"Well?" he cried. "Which is it to be —backwards or forward?"

Rudolf pressed his hands and looked into his eyes. The answer asked but a word from him. The queen caught my arm; her rigid limbs seemed to give way, and she would have fallen if I had not supported her. At the same instant a man sprang out of the dark line of tall trees, directly behind Mr. Rassendyll. Bernenstein uttered a loud startled cry and rushed forward, pushing the queen herself violently out of his path. His hand flew to his side, and he ripped the heavy cavalry sword that belonged to his uniform of the Cuirassiers of the Guard from its sheath. I saw it flash in the moonlight, but its flash was quenched in a brighter short blaze. A shot rang out through the quiet gardens. Mr. Rassendyll did not loose his hold of Sapt's hands, but he sank slowly on to his knees. Sapt seemed paralyzed. Again Bernenstein cried out. It was a name this time.

"Bauer! By God, Bauer!" he cried.

In an instant he was across the path and by the trees. The assassin fired again, but now he missed. We saw the great sword flash high above Bernenstein's head and heard it whistle though the air. It crashed on the crown of Bauer's head, and he fell like a log to the ground with his skull split. The queen's hold on me relaxed; she sank into Rischenheim's arms. I ran forward and knelt by Mr. Rassendyll. He still held Sapt's hands, and by their help buoyed himself up. But when he saw me he let go of them and sank back against me, his head resting on my chest. He moved his lips, but seemed unable to speak. He was shot through the back. Bauer had avenged the master whom he loved, and was gone to meet him.

There was a sudden stir from inside the palace. Shutters were flung back and windows thrown open. The group we made stood clean-cut, plainly visible, in the moonlight. A moment later there was a rush of eager feet, and we were surrounded by officers and servants. Bernenstein stood by me now, leaning on his sword; Sapt had not uttered a word; his face was distorted with horror and bitterness. Rudolf's eyes were closed and his head lay back against me.

"A man has shot the king," said I, in bald, stupid explanation.

All at once I found James, Mr. Rassendyll's servant, by me.

"I have sent for doctors, my lord," he said. "Come, let us carry him in."

He, Sapt, and I lifted Rudolf and bore him across the gravel terrace and into the little saloon. We passed the queen. She was leaning on Rischenheim's arm, and held my wife's hand. We laid Rudolf down on a couch. Outside I heard Bernenstein say, "Pick up that fellow and carry him somewhere out of sight." Then he also came in, followed by a crowd. He sent them all to the door, and we were left alone, waiting for the surgeon. The queen came up, Rischenheim still supporting her.

"Rudolf! Rudolf!" she whispered, very softly.

He opened his eyes, and his lips bent in a smile. She flung herself on her knees and kissed his hand passionately.

"The surgeon will be here directly," said I.

Rudolf's eyes had been on the queen. As I spoke he looked up at me, smiled again, and shook his head. I turned away.

When the surgeon came, Sapt and I assisted him in his examination. The queen had been led away, and we were alone. The examination was very short. Then we carried Rudolf to a bed; the nearest chanced to be in Bernenstein's room; there we laid him, and there all that could be done for him was done. All this time we had asked no questions of the surgeon, and he had given no information. We knew too well to ask: we had all seen men die before now, and the look on the face was familiar to us. Two or three more doctors, the most eminent in Strelsau, came now, having been hastily sum-

moned. It was their right to be called; but, for all the good they were, they might have been left to sleep the night out in their beds. They drew together in a little group at the end of the room and talked for a few minutes in low tones. James lifted his master's head and gave him a drink of water. Rudolf swallowed it with difficulty. Then I saw him feebly press James's hand, for the little man's face was full of sorrow. As his master smiled the servant mustered a smile in answer.

I crossed over to the doctors.

"Well, gentlemen?" I asked.

They looked at one another, then the greatest of them said gravely:

"The king may live an hour, Count Fritz. Should you not send for a priest?"

I went straight back to Rudolf Rassendyll. His eyes greeted me and questioned me. He was a man, and I played no silly tricks with him. I bent down and said:

"An hour, they think, Rudolf."

He made one restless movement, whether of pain or protest I do not know. Then he spoke, very low, slowly, and with difficulty.

"Then they can go," he said; and when I spoke of a priest he shook his head.

I went back to them and asked if anything more could be done. The answer was nothing; but I could not prevail further than to get all save one sent into an adjoining room; he who remained seated himself at a table some way off. Rudolf's eyes had closed again; old Sapt, who had not once spoken since the shot was fired, raised a haggard face to mine.

"We'd better fetch her to him," he said hoarsely. I nodded my head.

Sapt went while I stayed by him. Bernenstein came to him, bent down, and kissed his hand. The young fellow, who had borne himself with such reckless courage and dash throughout the affair, was quite unmanned now, and the tears were rolling down his face. I could have been much in the same plight, but I would not before Mr. Rassendyll. He smiled at Bernenstein. Then he said to me:

"Is she coming, Fritz?"

"Yes, she's coming, sire," I answered.

He noticed the style of my address; a faint amused gleam shot into his languid eyes.

"Well, for an hour, then," he murmured, and lay back on his pillows.

She came, dry-eyed, calm, and queenly. We all drew back, and she knelt down by his bed, holding his hand in her two hands. Presently the hand stirred; she let it go; then, knowing well what he wanted, she raised it herself and placed it on her head, while she bowed her face to the bed. His hand wandered for the last time over the gleaming hair that he had loved so well. She rose, passed her arm about his shoulders, and kissed his lips. Her face rested close to his, and he seemed to speak to her, but we could not have heard the words even if we would. So they remained for a long while.

The doctor came and felt his pulse, retreating afterwards with close-shut lips. We drew a little nearer, for we knew that he would not be long with us now. Suddenly strength seemed to come upon him. He raised himself in his bed, and spoke in distinct tones.

"God has decided," he said. "I've tried to do the right thing through it all. Sapt, and Bernenstein, and you, old Fritz, shake my hand. No, don't kiss it. We've done with pretense now."

We shook his hand as he bade us. Then he took the queen's hand. Again she knew his mind, and moved it to his lips.

"In life and in death, my sweet queen," he murmured.

And thus he fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE COMING OF THE DREAM.

THERE is little need, and I have little heart, to dwell on what followed the death of Mr. Rassendyll. The plans we had laid to secure his tenure of the throne, in case he had accepted it, served well in the event of his death. Bauer's lips were forever sealed; the old woman was too scared and appalled to hint even to her gossips at the suspicions she entertained. Rischenheim was loyal to the pledge he had given to the queen. The ashes of the hunting-lodge held their secret fast, and none suspected when the charred body which was called Rudolf Rassendyll's was laid to quiet rest in the graveyard of the town of Zenda, hard by the tomb of Herbert the forester. For we had from the first rejected any idea of bringing the king's body to Strelsau and setting it in the place of Mr. Rassendyll's. The difficulties of such an undertaking were almost insuperable; in our hearts we did not desire to conquer them. As a king Rudolf Rassendyll had died, as a king let him lie. As a king he lay in his palace at Strelsau, while the news of his murder at the hands of a confederate of Ru-

pert of Hentzau went forth to startle and appall the world. At a mighty price our task had been made easy; many might have doubted the living, none questioned the dead; suspicions which might have gathered round a throne died away at the gate of a vault. The king was dead. Who would ask if it were in truth the king who lay in state in the great hall of the palace, or whether the humble grave at Zenda held the bones of the last male Elphberg? In the silence of the grave all murmurs and questionings were hushed.

Throughout the day people had been passing and repassing through the great hall. There, on a stately bier surmounted by a crown and the drooping folds of the royal banner, lay Rudolf Rassendyll. The highest officer guarded him; in the cathedral the archbishop said a mass for his soul. He had lain there three days; the evening of the third had come, and early on the morrow he was to be buried. There is a little gallery in the hall, that looks down on the spot where the bier stood; here was I on this evening, and with me Queen Flavia. We were alone together, and together we saw beneath us the calm face of the dead man. He was clad in the white uniform in which he had been crowned; the ribbon of the Red Rose was across his breast. His hand held a true red rose, fresh and fragrant; Flavia herself had set it there, that even in death he might not miss the chosen token of her love. I had not spoken to her, nor she to me, since we came there. We watched the pomp round him, and the circles of people that came to bring a wreath for him or to look upon his face. I saw a girl come and kneel long at the bier's foot. She rose and went away sobbing, leaving a little circlet of flowers. It was Rosa Holf. I saw women come and go weeping, and men bite their lips as they passed by. Rischenheim came, pale-faced and troubled; and while all came and went, there, immovable, with drawn sword, in military stiffness, old Sapt stood at the head of the bier, his eyes set steadily in front of him, and his body never stirring from hour to hour through the long day.

A distant faint hum of voices reached us. The queen laid her hand on my arm.

"It is the dream, Fritz," she said. "Hark! They speak of the king; they speak in low voices and with grief, but they call him king. It's what I saw in the dream. But he does not hear nor heed. No, he can't hear nor heed even when I call him my king."

A sudden impulse came on me, and I turned to her, asking: "What had he decided, madame? Would he have been king?"

She started a little.

"He didn't tell me," she answered, "and I didn't think of it while he spoke to me."

"Of what then did he speak, madame?"

"Only of his love—of nothing but his love, Fritz," she answered.

Well, I take it that when a man comes to die, love is more to him than a kingdom: it may be, if we could see truly, that it is more to him even while he lives.

"Of nothing but his great love for me, Fritz," she said again. "And my love brought him to his death."

"He wouldn't have had it otherwise," said I.

"No," she whispered; and she leant over the parapet of the gallery, stretching out her arms to him. But he lay still and quiet, not hearing and not heeding when she murmured, "My king! my king!" It was even as it had been in the dream.

That night James, the servant, took leave of his dead master and of us. He carried to England by word of mouth—for we dared write nothing down—the truth concerning the King of Ruritania and Mr. Rassendyll. It was to be told to the Earl of Burlesdon, Rudolf's brother, under a pledge of secrecy; and to this day the earl is the only man besides ourselves who knows the story. His errand done, James returned in order to enter the queen's service, in which he still is; and he told us that when Lord Burlesdon had heard the story he sat silent for a great while, and then said:

"He did well. Some day I will visit his grave. Tell her Majesty that there is still a Rassendyll, if she has need of one."

The offer was such as should come from a man of Rudolf's name, yet I trust that the queen needs no further service than such as it is our humble duty and dear delight to render her. It is our part to strive to lighten the burden that she bears, and by our love to assuage her undying grief. For she reigns now in Ruritania alone, the last of all the Elphbergs; and her only joy is to talk of Mr. Rassendyll with those few who knew him, her only hope that she may some day be with him again.

In great pomp we laid him to his rest in the vault of the kings of Ruritania in the Cathedral of Strelsau. There he lies among the princes of the House of Elphberg. I think that if there be indeed any conscious-

ness among the dead, or any knowledge of what passes in the world they have left, they should be proud to call him brother. There rises in memory of him a stately monument, and people point it out to one another as the memorial of King Rudolf. I go often to the spot, and recall in thought all that passed when he came the first time to Zenda, and again on his second coming. For I mourn him as a man mourns a trusted leader and a loved comrade, and I should have asked no better than to be allowed to serve him all my days. Yet I serve the queen, and in that I do most truly serve her lover.

Times change for all of us. The roaring flood of youth goes by, and the stream of life sinks to a quiet flow. Sapt is an old man now; soon my sons will be grown up, men enough themselves to serve Queen Flavia. Yet the memory of Rudolf Rassendyll is fresh to me as on the day he died, and the vision of the death of Rupert of Hentzau dances often before my eyes. It may be that some day the whole story shall be told, and men shall judge of it for themselves. To me it seems now as though all had ended well. I must not be misunderstood: my heart is still sore for the loss of him. But we saved the queen's fair fame, and to Rudolf himself the fatal stroke came as a relief from a choice too difficult: on the one side lay what impaired his own honor, on the other what threatened hers. As I think on this my anger at his death is less, though my grief cannot be. To this day I know not how he chose; no, and I don't know how he should have chosen. Yet he had chosen, for his face was calm and clear.

Come, I have thought so much of him that I will go now and stand before his monument, taking with me my last-born son, a little lad of ten. He is not too young to desire to serve the queen, and not too young to learn to love and reverence him who sleeps there in the vault and was in his life the noblest gentleman I have known.

I will take the boy with me and tell him what I may of brave King Rudolf, how he fought and how he loved, and how he held the queen's honor and his own above all things in this world. The boy is not too young to learn such lessons from the life of Mr. Rassendyll. And while we stand there I will turn again into his native tongue—for, alas, the young rogue loves his toy soldiers better than his Latin!—the inscription that the queen wrote with her own hand, directing that it should be inscribed in that stately tongue over the tomb in which her life lies buried. "To Rudolf, who reigned lately in this city, and reigns for ever in her heart. —QUEEN FLAVIA."

I told him the meaning, and he spelt the big words over in his childish voice; at first he stumbled, but the second time he had it right, and recited with a little touch of awe in his fresh young tones:

RUDOLFO
Qui in hac civitate nuper regnavit
In corde ipsius in æternum regnat
FLAVIA REGINA.

I felt his hand tremble in mine, and he looked up in my face.

"God save the Queen, father," said he.

THE END.

THE FIGHTING STRENGTH OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY F. W. HEWES.

IN view of the war with Spain and the possibility presented by it of difficulties with other European nations, it becomes interesting to consider how the United States compare with the various nations of Europe in general power to prosecute and sustain war. Of course, in the matter of standing armies and permanent equipment—in every-day readiness for war—several European nations are better off than the United States; and in the earlier stages of a war, readiness is undoubtedly an advantage. But it is not the only item, and in a long and general war it would not be the most important item, in what may be called a nation's war potential: that is, the assemblage and sum of all the resources upon which a nation must draw in the conduct and support of a war. Only by comparing them in the whole of their several war potentials, in the sum of their resources for war, can we come at any just determination of the relative capacities of the United States and the nations of Europe to cope with each other.

ILLUSTRATION NO. 1.

National quotas if nine per cent. of population were called into service: Russia, 8,700,000; United States, 6,600,000; Germany, 4,700,000; England, 3,800,000; Austria, 3,700,000; France, 3,400,000; Spain, 1,600,000.

ILLUSTRATION NO. 2.

National quotas when equipped in proportion to national resources: United States, 20,500,000; Russia, 13,500,000; England, 13,200,000; Germany, 11,800,000; France, 11,000,000; Austria, 7,400,000; Spain, 3,900,000.

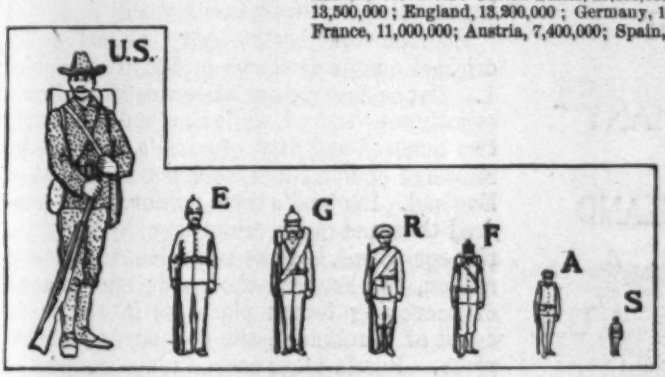


ILLUSTRATION NO. 3.

National quotas with additions made for relative equipment and relative efficiency: United States, 35,500,000; England, 22,000,000; Germany, 16,100,000; Russia, 15,700,000; France, 13,800,000; Austria, 9,250,000; Spain, 4,700,000.

It is such a comparison that is herein undertaken.*

Naturally, the first measure is that of numerical strength. According to the official reports on file at the War Department, as interpreted by Lieut. W. R. Hamilton, 5th Artillery, U. S. Army, the full military organization of Germany, on a war footing, including the first and second reserves, is nine per cent. of the total population. Adopting this percentage as the standard of what it is fairly possible to derive in soldiery from a given national population, and applying it to the United States, England, France, Austria, Russia, as well as to Germany, and also to Spain, and we have the result shown in Illustration No. 1.†

By this it is readily seen that, if each nation were to call out the full nine per cent. of its population, only Russia would outrank the United States in the number of recruits secured for military service. Germany, England, Austria, France, and Spain would all fall below us, in the order named.

This, however, is the showing on a mere count of individuals, and compares only the unequipped and unorganized quotas of the several powers. In civilized nations there are two physical factors in military force—enrolled men and equipment. By equipment is meant clothing, food, shelter, accoutrements, and armament of both land and naval forces. A thousand men well fed, clothed, sheltered, and armed may easily be a match, as a mere physical force only, for two or three times their number, half starved, poorly clad and sheltered, and provided with inferior arms and accoutrements. The next step, then, is to compare the several armies after they have all been presumably equipped according to the relative resources of their respective nations.

That nation which has the largest wealth per capita is, other things being equal, in the position to most efficiently equip its army and navy; and among the nations chosen for this comparison that nation is England. The one having the

ILLUSTRATION NO. 4.

Production of pig iron (in tons) in the United States and England.

* Most of the data used as the basis of comparison are derived from the eminent English statistician, M. G. Mulhall, and are, therefore, presumably very trustworthy; they especially cannot be suspected of unjustly favoring the United States. Mr. Mulhall's figures, however, bring the records down to only 1887–1890; and therefore miss the continued advancement of the United States since those dates. Such figures as are drawn from other sources are especially credited to those sources. In comparisons of industries and financial conditions, England means the United Kingdom, Russia means European Russia.

† In this comparison, England means the United Kingdom and Canada; under France and Spain none of their colonies are included; and Russia means simply European Russia. In most cases, colonies and dependencies are practically nations by themselves, and are properly left out of the comparison.

ILLUSTRATION NO. 5.

Monthly issues of newspapers.

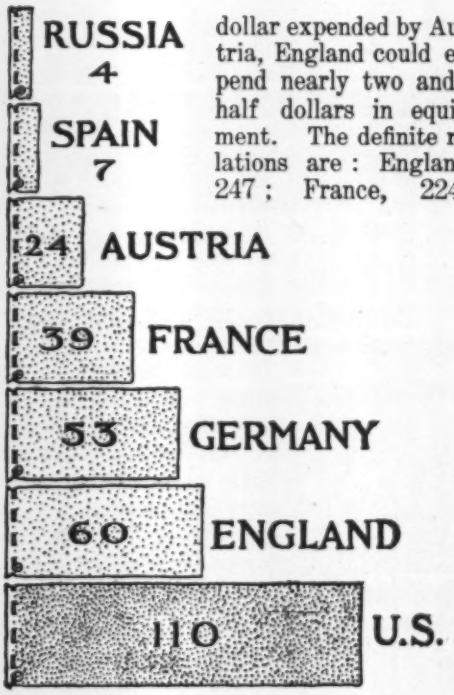


ILLUSTRATION NO. 6.

Post-Office Business.—Letters, papers, and parcels for each inhabitant.

least wealth per capita is Russia. By Mulhall's figures, it appears that the relative wealth of the nations here compared is such that, for each dollar expended by Austria, England could expend nearly two and a half dollars in equipment. The definite relations are: England, 247; France, 224; United States, 210; Spain, 148; Germany, 140; Austria, 99; Russia, 55.

Now, assuming that at a wealth per capita represented by 100, the efficiency of the original national quota will be doubled by equipment, and increasing the equivalent of each of the original quotas, according to the ratios of per capita wealth indicated in Mulhall's figures, we arrive at the relative physical power of the several national armies. The result of this second step in the investigation is presented in Illustration No. 2.

England and Austria have almost equal original quotas as shown in Illustration No. 1. But as Austria's relative wealth is almost exactly one hundred, while England's is nearly two hundred and fifty, Austria's increase by reason of equipment is much less than that of England. England's three million, eight hundred thousand raw recruits have, by her superior equipment, become equivalent to thirteen million, two hundred thousand; and instead of occupying fourth place, as in the mere count of enrollment, she now occupies third place. Russia takes second place instead of first; and the United States, with an equivalent raised from six million, six hundred thousand to twenty million, five hundred thousand, takes first place, and is seven millions ahead of her closest competitor.

Thus far the respective armies are only collected and equipped. They are yet to be organized, drilled, and operated. They will be efficient in actual service exactly according to the intellectual or mental power and potential energy of the nation from which they are drawn. How can this element be measured? We get a very fair indication of it by comparing the relative national industrial advancement resulting from the application of steady, far-sighted intelligence. Another fair indication is had in a comparison of the numbers of newspapers and periodicals published and circulated; and yet another in a comparison of the amount of mail matter transported and distributed. Each of these is important; but back of them all, and giving the initial impulse to each of them, is the general educational policy of a nation and its practical, actual application. Of this the most available measure is the per capita expenditure of each nation for educational purposes. Ratios of such expenditures are given in the report of the Commissioner of Education of the United States for all the nations taken into our comparison, except Spain and Austria. No figures are given for Spain, and those for Austria are incomplete. The ratios for those two countries are therefore

estimated from Mulhall's records of newspaper issues and post-office business. The several ratios as thus ascertained are: United States, 228; England, 132; Germany, 103; France, 81; Spain, 50; Austria, 50; Russia, 26.

Assuming here, as in the matter of national wealth, that a per capita expenditure for educational purposes represented by 100 doubles the efficiency of the original quota, and adding accordingly, for each nation, to the total obtained by allowing for equipment and shown in Illustration No. 2, the result exhibited in Illustration No. 3 is obtained.

The position of the United States becomes, under this third comparison, so preëminent, that one almost doubts if the ground of the comparison is justly chosen. But we come to practically the same result if we employ other and more special comparisons. Thus it is a fair proposition that it takes sagacity and mental energy—that is, brain power—to persistently accumulate wealth, to rapidly reduce indebtedness, and to make persistent and rapid comparative industrial progress in the face of established and ascendant competition. Among European nations, England has most persistently accumulated wealth; she has steadily reduced her indebtedness, and has held the highest industrial position. Thus, during the thirty years between 1860 and 1890, England's accumulated wealth almost doubled. During the same period, however, the accumulated wealth of the United States almost quadrupled. Between 1880 and 1890, England's indebtedness per capita diminished until, from being $102.52, it became only $87.79. But in 1880 the debt per capita of the United States was only $38.33, and it constantly lessened, so that in 1890 it was down to $14.63. This is the comparison for a recent ten years of normal conditions. But the result becomes still more decisive in favor of the United States if we extend the term of the comparison; for back in 1867, at the close of the War, the debt per capita of the United States was $69.26, and in 1893 it was only $12.55. Of the relative standing of the two countries in general industrial progress we have a very fair index in Illustration No. 4, which shows the progress made in each in the production of pig iron. A comparison of them in the items of woolen and cotton manufactures results no less—indeed, rather more—to the credit of the United States. Other comparisons, of similar character, embracing the whole seven nations, all tending to exhibit their relations in this one respect of mental quality and energy, and all enforcing the pre-eminence of the United States, are made in the illustrations numbered from 5 to 12, both inclusive; in view of all which, the advantage enjoyed by the United States in Illustration No. 3 seems to be more than justified.

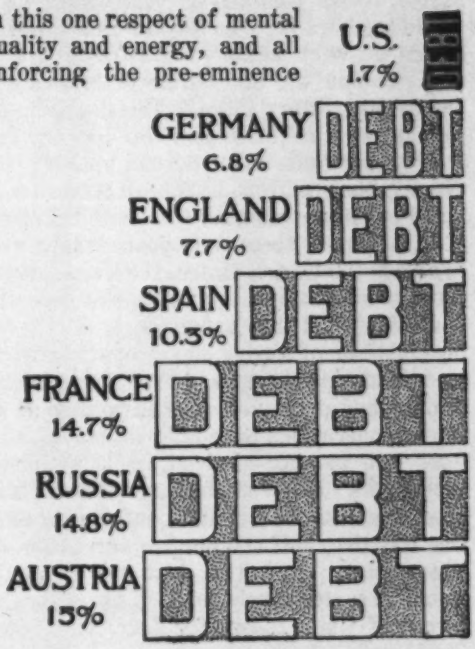


ILLUSTRATION NO. 7.

Percentage of national debt to national wealth.

So far the national military forces have been compared individually, nation with nation. Suppose now that there were a combination of the greater European nations against the United

ILLUSTRATION NO. 8.

Value of iron and steel manufactures.

States, what position of relative strength would we occupy? To answer this question let us go back again to Illustration No. 3, and combine the six European armies into one great military force. This done, the result appears in Illustration No. 13; and it is readily seen that, under normal military conditions, the six great European powers combined greatly overmatch the United States.

If, however, these European armies were to attack the United States, the United States forces would have the advantage of defensive operations, and that under the greatly favoring condition of having one compact territory to defend, unembarrassed by outlying islands or detached portions. The advantage of defensive operations is usually estimated as at least two to one. Indeed, it is estimated that in the Civil War the aggregate number of soldiers enrolled in the Confederate army was less than half the number enrolled in the Union army; and yet, with poorer equipment, they stubbornly resisted the attacking forces of Union troops for four long years. For the sake, however, of keeping well within bounds, let us subtract only forty per cent., instead of fifty, from the total efficiency of the attacking forces, as the advantage of the United States from being on the defensive only, and we have the result shown in Illustration No. 14.

It still appears that the six European nations overmatch the United States. But this estimate, it is to be considered, presupposes that each army is operating with its base of supplies equally convenient to its field of action. In this instance the attacking force would be three thousand miles by water from its base of supplies; while the defensive army would have its source of support immediately at hand, with the most comprehensive system of railways in the world, to gather and distribute the largest supplies of food and other products on the face of the globe.

ILLUSTRATION NO. 9.

Value of live stock (cattle, horses, sheep, and swine) per capita.

ILLUSTRATION NO. 10.

Meat production (beef, mutton, and pork), pounds per capita.

These conditions would give the army of the United States an additional advantage quite as great as that of ordinary defense. Allowing now for this, the attacking force shrinks in equivalents to the proportion presented in Illustration No. 15; and the United States become a full match for the combined armies of the six great European powers, without taking into account the fact that the six powers would, if combined to act together to crush the United States, still have their individual interests to serve, which would yet further decrease their effectiveness, if it did not actually result in turning them against each other.

There are other significant items, that, while not showing great preponderance in favor of the United States, are yet worthy of mention. These are the physique and vitality of the men who would compose the

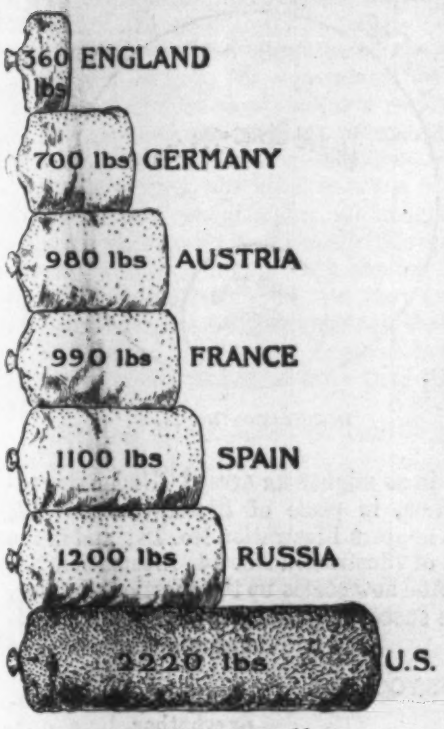


ILLUSTRATION NO. 11.

Grain production—pounds per capita.

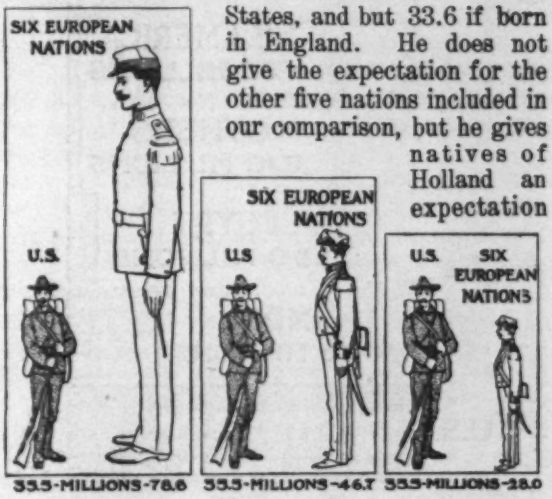


ILLUSTRATION NO. 13. ILLUSTRATION NO. 14. ILLUSTRATION NO. 15.

STRENGTH OF THE UNITED STATES IN COMPARISON WITH THE SIX EUROPEAN NATIONS COMBINED.

In No. 13 the conditions are equal for all the nations. In No. 14 the United States have the advantage of operating on the defensive, and in No. 15 is added to this the further advantage of having their enemy 3,000 miles from his base of supplies.

armies. Dr. Gould, who investigated the physical condition of the soldiers constituting the armies of the United States in 1863 (during our Civil War), gives the average height of those born in this country as 67.8 inches (5 feet 7.8 inches); of those born in Canada, seven-tenths of an inch less; of those born in Ireland, eight-tenths of an inch less; of those born in England and Germany, one and one-tenth inches less; of those born in France, one and three-tenths inches less; and of those born in Spain, one and seven-tenths inches less.

Whether this superior physical development of the men of American birth is at the expense of vitality is indicated, in part at least, by Mulhall, whose figures make the expectation of life of males at thirty years of age 35.3 years if born in the United States, and but 33.6 if born in England. He does not give the expectation for the other five nations included in our comparison, but he gives natives of Holland an expectation of but 32.1, and natives of Belgium an expectation of but 31.2 years.

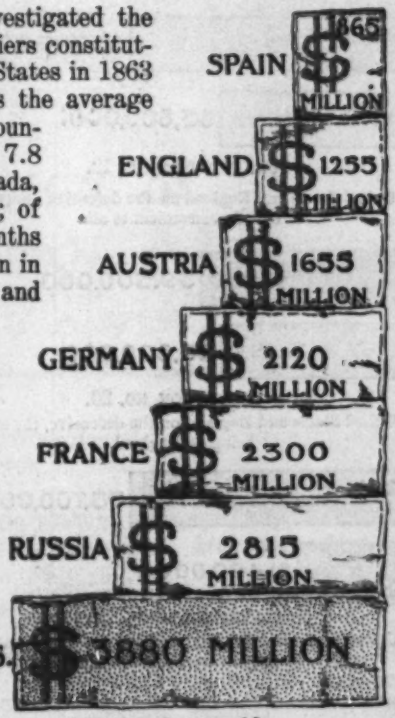


ILLUSTRATION NO. 12.

Total agricultural production.

It is of interest in this connection to inquire into the respective abilities of the United States and England to sustain an independent existence were either to be completely blockaded by opposing forces. The group of comparisons given in the Illustrations 4 to 17, inclusive, presents a vivid picture of the ability of the United States to sustain an isolated existence. This country could subsist abundantly were all the other land area of the whole world sunk beneath the waves of a universal ocean. On the other hand, were England shut out from commerce with the world at large, her existence would be but brief unless she learned to live on very short rations. In 1860,

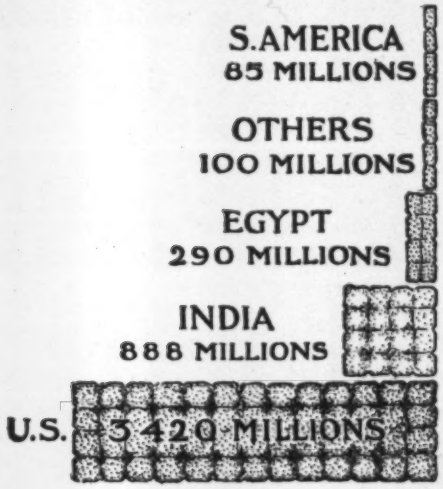


ILLUSTRATION NO. 16.

Raw cotton production of the world in pounds.

ILLUSTRATION NO. 17.

England imported seven per cent. of all the meat she consumed and thirty-three per cent. of all the wheat. Since then the proportion of both imported has continually increased; so that in 1889 thirty-nine per cent. of the meat consumed, and sixty-nine per cent. of the wheat, was imported. To reduce England's meat supply to sixty-one per cent. and her bread (wheat) supply to thirty-one per cent. of present consumption, would be to compel starvation for a very large share of her population.

There is much talk latterly of alliances, defensive or offensive or both, between the United States and Great Britain. If such an alliance came to pass, and the United States and Great Britain were pitted against a combination of Germany, France, Austria, Russia, and Spain, how would the war potential figure out for the respective sides in so mighty an array? Under this assumption, in place of Illustration No. 13, there appears Illustration No. 18; and in the place of Illustration No. 14, Illustration No. 19. And now comes up the question whether, in the succeeding contest, the Continental alliance would make its attack on England or on the United States, or whether, by a division of forces, it would attack both at once.

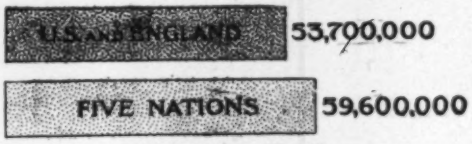


ILLUSTRATION NO. 18.

Conditions equal for all nations.

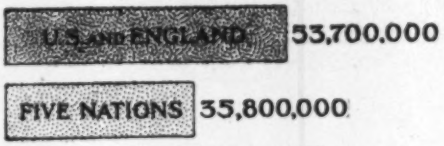


ILLUSTRATION NO. 19.

United States and England on the defensive; supplies equally convenient to all.

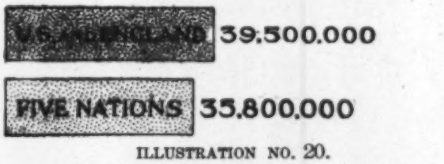


ILLUSTRATION NO. 20.

United States and England on the defensive, the attack being on England.

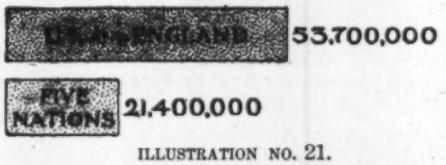


ILLUSTRATION NO. 21.

United States and England on the defensive, the attack being on the United States.

COMBINED STRENGTH OF THE UNITED STATES AND ENGLAND IN COMPARISON WITH FIVE CONTINENTAL NATIONS COMBINED.

Illustration No. 20 presents a comparison of the relative strengths were the attack made on England. In that event the equivalents of the American-English side are diminished from the proportions of Illustrations No. 18 and No. 19, since the equivalent of the United States would be reduced by forty per cent., for the reason that the United States forces, operating three thousand miles from their base of supplies, would be at the same disadvantage as would European forces operating on this side of the ocean. It is seen that the preponderance of military force would, even in that event,

be on the side of the United States and England.

Were the combined attack to be made on the United States, the equivalents of the Continental nations would suffer a reduction of forty per cent. on account of operations three thousand miles from supplies, while England's armies, operating as allies of the United States, would suffer no reduction, because this country could easily furnish an abundance of supplies for both armies from its own immense resources. In that event, the preponderance of equivalents on the side of the United States and England is seen (Illustration No. 21) to be more than two to one.

Were the attack made on both England and the United States simultaneously, the relative combinations of equivalents is found by returning to Illustration No. 19, and reducing the equivalents of the nations operating against the United States by forty per cent., because for those nations supplies would have to be transported across the Atlantic.

In alliance with England, therefore, and in a contest that depended, not on momentary advantages, but on absolute strength and resources, the United States would have nothing to fear from a European combination. And they still would have nothing to fear, in such a contest, though they stood alone and England were in alliance against them. In the final outcome of any war, therefore, the victory would certainly be with the United States.

The Conscience of Alderman McGinnis

BY OCTAVE THANET

BILLY HUNTER came back from the meeting at almost twelve o'clock, dead tired. His wife had the coffee hot for him, and brought him in a steaming cup, without asking a question. Judith Hunter had been out at service before she married Billy, and she had learned a good many things besides cooking beef to a turn.

Billy sat with his legs out and his head sagging on his breast. It was a spring day; but Iowa springs have chilly nights following sunny days, and the warmth of the fire, in the air-tight stove, was grateful to him. To another observer it might seem a plain little parlor; and he might smile over the mingling of the gorgeous chromos that came with their garden seeds (neatly framed in brown paper) and two or three photographs of famous pictures. But to Billy the fresh paint and bright paper, the ribbon and lace tidies, the one plush easy chair and the glistening cabinet organ made it a dream of luxury. They had eight rooms in the house, if you include the lean-to, which was such a

comfortable laundry and summer kitchen for Judith. It was a very good house, indeed; and the garden was so large that Judith kept a tiny poultry-yard. In the summer it was beautiful to sit on their own piazza and be shaded by their tree (really a tree large enough to shade) and to look at the honeysuckle and geraniums and the green rows of onions and parsley. No landowner in town could be prouder than Billy had been yesterday of his little domain. Now his handsome brow wrinkled sullenly above his black eyes and he gazed about him in a dreary stare, seeing and not seeing, like a man taking farewell. He sighed before he drank the coffee. His wife, still saying no word, smoothed the short curls which his hat had matted on his forehead. He patted her hand. She was a tall woman, as tall as he, and of a fine, supple figure. Her eyes were very bright, and her skin very clear, and she had delicate, irregular features, which changed so prettily when she talked that no one ever found fault with their irregularity.

"It's you that I'm thinking about, Judith, you and the kid," said Hunter; he nodded his head towards the open door through which one could see a cradle-rocker.

"We'll do, Billy," said Judith. "Come now, you eat a piece of pie; it'll do you more good now than for breakfast; and I'll get your pipe. Are they going to strike, then?"

"Well, as bad. They voted to send a committee to Hollister and ask him to submit their differences to an arbitration committee, or they'll strike Monday. Hollister won't listen to them. Not to anybody, I guess, and not to Robb and Luke Wigger, anyhow. He sent Luke off a week ago, and the other man is Johnny Mellin, who's mild as skim milk and was put on to represent us. He'll set there and git red in the face, and say, 'That's right,' to whoever speaks last."

"But did you speak to them, Billy? Did you say the things you were going to?"

Billy's face grew red. "Yes, I did; and I wish I hadn't; I never made a speech before; but I felt so worked up about this I thought I could talk to the boys, jest give 'em plain sense how this here strike ain't got a show on God's earth of succeeding; but—you'll say you got a fool for a husband, Judy—I got up on my legs and I got scared; I was jest as scared as I used to be when I'd play hookey, when I was a kid, and met Father Mahan, and he'd be saying, 'Is your mother sick, Billy Hunter, that you're out of school?' I could feel my voice wabbling under me, and all I could get out was some fool things about a strike that failed was worse than no strike; and then Robb, he got up, so slick and with such a lot of fine, big words about organized labor and the great union behind us and capital already on the run; and he worked 'em up about those new fellers (and they are a disgrace; they can't manage their blast no how; and they may be killing somebody any day!) and he got the boys fighting mad; and he called me his cautious friend—like I was a coward! And then they all hollered. You see he's got such a way with him, a little, smiling, white-teethed feller and smart as a steel trap, and there ain't anything on earth we workingmen like like a feller who can talk."

"He sighed before he drank the coffee."

"Can't he see himself it's crazy?"

"He sees we've got $2,000 in the treasury, and how we've been cut down and cut down this winter; and he sees Hollister's got some big orders on now; and that's all he does see. If you tell him Hollister's ob-

stinate's the devil, he jest laughs and says he's heard folks threaten to bite off their noses to spite their faces before, but they don't do it, all the same, and Hollister can't bluff him. I don't think Hollister's so bad as they make him out. But he's got the devil's own temper, when you git his mad up. They'd have struck this very same night if it hadn't been for young Fitzmaurice."

"But he don't belong to the union," said Judith, who was now seated by her husband, listening with absorbing interest; "how'd he get in?"

"Well, we've had him for a lawyer, 'cause he worked for nothing and he was a poor boy that's worked up; and he certainly has done well by us. Well, he came in, in time to see Robb wipe up the floor with me; and he made a speech; said he just got back to town this afternoon, with Alderman McGinnis, and he wasn't prepared to speak, but he hoped they would give themselves time to see things clear. Two things was necessary, to have a good cause and a fighting chance to win; so he got them to appoint the committee, that was the best he could do. Fitz is a good man, but he can't stop the boys. They've got a head of steam on, and they're bound to let her whiz. It's a kind of crazy fever. They're mad at me: boys I helped many a time. Now they're mad!"

His wife looked at him wistfully. "If they strike, will it be a long strike, Billy?"

"God knows! I went to see Harry Lossing, and says he: 'Don't you let the hotheads fool you. Hollister's got his mad up; he's going to run his business or quit. He knows where he can get some new men, and if you strike, he'll get them. You boys will maybe fight a week, a month, two months; and then you will have to go back on his terms, or you won't have the chance to go back at all."

Judith clasped her hands together involuntarily. "But if you strike, how will we pay for the house?"

"We can't pay for the house. Not unless—"

He hesitated, and she completed the word for him: "Not unless my brother could pay you back what you lent him. But he'll be out of a job, too."

"That's it. And we got to live, too. And if the stores trust us, they'll have to be paid. Mr. Lossing, he was awful kind, and said, 'You tell Judy not to worry, she shan't lose her house;' but we can't lay right down on him. I don't see how a man, jest to git himself talked about, jest to make a name in the newspapers and have folks say what a big man he is—I don't see how he can be bringing other men to ruin that way. Josh felt awful 'bout it; he got up and said how he was situated, and how, after being sick so much and his family sick, he was jest gittin' on his feet and this would knock him flat again. He 'most cried, he felt so bad. But it didn't do no good. They're crazy!"

Judith found no word of cheer; but she did not ask him whether he could not keep at work whatever the others did. The workingman's wife recognizes the workingman's code of honor as well as he. "There's only one man," said Billy, "who can do anything; that's Alderman McGinnis—"

"He got the boys fighting mad."

"Oh, Billy, won't he? But they say he's a bad man, and you got some of the boys to vote against him."

"I don't know; that's what Mr. Lossing said, and young Harry; and you living so long in their family and they giving us such nice presents, of course I wanted to work like he asked; and I didn't think it was right spending so much money on the streets—though I may be glad enough to come to a street job myself, little as I ever thought it!" he added, with a groan. "I wish I hadn't gone against him now, for I got to go to see him, with Fitzmaurice and young Lossing, to-morrow."

"Will he help you, do you think, Billy?"

"I ain't much hope. You see he's after an oil or lard or some kind of inspectorship, good pay and awful little work; and Timberly can git it for him; and Timberly's for the strike, and I bet he won't mad Timberly and the boys, too."

"But why is Mr. Timberly for striking? Don't he know—"

"He don't care, Judy. He's running for the legislature, and he wants the labor vote; so he's making a big splurge."

"How smart you are, Billy, about such things," said the wife, proudly.

But the unfeigned praise only brought a dark cloud to the man's brow. "I was forgetting another bad thing," said he. "Morris, the foreman, he is going to Illinois, to his wife's folks; he's got a job there; and he told me to-day he recommended me to the boss; and he as much as said he'd speak about me to Hollister—"

"Oh, Billy, do you call that bad news? It would be fifteen dollars a month more; it would pay the payments on the house!"

"And do you think," said Billy, bitterly, "do you think that they'll be making a striker a foreman? No; they'll bring a strange feller, and put him over us!"

He got up; he began to walk the floor in strong agitation. "Then, it ain't all that—it's more; I've worked at the Hollister, man and boy, for almost fifteen years. Well I remember my poor mother fetching me to Moore, who was foreman then, and his promising me a job. I began at a dollar and fifty cents a week, and I was that proud—oh, Judy, I'll be lost without the shop! One day Hollister, the old man himself, went through and seen me at a casting. 'That's a good job you're making, Hunter,' says he. He remembered my name. He knows a good job when he sees one. There's good things about the old man, if he is pig-headed."

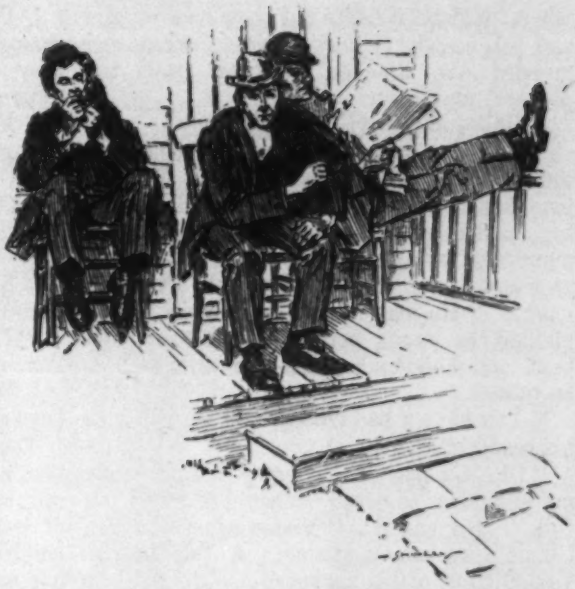
"I can't but think it'll come right," urged Judith. She comforted him, unreasonably, but just as efficiently as wives do comfort their husbands, whatever their class, I may say, whatever their intellect. Insensibly, under the spell of her pretended hopefulness and her real tenderness, his heavy heart lightened and his sore vanity was soothed. But it was late in the morning before he fell asleep. Perhaps it was later before the wife, who had seemed so peacefully slumbering, drifted beyond the reach of her own forebodings.

"The father came out, hearing them, followed, in a moment, by the son."

Alderman McGinnis was popularly supposed to hold the Eighth Ward in the hollow of his hand. Rumor wagged her tongue and shook her head over the Alderman's paving contracts (his own private avocation was that of a contractor); she whispered how he led junketing parties of aldermen on visits to other cities, at the expense of rival railways, hoping to haul rival brickmakers' brick, and how

they partook freely of hospitality, both solid and liquid, furnished them; somehow, she declared aloud, he was in every "job" ever passed by the City Council. But the Eighth Ward, after every explosion of virtue on the part of his fellow citizens outside, grinned, and reëlected Alderman McGinnis.

It was in the latest unsuccessful assault that young Harry Lossing had locked horns with the popular alderman—and been defeated. Harry, at this time, had just been taken into business with his father; he was just beginning to feel the exhilarating pressure of large affairs on shoulders so young and strong that they welcomed rather than flinched from burdens, and he was in the first blaze of a young man's enthusiasm for municipal reform. He had spent days, running about the town, marshaling the languid and reluctant forces of the "decent citizens" against a certain paving contract of the Alderman's, and when the Alderman was too strong for him in the Council, had defied him in his own ward.



"The Whinneys had a teaspoon of a garden, and a small porch on which sat three of the wild boys, smoking."

Therefore, McGinnis had been elected by rather more than the usual majority, and that was how it came to pass that poor Billy Hunter, all night, was haunted by snatches of his own speeches against the arbiter of the Eighth Ward and tortured his brain trying (in the clumsy fashion of a man used to express himself by action only) to explain those fatal jokes and criticisms.

Before Harry had finished his breakfast next morning, the workingman was at the house, and the young reformer did not keep him waiting. It was barely half-past eight that Sunday morning, when Harry was seen by the neighbors driving his father's light surrey and the fast gray horses (with Billy Hunter on the back seat) at a rattling pace down the hill.

They went first to Tommy Fitzmaurice's. Tommy (at the period of which I am writing) was a ward politician, and, in spite of Harry's fiery eloquence and his own affection for Harry, quite content with his moral lot. Now, although he joined the two at once, he gave Harry the corner of a wet blanket in his greeting.

"I'll tell you," said he, with rather a shamefaced expression, "I don't know which way Mac is going. I hope he looks at the strike the way I do, and that's the way you do; but I'm under too big obligations to Mac to fight him in this and risk his job, and that's the truth."

"But have you considered what mischief a hopeless strike like this will work?" began Harry, eagerly.

"I haven't slept two winks this night, considering nothing else," growled Tommy; "but I ain't fixed to fight Mac, and I don't want to, either."

"And what will Mac do?" said Harry, biting off a useless argument at his cigar end, biting it hard.

"That I can't say," Tommy answered. "I was there right after the meeting last night. He wasn't home. I left word that I'd be over this morning, but when I went over before breakfast he was gone. Left word he would see me this afternoon. I sat down and wrote him all about the thing, and told him I was on the chase after him, and if I didn't catch him, would he come over to pa's for a talk? I guess he will, but we'll try running him down first, because the committee may do more mischief than even Mac can undo if we wait. They said he had gone to Meyers'. The son was after him with a story of his mother being dead—and I guess," added Tommy, meditatively, "that the Alderman is about the only person in the world who ever gives them a civil word, and he does it from habit, without knowing."

It was a relief to be diverted by the Meyers' house, the scolding-stock of the ward, a lean and livid two-story tenement,

where, plainly, tenants did their own repairs and patched the rickety outside staircase and mended the crooked windows from the Meyers' junk heap.

"Hello, Meyers!" hailed Tommy.

The father came out, hearing them, followed, in a moment, by the son. The old man had a patriarchal white beard, a shining, bald head, and a forehead scored by innumerable wrinkles. He fastened a dim eye on the visitors, the only sign of life that he gave. "He can't spik on Englis," explained the young man, who was short and bent and hollow-cheeked, and coughed as he talked.

"You have a bad cold," said Harry, with his ready interest.

"Oh, it notin', notin', only like it make me set down so often—when I git the bag full." He added: "Mister Alderman McGinnis give me medicine. A full bottle. Taked it out of his pocket."

"Isn't he here?"

"No, he gone to next street, Whinneys der name. Say, he's a good man!" He spoke rapidly to his father in his own tongue, and, as if in answer, the old man nodded several times and lifted his trembling hands.

"He prays for him, he is so good," explained the son with a reverent air; "he seen about my mother's coffin—everything. He lend me all de money, and he git a friend take my junk for so I can pay; he's good—you bet!"

"If he is so good he can't want the strike to go on," thought Billy, as they drove on to the Whinneys'. Harry, in front, said not a word; what he thought of Alderman McGinnis's goodness he kept to himself. Neither did Fitzmaurice speak until they were reining up before Whinneys' white picket fence. "Here's the Whinneys'," said he, "largest family in the ward, four votes in it. Mrs. Whinneys is a widow and an awful hard worker, but the boys are wild."

The Whinneys had a teaspoon of a garden, and a small porch on which sat three of the wild boys, smoking, in their Sunday clothes. They said that the Alderman had gone to the widow Hoffman's.

"You all well?" asked Tommy.

"Well, yes; but Jimmy's in trouble." This from the eldest, the others mutely assenting.

"What's the matter with Jimmy?"

"Fight. Tony Becker. And he hit him harder'n he meant."

"Either of them drunk?"

"Both," said the brother, sententiously.

"Well, now, that's too bad," said Tommy sympathetically, as if he had been told that they were both cripples, and he clicked his tongue against his teeth.

"Ma's dreadful upset by it," said the youngest brother.

"Of course. Say, how about bail?"

"Oh, Mr. McGinnis seen about that. That'll be all right."

"Got into the papers?"

"No, sir. Mr. McGinnis he seen a reporter. Maybe he can keep it out."

"There's a man to tie to!" exclaimed Tommy, warmly.

"That's right!" cried all the Whinneys boys in concert.

Then Harry drove on to the widow Hoffman's. The widow was slowly dying of an incurable disease. She had been a woman of mark in the ward, rearing five orphan children with never a cent from her husband, nor so much as a lump of coal from the poor overseer; and yet of no one in the ward were there recorded more acts of kindness, small and great. The widow's Sunday cap showed at the window. She was a large-featured, gray-haired woman, who smiled with her eyes oftener than with her lips, a woman that strangers called plain, but it wouldn't be well for one to use that word in speaking of her in the Eighth Ward. No less than three nosegays and a loose bunch of hot-house roses brightened the table before her. She beckoned with her hand, and Tommy led the way into the house, the door of which was opened by her daughter. The Alderman had gone on, the girl explained; he only stopped to bring her mother some roses; but wouldn't the gentlemen step in—her mother was wanting to speak with Mr. Lossing.

"I was wanting to ask you, knowing you knew Mr. Hollister; will they strike at the Hollister?" the widow asked, an eager tremor in her tones.

"I hope not, I don't know," answered Harry, whom Tommy in his young days had often brought to see the widow; "we are looking for McGinnis, in hopes he can do something to stop it."

"That he can, and that he will," declared the widow, earnestly; "he is a good man, Michael McGinnis. And the influence he has is wonderful. Though why shouldn't he have, when he's always helping somebody? But I heard, yesterday, the men was terribly stirred up; and I've been that distressed, I can't quiet my mind at all."

"But," said Harry, rather stupidly, "I thought your sons weren't in the Hollister?"

The widow looked surprised. "No, to be sure, sir, God be thanked! Did you think it was for myself I was scared? Oh, it ain't for me and mine, it's for all the sore hearts there'll be in this neighborhood. Poor Mrs. Whinneys, she was crying over it this very morning. 'The boys 'll be on the street from morning till night,' says she, 'and God knows what'll happen!' You've heard of her trouble? 'Twas the strike made the fight. And Molly Aiken, the dressmaker, she was worrying how she wouldn't have no work—oh, there's more misery than just losing wages comes from a strike; and so I told the Alderman."

"... Her mother was wanting to speak with Mr. Lossing."

"I hope he agreed with you, Mrs. Hoffman." Billy spoke out of his anxiety, meeting her eye at that second.

"He says, 'Don't you fret, Mrs. Hoffman; it'll all come right in the wash!' You know his joking way. And I'm hoping more now."

Billy's own hopes began to warm his heart again. He left the widow's comforted. But Harry Lossing frowned. Tommy's handsome Irish face was as impassive as a mask.

They drove to many places after the Alderman. They heard of more than one saying and doing of his. Here it was a joke, and there a shrewd bargain, and most often a trivial, good-natured kindness. But they did not find him. And presently Fitzmaurice, who had grown thoughtful, spoke testily: "I hope to the Lord, Mac ain't lying low, waiting for the cat to jump before he commits himself. But it looks like it. If he is, it's all up with heading off the strike."

"Maybe he's in Moseley's," suggested Billy, "he goes there sometimes, or maybe home."

"He isn't home; did you see that boy talking to me at the last place we stopped? I sent him to Mac's, and he'd just got back. Mac hadn't been home, and he'd sent word he wouldn't be home to dinner. I don't like the way things look. But we can try Moseley's. No harm in trying, as the burglar said of the latch-key."

Moseley kept the corner grocery. He was sunning himself on his store steps, smoking one of his own "elegant cigars," which he retailed at a nickel apiece.

"Mac?" he said. "Why, certainly. I see him not two hours ago; he was driving by with Captain Timberly."

"Much obliged," said Tommy. Harry's jaw dropped.

"Say they're going to have a strike at Hollister's," the grocer continued, while the two young men stood uncertain. "I hope not. Strike's a fearful bad thing for business, fearful. I got a lot of Hollister men on my books. They're good pay; there ain't no better pay than workin' people; but when you ain't got the money—where are you?"

"That's right," said Tommy, "good morning." He looked at Harry. Harry was driving very fast. "What's your next move?" said he.

"I'm going to Hollister, himself," said Harry. "McGinnis doesn't mean to risk his popularity or his job. He has no more conscience than a saloon sign. I'll drop you wherever you say, and Hunter and I will go to Hollister—I know he's at the office this morning—and we'll talk to him as two honest men to a third, and we may do something."

"He was sunning himself on his store steps."

"I may not be an honest man," said Tommy, quietly; "but if you let me, I'll go with you. I can't help it if I didn't find Mac."

Harry gave his friend a gleam of his blue eyes, which missed fire, however, for Tommy was scowling at the off horse's head. They drove along the wide street lined on either side by one and two story houses, many of them freshly painted, all with their little gardens. The windows, in general, had white lace curtains to one side. You could see that the families in the Eighth Ward kept a parlor. There were few people on the streets. The plain church, with the gleaming red walls and white spire that bore aloft the symbol of sacrifice and peace, sent forth a single peal of bells. Tommy, half unconsciously, bent his head and crossed himself. He looked up, and saw the grim walls of the great foundry where Hollister meant to run his own business. The smallest of the doors opened, through which four men emerged in a huddle. One of them swung the door half open again, for a parting speech. He was a portly man, still young, with black curls that shone in the sun. He wore a dazzling spring suit of gray flannel and a scarlet tie, and one large, white hand swung a gold-headed cane.

"If there isn't Mac, himself!" exclaimed Tommy.

"And Robb and Johnny and Luke with him!" gasped Hunter.

The three men looked up and nodded. Johnny Mellin bestowed a furtive wink and smile on the astonished Hunter, who barely noticed him, for Fitzmaurice had asked:

"How about the strike?" And the Alderman had answered: "Oh, the strike's off, I guess. Good morning, Mr. Lossing. While you're talking to Mr. Hollister, I want a word with Mr. Fitzmaurice and Mr. Hunter; I guess he and I will agree on this business, though we don't always. Hey, Mr. Hunter?"

Billy colored and choked. But he was spared necessity for reply, since the Alderman (towards whom he now felt a veneration similar to that expressed by the young Russian) had rested one foot on the hub of the wheel and was explaining the morning events to Tommy Fitzmaurice with much relish.

"I heard something down town last night that made me open my eyes. The idea of their cooking up such a thing when my back was turned! Well, I didn't lose no time. I went straight to Hollister and saw how he felt; he knew I would give him straight goods and treated me nice, and I got him to promise to see the committee, Robb and all" —he winked the eye furthest from Billy slowly at the young man on the front seat; and Tommy nodded gravely, to imply that he appreciated how far gratified vanity might work with a young labor leader—"then, I saw Wigger"—this time Billy was included in the wink, and the elbow on the cushion rail moved a hand suggestively in the molder's direction—"I guess we all understand what Luke wants, he wants to be greased! And I guess, if the truth was known, he's pretty near the bottom of this trouble. Robb is ambitious and young, and wants to make a name for himself, and goes off at half cock, but he's honest as the sun. But Luke Wigger went into this hoping to git his job back—that's Luke—or to git money if he couldn't. You got to bluff him or you got to buy him. Hollister wouldn't buy him, so, seeing I know a thing or two about brother Wigger, I bluffed him. Never mind how! His only chance to git any kind of a job is from us, and we've got him. Then I told Robb, Johnny Mellin and I, or you can put it, Johnny told Robb and I, the real state of things; and I added a little; and we went to the office. The old man saw us. When-

ever there was any hitch, I told 'em a story; and—well, before we went the old man had his cigars out; and I guess Robb knows it's better sometimes to settle a strike than to let her flicker.

"He's after a reputation as a peacemaker with honor now. But we got to hustle this afternoon, all of us, and git our men together, and then Robb will give 'em taffy, and Hollister has promised a little bit; and we'll have the meeting, and settle the strike flat! See?"

They were all three (for Billy was flattered deeply by the way the Alderman asked his opinion on subjects of which he knew a good deal) discussing how to see the most men and do the most in the shortest time when Harry Lossing returned. Some of Hollister's speeches were sticking in his brain. "Look here, Lossing, you may say what you please, that Irishman has got something more than boodle in him,"—this was one of them—"the way he managed those fellows and by ——, the way he managed me, was immense! And I'm hanged if I don't believe he was disinterested in the affair. He'll get knifed by Timberly for his meddling [a true prediction], and I don't see that he stands to gain a thing except the consciousness that he's been decent!" With these words puzzling him, Harry went straight at the fence.

"Billy's eyes followed him across the macadam."

"I wasn't sure how you would feel, Mr. McGinnis," says he.

"You ever seen a big strike, young man?"

"Yes, I know what it is."

"Well, now, take it in. This is the ward that I represent, to the best of my humble ability. As long as I'm representing it, I go for what will help and for—against what will hurt it. Every time. Look at those fellers! They couldn't win that strike. Hollister's hard, some ways, and desperately aggravating; but he's honest; and he does a good many fair things. Strikers have got to have a howling grievance to win the public sympathy, and they ain't got it. They couldn't git sympathy or contributions or pressure or nothing! Then what would happen? A strike is the devil! It stirs up bad blood all over. It ain't only losing the wages, there's the hard feelings; and the boys idling on the streets and drinking; and the fights; and the women crying at home; and the store-keepers losing money; and the little bits of furniture going to the auction-room; and quarrels between friends—it's the very devil!"

"But Timberly?" Tommy said this.

"Timberly be hanged!" said the Alderman with deliberation.

"You haven't broken with Tim?" cried Tommy.

'I just have, then," said the Alderman; "between Mike McGinnis gitting an office, no matter how good, and the Eighth Ward going without meat for supper and having to sell its cabinet organs and sewing-machines and losing the little houses that ain't quite paid for—the office ain't in it, that's all I got to say!"

"Good leather!" shouted Tommy; and he wrung the Alderman's hand. Billy, blushing violently, held out his own. "You talk God's truth, Alderman," cried he, "and if you'll run for anything from President down, I'll feel honored to work for you. And Mr. Lossing can't blame me."

Harry laughed, and said something about being glad to work with McGinnis that day himself; and paid him a neat compliment with an ingenuous flush on his own young cheeks. Then, in turn, he held out his hand.

"Oh, that's all right," said McGinnis, looking rather surprised. It was several years before he understood entirely all that simple gesture meant from young Lossing. "Well, I see Father Mahan down the street, and I must git him ayfter the boys. See you later, gentlemen."

Billy's eyes followed him across the macadam. "He's a good man!" sighed Billy from the depths of a grateful heart.

"I think, myself, the recording angel can afford to do considerable blotting for Michael McGinnis on account of this day's work," says Harry. "He has a conscience, after all. And, Tom, I've been thinking this morning. I begin to see why Mac is so popular. If we fellows would study some of the machine methods, without dropping any of our principles, either, we mightn't find election such a blamed cold day."

Tommy did not return the expected smile. "I've been thinking, too," said Thomas Fitzmaurice; "if it's right for him to sacrifice his own interests and risk his popularity for the good of the ward, why isn't it right to do as much and sacrifice the interests of the ward, too, if necessary, for the good of the whole town?"

"But that's municipal good government. That's reform!"

"Oh, Lord! I guess I'll have to go for it!" groaned Tommy.

And thus, in one Sunday morning, did Alderman Michael McGinnis lose a good office, avert a strike, and unconsciously plant the seed that was to convert the brightest of his machine politicians, slowly but surely, into a reformer.

ADMIRAL DEATH.

By Henry Newbolt,

Author of "Admirals All," etc.

Boys, are ye calling a toast to-night?
(Hear what the sea-wind saith)
Fill for a bumper strong and bright,
And here's to Admiral Death!
He's sailed in a hundred builds o' boat,
He's fought in a thousand kinds o' coat,
He's the senior flag of all that float,
And his name's Admiral Death.

Which of you looks for a service free?
(Hear what the sea-wind saith)
The rules o' the service are but three
When ye sail with Admiral Death.
Steady your hand in time o' squalls,
Stand to the last by him that falls,
And answer clear to the voice that calls,
"Ay, ay! Admiral Death!"

How will ye know him among the rest?
(Hear what the sea-wind saith)
By the glint o' the stars that cover his breast
Ye may find Admiral Death.
By the forehead grim with an ancient scar,
By the voice that rolls like thunder far,
By the tenderest eyes of all that are,
Ye may know Admiral Death.

Where are the lads that sailed before?
(Hear what the sea-wind saith)
Their bones are white by many a shore,
They sleep with Admiral Death.
Oh! but they loved him, young and old,
For he left the laggard, and took the bold,
And the fight was fought, and the story's told,
And they sleep with Admiral Death.

Copyright, 1898, by Henry Newbolt

AMERICA REVISITED IN WAR TIME.

By Henry Norman.

Editor's Note.—Mr. Henry Norman is well known as an English traveler, author, and journalist. After courses of study in France and Germany, he chose Harvard for his university, and graduated there in 1881. His special field of work as author and journalist is foreign politics, and he may generally be looked for where any question of international diplomacy grows acute. This brought him to Washington immediately after President Cleveland's Venezuela message, and the abandonment of the "Schomburgk Line" as the special point in the British demand was due in large part to the official documents of half a century previous which Mr. Norman secured in Washington and cabled to the "Daily Chronicle." He was thanked by President Cleveland for his services to the cause of peace. His present visit to Washington is due, of course, to the war and the development of closer relations between the United States and Great Britain. Mr. Norman spent four years in the Far East, visiting among other countries the Philippine Islands, and he has published two well-known books on the Far Eastern peoples and countries. Mrs. Norman is also an author. She was, before her marriage, Miss Ménie Muriel Dowie, and is a grand-daughter of Dr. Robert Chambers of Edinburgh. She has written several books, the earliest being "A Girl in the Karpathians," and the latest, "The Crook of the Bough."

"Of course you fully understand," said Mr. Speaker Reed to me a few days ago, "that we have 'burst our swaddling-clothes'?" Everybody in the room smiled at the characteristic sarcasm. But does the inflated phrase rest upon a substratum of truth, or do the American people and the American idea stand virtually where they did three years ago? That is the most interesting question in the world to-day. It would be presumption to offer a confident answer: it is permissible to express an opinion.

When I graduated from Harvard, I thought I knew something of America. I found out my mistake after a few months spent in the West. During the seventeen years that have, alas! slipped away since then, American affairs have interested me in a degree second only to those of my own country. From time to time I have come back and corrected my impressions. On each occasion, however, a curious thing has happened. I have gone home profoundly impressed with the energy, the intelligence, the courage, the resources, and the prospects of the American people; and bit by bit this impression has oozed away, like water from a leaky tub, until I found myself doubting whether the United States is really on the up grade at all. The triumphs of corruption in politics, the hair-breadth escape from free silver and socialism at the White House, the growth of trusts, the tariff tinkered to fill the pockets of individuals, the capture of New York by Tammany, the capitulation of New England to the Irish, the social condition of the coal and iron districts of Pennsylvania, the dangers lurking in the presence of the masses of human scum from Central Europe, the outbreaks of savagery which have characterized certain labor troubles, the degeneration of the Senate, the rejection of the Arbitration Treaty; above all, the apparently placid acquiescence of the better American individual in things which he loathed—these were some of the holes through which my optimism ran to waste. In fact, as Emerson said Englishmen do when they speak of America, I forgot my philosophy and remembered my disparaging anecdotes. Distance lent deception to the view. Now I come back, use my eyes and ears for a few weeks, talk intimately with many people, and what is corrupt and dangerous falls into its proper proportion and perspective, pessimism hides itself like a night-prowling animal at sunrise, and when I discuss with Americans the future of their country I am apt to find myself more royalist than the king.

Why is this the effect of America revisited? I begin with little things.

The observant visitor to America must be impressed first with the remarkable development of what may be called applied intelligence. Not only is there an extraordinary fertility of invention, but also, what is perhaps more striking still, there is apparently an instant readiness on everybody's part to make use of the things invented. In Europe, when we have a certain "fitment" in house or office that serves its purpose well, we are satisfied with it and go on with our work. If anybody comes along with something rather better, we look upon him as a nuisance. The thing we have is quite good enough. In America it seems that a man

will try an object one day and throw it away the next for something a trifle more convenient or expeditious. From visit to visit, for example, I have observed a constant improvement in the telephone. The instrument has grown smaller, neater, more graceful, simpler, and easier to use. As it stands on an American desk to-day, it might be a flower-holder. In some of the best and most expensive parts of London to-day you cannot have a telephone put in your house at all. When you do, it is the ugly box arrangement of ten years ago. I call upon a journalist friend in New York. Upon his desk stands an elegant little apparatus through which he converses every afternoon with Washington and Chicago. In a London newspaper office you might as well look for a machine for making liquid air. The street cars are another example. When I was here a short time ago, the system of traction was by underground cable. This is already apparently becoming extinct. The cars themselves, too, are often marvels of comfort and light. In London there is not, so far as I know, a single street car propelled by any mechanical means, and they are the dim and dirty vehicles of a quarter of a century ago. It is impossible to imagine a better system of street tramport than prevails, for instance, in Washington. Even the traveling post-office runs by electricity along the tracks. Another striking example is builders' hardware. Locks, hinges, sash-pulleys, window-fasteners, bath-fittings, and the like are years ahead of us. There is not a hotel in Europe—I do not believe there is a private house—in which these things are as graceful and serviceable as they are at the hotel where I stayed in New York. On this visit I noticed a new fitting on the wall of the bathroom. It was an electric heater for curling-irons! To you this perhaps seems a very ordinary kind of thing. I stood before it in amazement. Or take what you call elevators and we call lifts. We are in the dark ages still. There is not a building in London, indeed not in Europe, constructed with the ingenuity, the convenience, the elegance of some of the new big buildings in Broadway. I happen to be interested at this moment in house-building; therefore I am taking home a supply of small objects and a collection of catalogues of every kind. The farm offers another set of examples. Since in England our farms are comparatively small, and the competition of the Western prairie and Russian steppe and Argentine plain is ruining us, it is obvious that we should follow intensive cultivation and employ every possible appliance to get more and cheaper produce from the land. The facts are the exact opposite. American agricultural machinery has revolutionized farming for you. We stand virtually where we did twenty-five or fifty years ago. Every English farm laborer believes that hedgehogs suck cows. My own man suffocates his bees at the end of each season, because he says they get lazy and are not worth keeping. The most convenient implement I own is an American horse-hoe. Cut green bones form one of the valuable foods for poultry. There is not, to the best of my belief, a green-bone cutter in the United Kingdom. I have just ordered one in Massachusetts.

These are trifling matters, if you will; but they are extremely significant, and the same considerations apply in every direction. The English bicycle-makers tell you that a machine weighing less than thirty pounds is not really safe. I am a fairly heavy man, and I have ridden for three years a Columbia weighing twenty-five pounds, at all seasons and on all kinds of roads, and the first accident or breakage has yet to happen to it. American heavy electrical machinery is going all over the world. American locomotives are beating British ones in foreign markets. American mining machinery has long been without a rival. Naturally, it is not agreeable for me, as an Englishman, to chronicle these facts; and, of course, in other directions and enterprises the British manufacturer still beats the world. But I hold it to be a patriotic duty to warn my fellow-countrymen that they must alter their methods and make new and different efforts if they are to hold their own in the future.

I could fill pages with reflections suggested by "America Revisited." But the addendum "in War Time" suggests matters of vaster interest, so I hurry on. Two other observations, however, I must set down. First, it is obvious that not only in mechanical ingenuity and commercial enterprise are the American people advancing fast, but the growth of taste is also great and striking. In domestic architecture America has made great strides during the last few years, and to-day she is unsurpassed, even by England, the land of the beautiful home. In commercial architecture I think she is already ahead. There is a street-car terminus in Washington more attractive to the eye for sound artistic reasons than most city halls going up in Europe to-day. Better

taste is shown by American publishers in the binding of their books than is generally to be found in Europe. American women are to-day dressed with greater elegance than any women outside Paris. And this leads me to my second reflection. Unless my eye deceives me, the race of American women is growing taller and stronger and handsomer. During the twenty-two years I have visited the United States I have noticed this gradual development. Greatly daring, I express the conviction that in the world no gathering of more beautiful women can be seen than in the halls of the Waldorf Hotel any afternoon between five and six. Columbia is putting on beauty as a garment. When her voice becomes as attractive as her figure and her features, she shall be called Helen, and, like her of Troy, confer immortality with a kiss.

In "America in War Time," however, there are stranger things by far than these. Unless all signs fail, a vital modification has come over the country; a new era has opened; the great Republic has suffered a sea-change. This has not been deliberate. No statesman foresaw and willed it. Possibly a majority of the people do not desire it. The gods do not consult mortals. If the "Maine" had not been blown up, there would have been no war. If the Cuban insurgents had been as strong as was supposed, the war might have stopped with the freedom of Cuba. If Admiral Dewey had not been forced to make a new base for his fleet, he would not have smashed the Spanish squadron. If he had not smashed it, and thus become responsible for the islands, he would not have needed reinforcements. If ten thousand American troops had not been sent to him, there would have been no question of keeping the Philippines. A chain of events, forged by invisible hands, has drawn the American people to ask themselves whether their destiny restricts them forever within the limits of their own continent; why they should not appear among the Powers of the world in the coming struggle for the East, seize new markets for themselves, and set their flag over far-off lands to allure their pioneers and merchants to fresh fields. To such a question men of our race find instinctively but one answer. It is the sap of the tree pushing resistlessly up in spring. To Frenchman and German the founding of colonies is a mechanical, state-fostered, theoretically-justified operation. It is in an Englishman's blood; he cannot see a sea without desiring to cross it, or a mountain without wanting to climb over it; the "back of beyond" draws him like a magnet.

I cannot help thinking it will be so with America also. Of course I know the objections well. The Constitution makes no provision for the government of alien races in remote lands; there is no class of trained administrators; the governorship of the first colony will go to the man who "fixed the fences" in the last election; colonial rivalry with foreign nations will bring entanglement in their quarrels; army and navy must be kept great; they will cost vast sums, and their existence will be a temptation to use them. These are strong arguments and may prevail. But the answers are as strong. The Constitution is not a law of nature: man made it and man can mend it; the imperative necessity for capable and honest men may be the death-blow to the system which distributes embassies and legations and consulates as political rewards; the war has brought America into sharp-cut relations with foreign Powers, and nothing can alter this; a strong navy is already building, and the American people will insist upon the formation of an army large enough, for instance, to avoid such a humiliation as having to wait all summer to collect and train a force strong enough to fight Spain in Cuba. It is like the antinomies of Kant: the contradictory propositions can both be proved. Some minds will be convinced by the one set of arguments, others by the other. But in the end, from all I have seen and heard, I fancy the subtle temptation of empire, the magic magnetism of the Orient, the *Drang nach Osten*, will prevail. It is like the hypnotism of the East over the traveler; once let its fever touch your blood, and you are enchained as the tide to the moon.

> "Whoso has tasted the honey-sweet fruit from the stem of the lotus
> Never once wishes to leave it, and never once seeks to go homeward;
> There would he stay, if he could, content with the eaters of lotus,
> Plucking and eating the lotus, forgetting that he was returning."

An American colonial policy will have some results which have not yet all been considered. "Blood is the price of admiralty," and many a brave life will be spent in the getting. When the war with China broke out, Japan sent 5,000 soldiers to the Pescadores, islands certainly not more trying to health than the Philippines. Thirty of these were killed in fight, and exactly 1,050 were

effective when the war was over. The remainder had either died or been invalided home. And the Japanese soldier is accustomed to an Eastern summer and Eastern food. Hong Kong was known for many years as the "grave of regiments." Its cemetery, called "Happy Valley," reads to-day like a military directory. British troops there are paraded every morning for "cholera-belt inspection," and any man found without that essential part of costume in the tropics gets "three days C.B." (confinement to barracks). When I was in Manila, an epidemic of cholera was raging; a hundred people were dying a day. The Spaniards, crying "*Colerico!*" stuffed their handkerchiefs into their mouths and turned their faces to the wall as a stricken man was carried to hospital in a hammock slung on a pole, covered with a sheet. One of the Chinese firemen of the "Zafiro" (now an American auxiliary vessel) died just before we sailed. And then the typhoons! Between Manila and Hong Kong is the most typhoon-haunted sea in the world. But it is needless to dwell on horrors. Such things have never deterred Englishmen, nor will they deter Americans. There is yellow fever in Florida; there are blizzards in Dakota; and I have been told that the climate of Arizona leaves something to be desired in summer. Besides, the Philippines are an inexhaustible storehouse of tropical wealth. They are also the home of the most marvelous orchids in the world; and American hothouses will soon blaze with unimagined splendor, while American beauty will lavish the tenderest nursing on the Philippine pioneer who brings her in his pallid and shaking hands a mysterious garment of *jusi*, woven silk and pine-fibre, the most diaphanous and exquisite fabric in creation. And that olive-skinned *mestiza* I saw, half emigrated Spaniard and half native Indian, with her loose jet-black hair eighty inches long, how interesting she would be as a social attraction—or an advertisement!

Another result of annexation has apparently escaped attention. When the Stars and Stripes float over the land which Magellan discovered and the city which Legaspi founded, presumably the native products will enter the United States free of duty. In that case the cheap cigar, and to some extent the more expensive cigar, of Cuba will disappear, and Key West may retire from business. Of Manila cigars, when I was there a few years ago, the yearly output was 140,000,000, besides tobacco. And what will become of the American cigarette, since one of the score of factories in Manila turns out 38,000,000 a year? The Cigarette Trust must make haste to deploy its skirmishers.

Of all the results, however, big and little, of Philippine annexation, one stands out in sharp relief, dwarfing all the rest—the inevitable change in the relations of the United States and Great Britain. If America annexes the Philippines, a distinct and formal understanding with England is imperative for her, and certain. This certainty is only perceived yet by few people in this country, but in Europe every statesman sees it at a glance. The Far Eastern question has superseded the Near Eastern question—just as Lord Rosebery prophesied that it would—as the greatest international problem and the focus of the keenest coming struggle. I have no space here to set forth its vast complications; but, in a rough phrase, one may say that the fate of China has now taken the place of the fate of Turkey as the great question of the future. France is trying to put a commercial fence round the Southern provinces; Russia has already "jumped" Manchuria and will soon close it to other nations by a prohibitive tariff, if she is not prevented; Germany has demanded and secured "exclusive privileges" in one large province; Japan has ambitions so wide-reaching and world-affecting that she has not ventured yet to hint at them in public; England alone desires to keep China as it is—a country raising its revenue by a moderate tariff, developing as rapidly as may be in commercial enterprise, affording to the whole world, on equal terms, a market of 350,000,000 people. Now, these views are all in conflict among themselves, and, together with the score of smaller but still important issues, they keep the diplomatists busy to avoid a breach of the peace. As soon as the United States becomes possessed of a country in the Far East, situated in the center of traffic, so to speak, of 116,000 square miles and over seven millions of inhabitants, she takes a hand in the game, with a big stake upon the table. When the next diplomatic bout begins, she will be involved. However much she may desire it, she will not be able to remain a spectator. Her policy is settled for her beforehand. It would be fatal to her interests for China to become Russian and French and German. She must try to keep China for the Chinese. But that is British policy also. Therefore America and England will find themselves shoulder to shoulder, and, as soon as the first tug comes, they will mutually define their attitude once for all. That

will be the beginning of the *entente*. It is the first step which costs.

Here is another reflection. The day on which Great Britain and the United States sign a convention specifying their common purpose in the Far East will be the day of the salvation of China. We shall have saved a nation from destruction. England alone will not be able to do this—certainly not under her present government. No force short of the determination of all who speak English would be great enough to stop the impending deluge. Now, to save a nation is a righteous thing.

One understanding will lead to another. The question of open markets will not be limited to China. It may well arise in Africa before long. Peace is "the greatest of British interests," but it is the greatest of American interests also; and our two countries may decide to join hands in making war more difficult and less profitable. The Nicaragua Canal means either a formal agreement or a quarrel. I am somewhat alarmed by the airy tone taken by the serious American press in discussing this matter. The New York "Tribune," for example, reasons as follows concerning the Clayton-Bulwer treaty:

> "That treaty has long been more honored in the breach than in the observance. Both governments have repeatedly expressed a wish to be rid of it. And it has long been tacitly agreed that dual building of the canal is impracticable, and that this Nation shall be free to do the job alone just as soon as it can summon up enough enterprise and energy. Use of it in time of war would naturally be granted to Great Britain, just as the use of the Suez Canal is granted to us. Of course we should not leave it open to any Power hostile to us, and, of course, Great Britain will not be hostile to us. And it is by no means inconceivable that our interests and those of Great Britain would be so nearly identical that we should be constrained to close it to any power hostile to her. For a war waged against Great Britain in American waters could scarcely avoid concerning us very deeply, and that in a manner that would lead us to sympathize with Great Britain and to make common cause with her."

I quote this, not because I have any intention or opportunity of discussing the whole matter here, but simply as a proof that the seriousness of this question is not fully appreciated by American writers. Who would imagine, for instance, after reading this passage from the "Tribune," that there exists a treaty of the most solemn and binding character between the United States and Great Britain, dated April 19, 1850, Article I. of which says that "the Governments of the United States and Great Britain hereby declare that neither the one nor the other will ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said ship-canal"? Or that, in order that this common policy might be reached, Great Britain, in the words of a distinguished American historian, ex-assistant Secretary of State, freely resigned "an important military, naval, and political position on the Isthmus at a time when the relative strength of the two Powers was very different from what it is now"? The repudiation of one treaty would be but a poor basis upon which to base negotiations for another.

The truth is that a foreign alliance has hitherto been so remote from American policy that the whole question of alliance has not yet been fully grasped by many people in this country. When Mr. Chamberlain made his speech the other day, a leading New York newspaper dismissed it with the remark that Mr. Chamberlain's intention was obvious—he desired to conclude an alliance with the United States in order that American men and ships might help England to fight France for West Africa. And the writer appended to this sagacious observation some highly edifying moral comments. Until I saw this I would not have believed that any responsible writer could have been so pyramidally ignorant. The editorial writer in question evidently had not the slightest notion of the principles upon which great nations arrive at common understandings. Apart from the fact that there was quite certainly going to be no war about West Africa, since France would not rush upon destruction by trying to fight England single-handed, no nation dreams of either asking or conceding treaty promises such as this writer imagined. The offensive treaty is obsolete. A complete alliance might be signed, sealed, and delivered between America and England, yet England might fight twenty wars without America being concerned in the least. I was asked the other day whether an Anglo-American treaty would bind the United States to help England if Russia invaded India. You might as well ask if a life-insurance implies a marriage contract. I replied: "In the first place, England is abundantly able to take care of herself if Russia invades India; and if she is not, then she has ceased to be a first-rate Power, and has no right to invite you to make a treaty upon equal terms."

Treaties between great nations are made *ad hoc*—with reference to specific existing interests. Here, for example, would almost certainly be the first article of any Anglo-American treaty: England binds herself under no circumstances to seek or obtain

any extension of territory upon the two American continents or the adjacent islands, except by amicable agreement with the United States; the United States binds itself (I fear to be thought to exhibit political sympathies if I am grammatical and say "themselves") to allow Great Britain the undisturbed possession of all American territory she occupies at the present time. This is the Monroe doctrine, of course; both nations accept it, and would, I presume, sign such an article instantly. Other articles might settle the relations of the two countries regarding the Nicaragua Canal; arrange for the arbitration of all disputes; and lay down a common policy with respect to China, to be enforced, if necessary, by common naval and military action. Even then the great point of all would not have been touched.

All the people who speak English have one vital and predominant interest: that the principles of their own civilization—the civilization which they alone of the nations possess, namely, the principles of the rights of the individual man, freedom of speech, thought, and action; their common heritage of law and government—should not perish from the earth. One little fact will show the trend of events in Continental Europe: the first act of the new German parliament, if the elections go as everybody anticipates, will probably be to disfranchise a considerable proportion of the German voters. In other words, an extension of autocracy. A coalition of Powers to destroy England would be formed if its hopes of success were but a little brighter. And do Americans realize that the foreign ministers of Germany and Austria, speaking officially from their seats in parliament, have both alluded in terms of warning to the possible necessity of a Continental European league against the growing danger of American influence and American commerce? Americans know, of course, that only the action of England prevented a united European demand that the United States should localize the war with Spain. By the ruling classes of Russia and Germany the principles of American and British government are hated and feared, and these two Powers drag the rest of Europe after them. France is a free republic in nothing but name. The "Temps," the most serious French newspaper, sneered the other day at what it called the "acute fit of Anglo-Saxonism." The danger to Anglo-Saxon ideals may be remote, but it exists beyond a shadow of doubt. Common sense, therefore, and common patriotism alike dictate a common understanding, similarly remote in its application, but equally real. What American or British principle would be modified, what interest endangered, what needless danger incurred, even what legitimate quarrel affected, by an agreement that if either nation were the object of an unprovoked attack by two or more Powers simultaneously, the other should make common cause with her? Such an agreement would definitively bar either Power from the aid of the other for any war of offense, or even from help if attacked without provocation by a single Power. Single enemies have no terrors for either of us. The deepest interests of liberty and civilization demand that each nation shall be able to go about its work in the world, secure that the forces of darkness cannot prevail against it. The Governor of Washington State recently declared that he was against any alliance "except with the omnipotent God." Unless our Anglo-Saxon religious conceptions and convictions are all wrong, such an agreement, for such an end, would be one upon which He would smile. There is not, I am confident, an American—there is not, I am certain, an Englishman, who does not believe that neither nation would allow the other to be crushed by a hostile combination. This being so, why on earth should we not bring to the relations of all nations that stability and that peace which would flow from the announcement of the greatest and most righteous compact that the world has ever known?

The time is not yet ripe, that is clear. Other Powers will exert themselves to the utmost to prevent it, that is certain. England is ready; it is only American opinion which has to mature. And America, if I may say so without offense, should realize that England is to-day the greatest of the world Powers; that there is not a nation in Europe that would not jump at an alliance with her for common ends; that she is hated precisely because she will not enter into any such compact; that her sympathy with America has intensified this hatred; that she will not come suing for anything; that she can offer as much as anybody can give her; and that she does not wish America to take one step that is not dictated, first, by American interests, and second, by a desire to promote the interests of mankind.

These are the thoughts suggested by America revisited in war time.

Washington, June 1, 1898.

CHANT OF THE NEW UNION.

By Edmund Russell.

Blood of the North
To the Blood of the South—
Are we the same blood?
Though in strife parted—born of one mother;
Now, as the forge-fires flame o'er the land,
Wake in a new love—brother to brother;
Lift we a loving-cup, hand clasped in hand.
Draining the same draught, though it be red;
Shouting the same cry, wherever led,
Drink to our Union!
Yes—
Now the same blood!

Heart of the North
To the Heart of the South—
Beat we the same heart?
In thirst and hunger, at the same altar,
Knead we the bread, to break with our wine.
Kneel we together, chanting our psalter;
Rise we together, freedom our sign.
All of our heroes look down from heaven,
Where our blood runs their blessing is given.
Sons of the Union!
Yes—
Now the same heart!

Sword of the North
To the Sword of the South—
Lift we the same sword?
Thrust in our hands for the vengeance of God.
Clasp we its hafts in the battles of Right,
Where Murder and Famine and Rapine have trod,
We lift to annihilate—righteous our might.
Wave we on high, heaven kissing the brand
That its gleam may be seen in a faint, stricken land.
Strike for our Union!
Yes—
Now the same sword!

Flag of the North
To the Flag of the South—
Float we the same flag?
Hallowed star-spangled one, calm, pure, and regal,
Lead us to reap where the harvest is sown.
Follow the scream of our cloud-circling eagle,
Burst from its cage, its war-pinions new-grown;
Spread and unfurl to tell victory's story,
Symbol of justice, symbol of glory.
Wave for the Union!
Yes—
Now the same flag!

Prayer of the North
To the Prayer of the South—
Breathe we the same prayer?
Death to oppression—succor to pain—
E'en through our vows shrill shrieks fill the air;
Rise! that they may not our hearts rive again.
Sheathe not! but strike for a nation's despair!
Lift the sword-cross as once God's soldiers prayed,
Pray as the Knights of a holy Crusade.
Pray for our Union!
Yes—
Now the same prayer!